JOHN LEECH'S PICTURES of Life & Character

n the Collection of "MR PUNCH"

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JOHN LEECH'S

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF

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John Leech's Pictures

OF

Life and Character.

CAUTION DURING THE MISTLETOE SEASON.

Pretty Cousin. "WHAT A TIRESOME GREAT AWKWARD BOY YOU ARE!—JUST SEE HOW YOU HAVE SCRATCHED MY CHIN!" *[Young Gentleman apologises amply.*

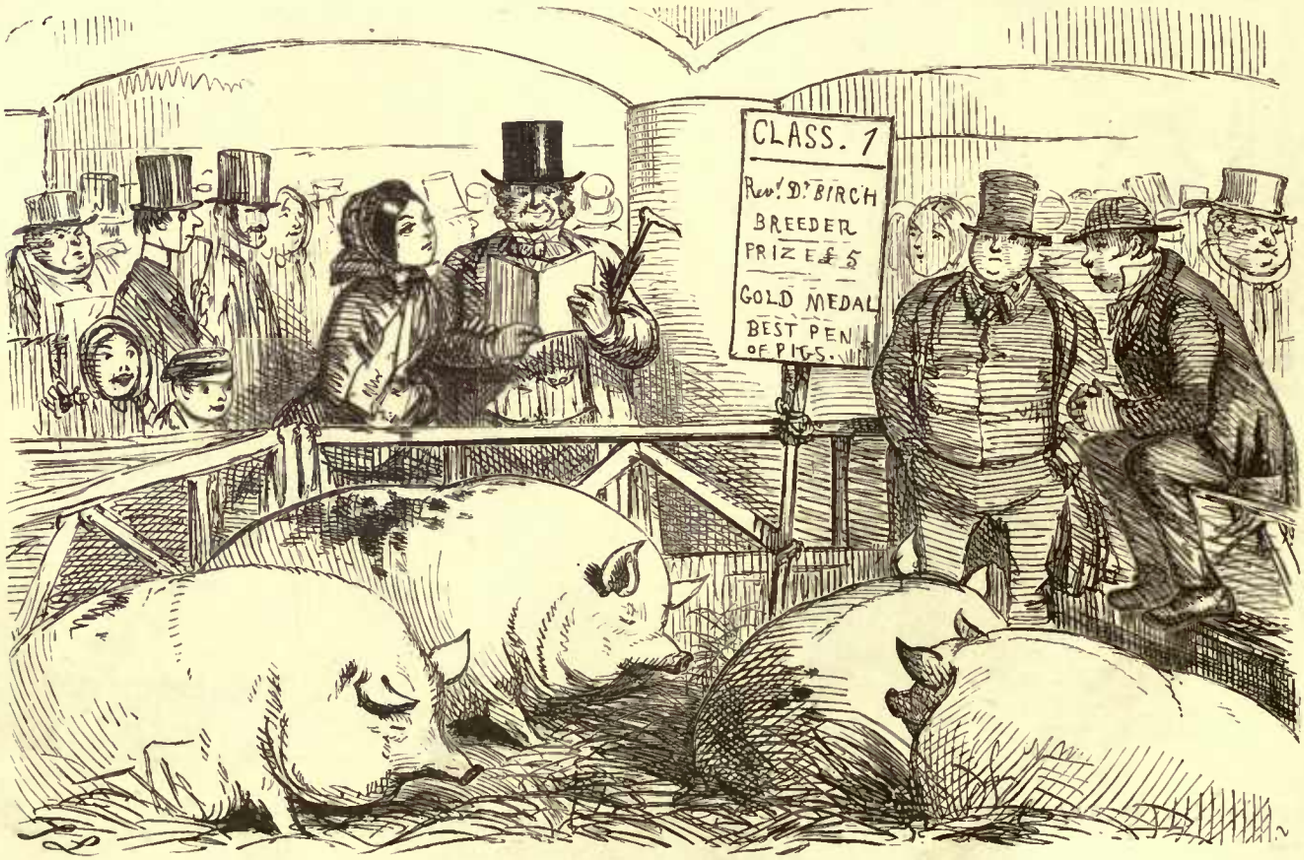
NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FAIR.

Augustus. "NOW, I'VE GOT YOU!"

OBVIOUS.

Old Party from the Country (with much wheezing and embarrassment). "I—I—WANT TO GO TO—TO—TO——"

Conductor (with alacrity). "ALL RIGHT, OLD BOY! JUMP IN! I KNOW—*CATTLE SHOW!*"

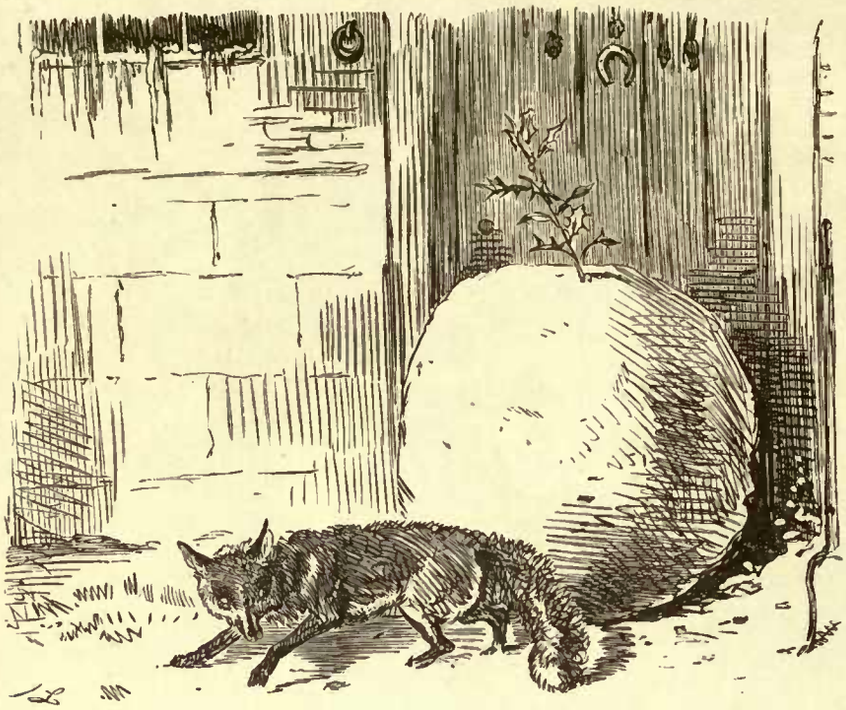


A PIG PEN AT A CATTLE SHOW.

Harriet. "THEN, I SUPPOSE, PAPA DEAR, THAT THESE ARE LEARNED PIGS, AS THEY HAVE ALL GOT GOLD MEDALS?"

A PLEASANT HOLIDAY TASK.

Mr. Punch. "NOW, BOYS AND GIRLS! YOU MUST FIND OUT THE USE OF THESE GLOBES BEFORE YOU GO BACK TO SCHOOL!"

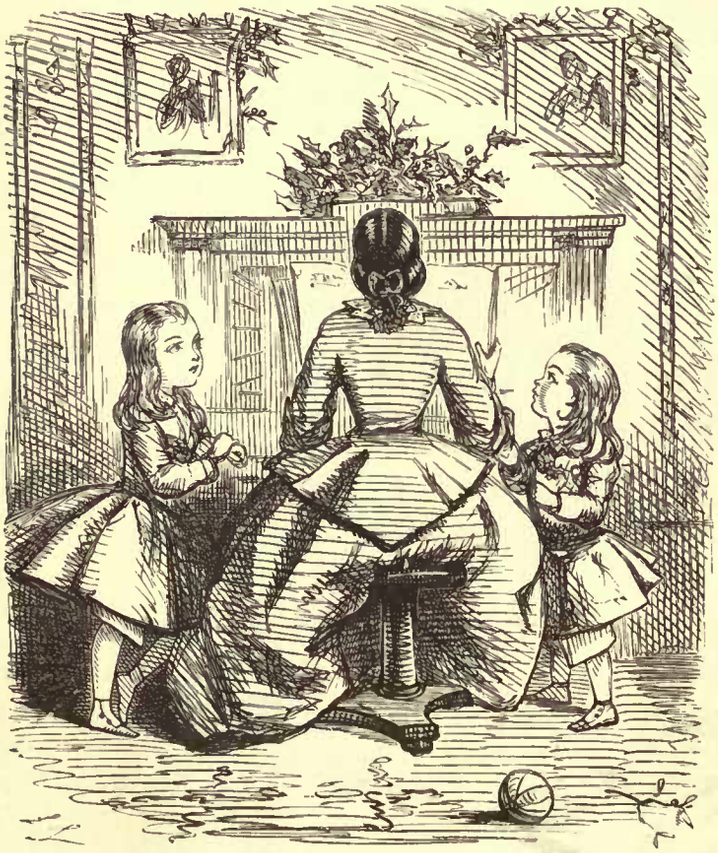


COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

Reynard the Fox. "HERE'S AN OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS, MY BOYS, FOR YOU, AND MANY OF 'EM."

THE SNOW.

"NOW, YOU BOYS HAD BETTER BE QUIET, OR I SHALL CALL THE POLICE, AS SURE AS YOU'RE BORN."



JUVENILE ETYMOLOGY.

Master Jack. "MAMMA, DEAR! NOW ISN'T THIS CALLED KISSMAS TIME, BECAUSE EVERYBODY KISSES EVERYBODY UNDER THE MISTLETOE? ADA SAYS IT ISN'T."

MISS AND MISTLETOE.

Miss Gushington. "OH, DON'T YOU LIKE CHRISTMAS TIME, MR. BROWN, AND ALL ITS DEAR OLD CUSTOMS?" [BROWN *don't seem to see it.*

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Ellen (who is so simple). "NOW, PRAY TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, FRANK! WHAT IS IT THESE DREADFUL GAROTTERS CALL 'GIVING ONE THE HUG?'"

[FRANK *shows her presently.*

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

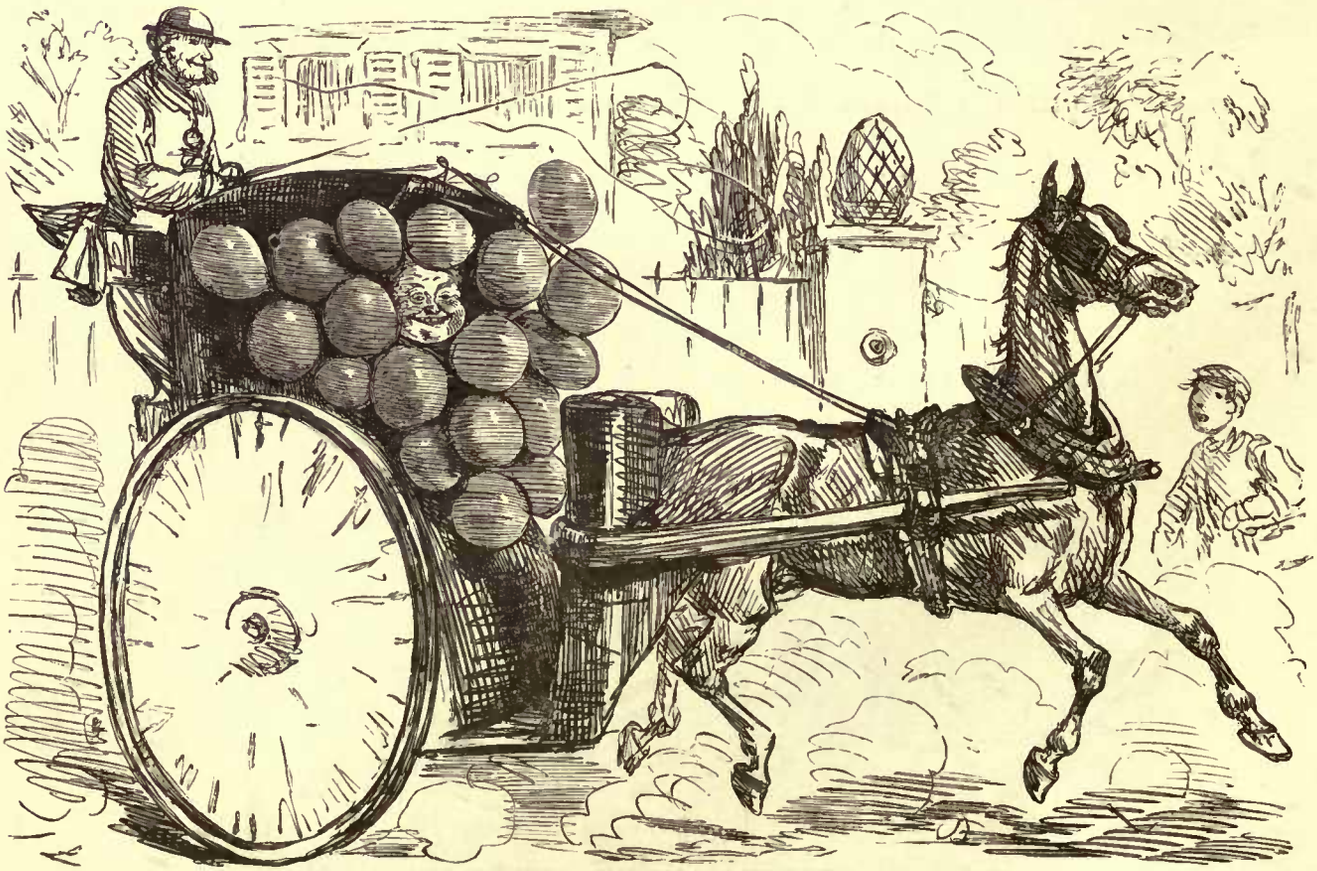
A FAMILY GROUP—BABY STIRRING THE PUDDING.

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!" A JUVENILE PARTY.

GOOD CHEER.

RICH OLD LADY IS OVERWHELMED WITH BARRELLED OYSTERS FROM DISTANT RELATIVES.

ROOTI-TOOIT—I'VE GOT CHER!

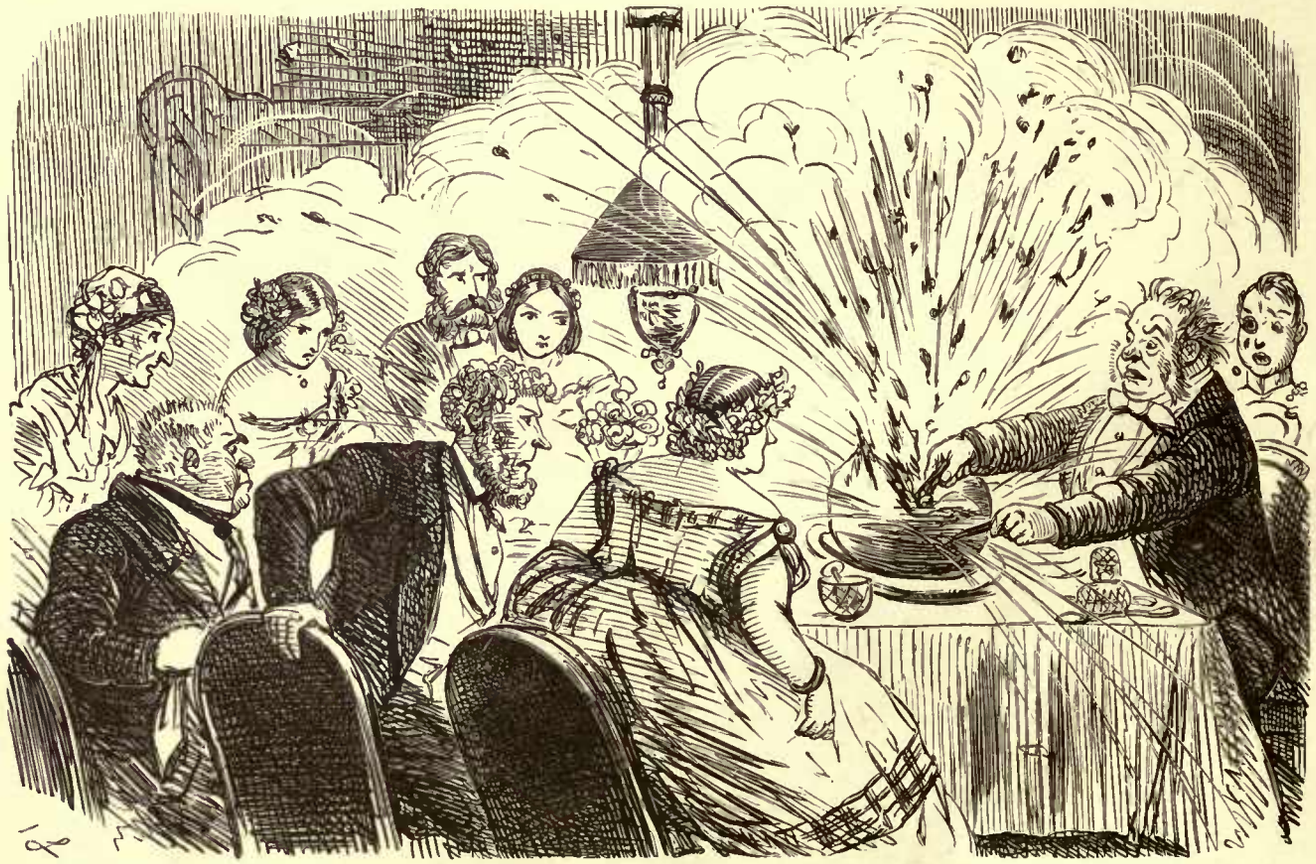


A JOLLY OLD PATERFAMILIAS, WITH SOME AIR-BALLOONS FOR THE CHICKS.

A CHRISTMAS PARTY.—GRANDPAPA DANCES "SIR ROGER"—AND MAY HE DANCE IT FOR MANY, MANY YEARS TO COME.

VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.

THAT DISTINGUISHED RIFLE-SHOT, MR. PUNCH, HAVING DONE HIS DUTY LIKE A MAN, THROWS HIMSELF UNDER THE MISTLETOE, AND RECEIVES HIS JUST REWARD.



BROWN ENTERTAINS HIS FRIENDS WI' A HAGGIS!

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

OF A VERY STUDIOUS TURN.

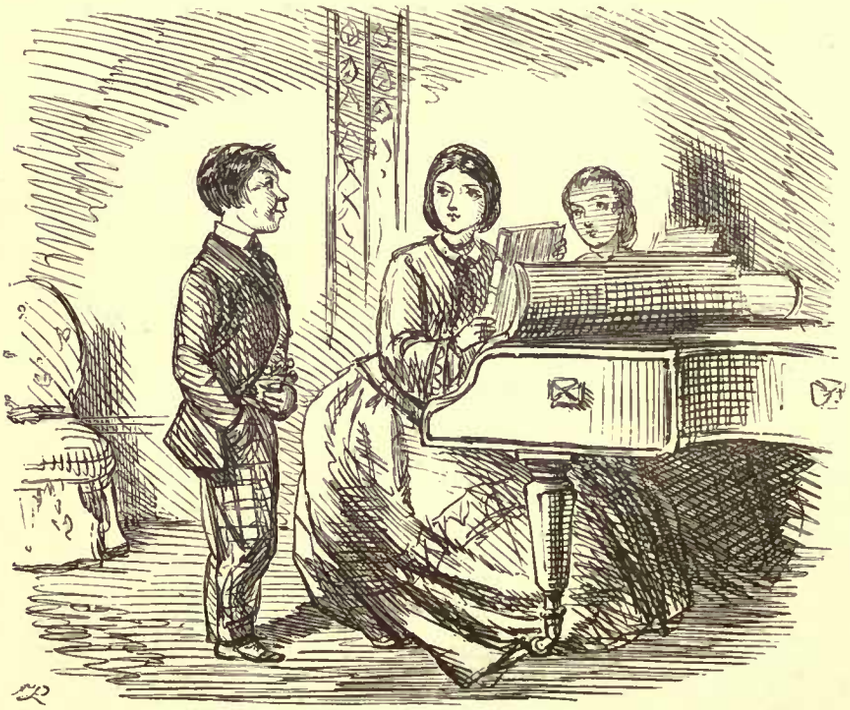
Mamma. "WHO IS THIS HAMPER FOR?—WHY, FOR POOR JERRY, WHO IS AT SCHOOL, YOU KNOW."

Darling (reflectively). "OH!—DON'T YOU THINK, MA, I HAD BETTER GO TO SCHOOL?"

WHOLESOME FEAST.

Jessie. "AND SO, WALTER, YOU HAVE LITTLE PARTIES AT YOUR SCHOOL, EH?"

Walter. "AH! DON'T WE, JUST!—LAST HALF THERE WAS CHARLEY BOGLE, AND GEORGE TWISTER AND ME—WE JOINED YOU KNOW—AND HAD TWO POUNDS OF SAUSAGES, COLD, AND A PLUM CAKE, AND A BARREL OF OYSTERS, AND TWO BOTTLES OF CURRANT WINE!—OH, MY EYE! WASN'T IT JOLLY, NEITHER!"



QUITE A NICE PARTY.

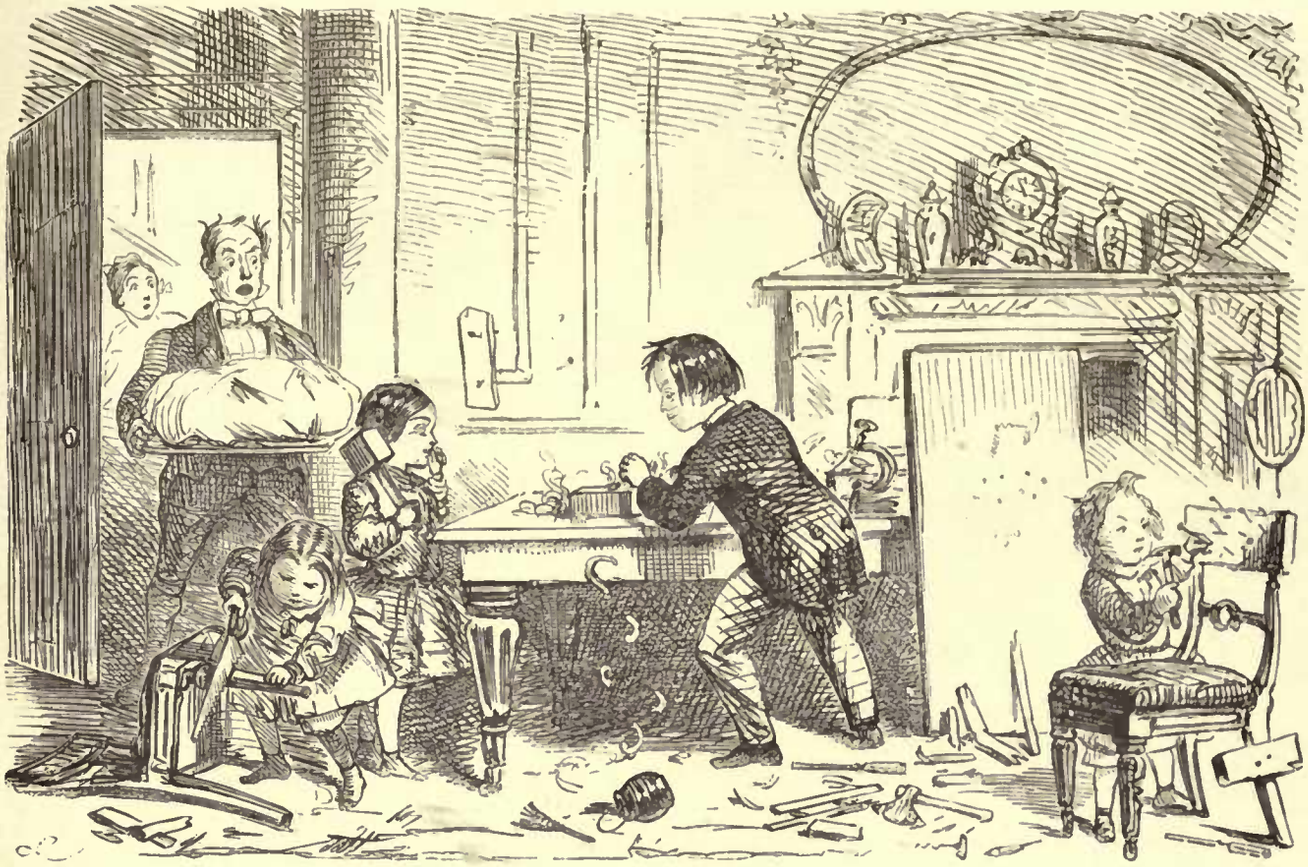
Georgina. "WELL, GUS! AND HOW DID YOU LIKE YOUR PARTY LAST NIGHT?"

Gus. "OH, JOLLY—I GOT ELEVEN ICES, AND NO END OF NEGUS, AND WENT DOWN FOUR TIMES TO SUPPER!!"

LITTLE MEN.

"BEEN TO THE PLAY MUCH THESE HOLIDAYS, FRED?"

"AW—I WENT THE OTHER NIGHT. BUT, AW—I DON'T KNOW—SOMEHOW, PANTOMIMES ARE NOT WHAT THEY USED TO BE IN MY TIME; AND AS FOR THE GURLS, THERE WASN'T A GOOD-LOOKING ONE IN THE HOUSE."



HOME ENJOYMENTS.

A DISCREET (!) FRIEND HAVING PRESENTED MASTER TOM WITH A TOOL-BOX AS A NEW YEAR'S GIFT—THE FURNITURE IS PUT INTO THOROUGH REPAIR

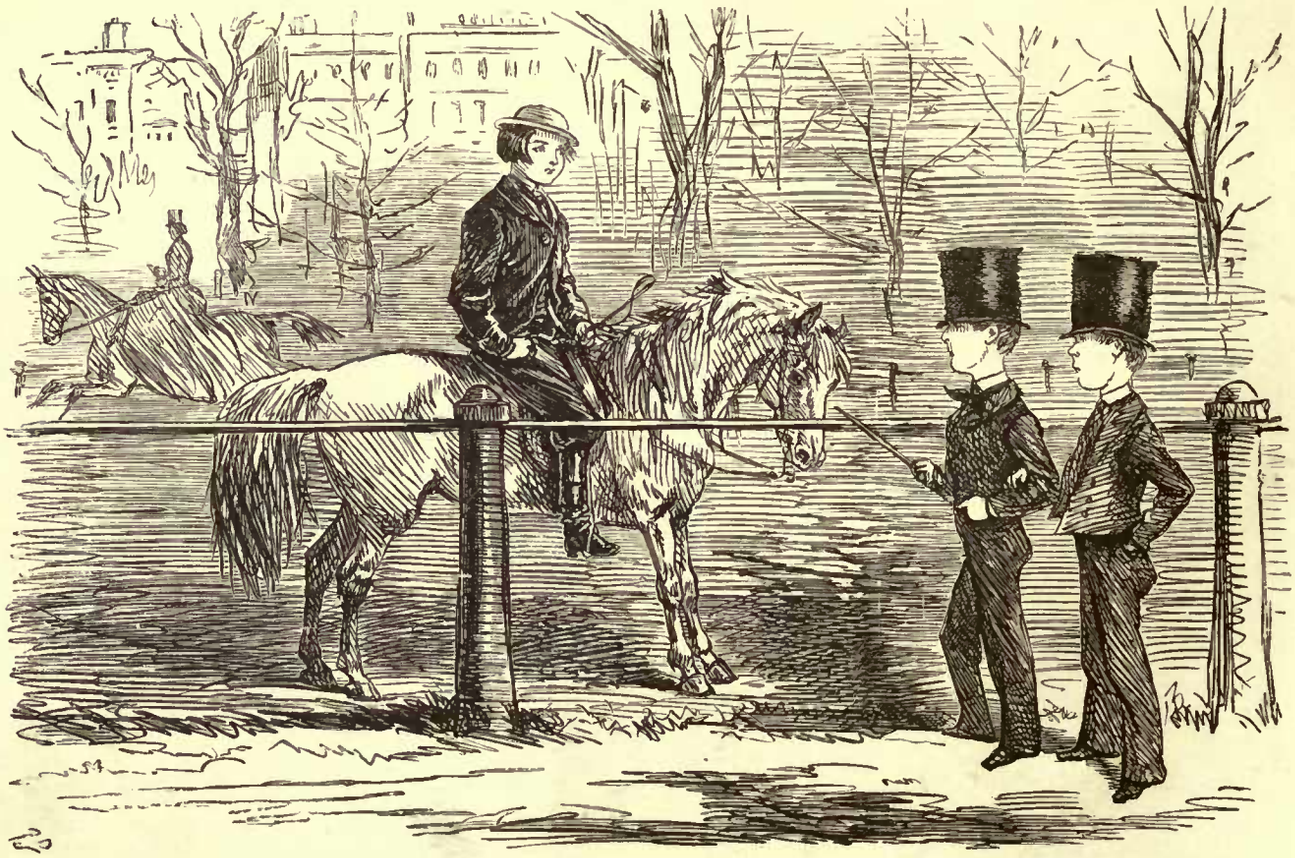
HOME AMUSEMENTS.

GRAND PEACE DEMONSTRATION IN OUR NURSERY!

AMATEUR PANTOMIME.

A HAPPY NOTION.

Delightful Boy. "OH! I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO! I'LL GO AND PLAY MY DRUM AT UNCLE FOOZLE'S DOOR!"



HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Arthur (on Pony). "HOLLO! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT ON YOUR HEADS?"

Juvenile Swell. "WHY, YOU SEE, EVERY SNOB WEARS A CAP OR A WIDE-AWAKE NOW! SO THE MEN OF OUR SCHOOL HAVE RETURNED TO THE OLD CHIMNEY-POT!"

[*As Paterfamilias, we are sorry to say that we have observed this monstrosity many times this Christmas.*

IN SOCIETY.

Small Boy. "GOING TO THE PANTOMIME, CLARA, THIS AFTERNOON?"

Clara. "A—NO—I'M AT HOME—AND HAVE A KETTLEDRUM AT THREE O'CLOCK!

PATRONISING.

"PRETTY SIGHT, AIN'T IT, CHARLEY, TO SEE THE YOUNGSTERS ENJOYING THEMSELVES?"

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

THE JOLLY GAME OF SNOWBALLING, AS PLAYED IN OUR SQUARE.

THE JUVENILE PARTY.—A GREAT LIBERTY.

Juvenile. "MAMMA, DEAR! DO YOU KNOW THAT GENTLEMAN TICKLED ME WITHOUT BEING INTRODUCED!"

THE MORNING AFTER THE JUVENILE PARTY.

Papa. "WHY, TOM, I'M AFRAID YOU MUST HAVE EATEN TOO MUCH CAKE LAST NIGHT. YOU LOOK QUITE SEEDY THIS MORNING!"

Little Sister. "OH, NO, PAPA DEAR, IT CAN'T BE THAT. HE EAT THE THINGS OUT OF THE CRACKERS, BUT HE DIDN'T TOUCH THE SEED CAKE!"

AN ENVIOUS YOUTH.

Sensitive Young Lady. "POOR CREATURES! NOTHING BUT EATING AND SLEEPING! WHAT A DREADFUL EXISTENCE!"

Stout Youth. "DREADFUL EXISTENCE!—OH, AH! I DARE SAY. WHY, THAT'S JUST THE VERY THING OF ALL OTHERS I SHOULD LIKE THE BEST!"

THROWING STONES THROUGH ICE.

A DELIGHTFUL RECREATION FOR YOUTH, WHICH COMBINES HEALTHFUL EXERCISE WITH THE LUXURY OF WINDOW-BREAKING, WITHOUT DANGER OR EXPENSE.

URGENT.

Street Boy. "I SAY, COOKY? THEY JUST ARE A-FININ' OF 'EM ALL ROUND THE SKVARE—GIVE US A SHILLIN' AND I'LL SWEEP YOUR DOOR AFORE THE PLEECEMAN COMES."

THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.—IN LEAP YEAR, THE LADIES TAKE THE INITIATIVE.

THE CHAMPION.

THE WEATHER IN THE PARKS.

Skate Proprietor. "NOW MARM! 'AVE A PAIR ON?"

NEW CHRISTMAS GAME FOR FOX-HUNTERS DURING A LONG FROST.

THE CRACKER BON-BON.

Two little Stoopids (with one voice). "I KNOW I SHALL SCREAM—I'M SURE I SHALL!"

A MAN OF SOME CONSEQUENCE.

Elder Sister. "WHY, GEORGE! NOT DRESSED! PRAY ARE YOU NOT GOING WITH THE OTHER CHILDREN?"

George. "H'M! I SHOULD RATHER FANCY NOT.—YOU DON'T CATCH ME GOING OUT OF AN EVENING JUST TO FURNISH PEOPLE'S ROOMS. WHERE *I* GO—I DINE!"

THE WEATHER AND THE STREETS.

Boy of the Period. "GO IT, TOMMY! THERE'S NO PERLICE, AND THE OLD GENT'S AFRAID TO COME OUT!"

PATERFAMILIAS SUPERINTENDS IN PERSON THE REMOVAL OF THE SNOW FROM THE ROOF OF HIS HOUSE.—

PLEASING EFFECT BELOW.

WHAT A TERRIBLE TURK!

"OH! HERE'S A JOLLY SNOWBALL. LET'S TAKE AND PUT IT AGIN SOMEBOOY'S DOOR!"

PUTTING A GOOD FACE ON IT.

OF ALL FOOLISH THINGS, THE MERE PUN IS PERHAPS THE MOST FOOLISH.—NOW, HERE'S A FELLOW (PROBABLY A MEMBER OF THE ST—CK EXCH—GE) WHO, IN SPITE OF HIS REALLY PERILOUS CONDITIDN, SAYS, "THAT HE CAME OUT FOR A (W)HOLE HOLIDAY—AND HAS GOT IT!"

FLUNKEIANA RUSTICA.

Mistress. "NOW, I DO HOPE, SAMUEL, YOU WILL MAKE YOURSELF TIDY, GET YOUR CLOTH LAID IN TIME—AND TAKE GREAT PAINS WITH YOUR WAITING AT TABLE!"

Samuel (who has come recently out of a Strawyard). "YEZ, M'! BUT PLEAZ M', BE OI TO WEAR MY BREECHES?"

IMPUDENCE.

"NOW, LOBSTER! KEEP THE POT A-BILING!"

THE FESTIVE SEASON.

Amy (to Rose). "OOOD ORACIOUS, ROSE—I'M AFRAID, FROM THE WAY THE MAN TALKS, THAT HE IS INTOXICATED!"

Cabby (impressively). "BEG PARD'N, MISS!—N-N-NOT (HIC)—INTOSSI-TOSSI-CATED (NIC)—ITSH ONLY SNLIGHT 'PED-PED-PEDIMENT IN SPEESH, MISS!"

THE NOSE-COMFORTER.

Sensible Man (who despises conventionality). "HAH! THE WORLD MAY SMILE, BUT IT'S VERY WARM AND COMFORTABLE."

DELIGHTFUL PRIVILEGE DURING THE WINTER MONTHS.

YOU MAY BATHE IN THE SERPENTINE FROM 6 UNTIL 7 IN THE MORNING, AND 7 UNTIL 8 IN THE EVENING.

ARTIFICIAL ICE—GRAND PAS DES PATINEURS.

HOW DISAGREEABLE THE BOYS ARE.

Boy. "MY EYE, TOMMY! THERE'S THE HELEPHANT FROM THE S'LOGICAL GARDENS GOING A-SKATING!"

HOW TROUBLESOME THE BOYS ARE.

Juvenile. "I SAY, HARRIET—DO US A FAVOUR?"
Pretty Cousin. "WELL, WHAT IS IT?"
Juvenile. "GIVE US A LOCK OF YOUR HAIR TO TAKE BACK TO SCHOOL."

WINTER IN THE SUBURBS.

OUR DEAR OLD PATERFAMILIAS TAKES HIS OFFSPRING TO SEE THE PANTOMIME. UNFORTUNATELY, "THE ROADS" (AS THE CABMAN SAYS) "IS SO ORRIBUL BAD AND SLIPPY," THAT HE IS OBLIGED TO WALK WITH HIS DARLINGS THE GREATER PART OF THE WAY HOME.

THE FOG IS SO VERY THICK THAT FREDERICK AND CHARLES ARE OBLIGED TO SEE CLARA AND EMILY HOME.

THE JUVENILE PARTY.

Paterfamilias (to Youth who goes with his Pony well across country). "HOLLO! HUGH, MY BOY! DON'T YOU LIKE DANCING?"
Youth. "A—NO! I DON'T SEEM TO CARE FOR BALLS—FEW *HUNTING MEN DO!!!*"

COLD WEATHER.

Omnibus Driver. "BILL! JIST BREAK THIS 'ERE ICICLE ORF MY NOSE WITH YER WHIP, THAT'S A GOOD FELLER! IT TAKES BOTH MY HANDS TO KEEP THESE 'OSSES ON THEIR LEGS."

A VERY GREEN-EYED MONSTER!

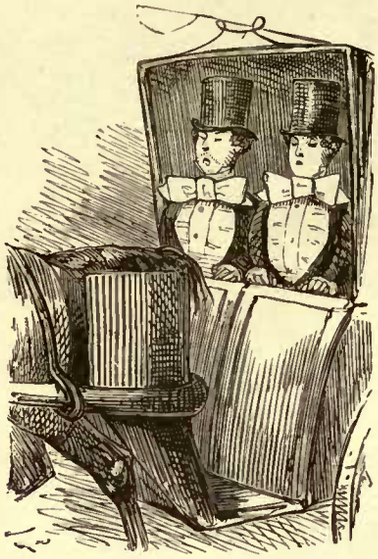
First Juvenile. "I WONDER WHAT CAN MAKE HELEN HOLDFAST POLK WITH YOUNG ALBERT ORIO?"

Second Ditto. "DON'T YOU KNOW? WHY, TO MAKE ME JEALOUS! BUT SHE HAD BETTER NOT GO TOO FAR!"

WHAT A SHAME!

Grandpapa. "HEYDAY! WHAT MAKES MY LITTLE DARLING SO CROSS?"

Little Darling. "WHY, GRANDPA, MAMMA WANTS ME TO GO TO A PANTOMIME IN THE DAY-TIME, AS IF I WAS A MERE CHILD!"



THE NEW STYLE.

HOW YOUNG GENTLEMEN FROM SCHOOL GO TO SEE A PANTOMIME NOW-A-DAYS.

UNDIGNIFIED REMINDER.

Boy. "I SAY, JOHN, AIN'T YOUR MASTER A LOOKIN' FOR YOU, NEETHER!"

FAIR AND EQUAL.

Sister. "NOT GIVE A BALL, CHARLES! FIDDLE! WHY NOT? I TELL YOU WHAT,—IF YOU WILL FIND THE ROOM, AND THE MUSIC, AND THE SUPPER, AND THE CHAMPAGNE, AND THE ICES,—I'LL FIND THE LADIES! COME NOW!"

FROZEN-OUT FOXHUNTERS.

ODIOUS TYRANNY.

PATERFAMILIAS INSISTS THAT THE GIRLS SHALL WEAR VERY STOUT BOOTS IN THE WET WEATHER; BUT THE GIRLS DON'T AT ALL LIKE "THE NASTY, GREAT, UGLY, CLUMSY, THICK THINGS!"

SERIOUS ACCIDENT DURING THE FROST.

AS MAJOR —— AND CAPTAIN —— OF THE 13TH LIGHT POLKERS WERE SKATING WITH THE LOVELY AND ACCOMPLISHED EMILY D—— AND HARRIET V——, THEIR FEELINGS SUDDENLY GAVE WAY; THEY BROKE THE ICE, AND WE HEAR THEY HAVE NOT YET BEEN EXTRICATED FROM THEIR PERILOUS SITUATION

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Paterfamilias. "WELL, BOYS! I DARE SAY YOU'RE GLAD TO GET HOME: AND HOW DO YOU AND THE DOCTOR AGREE!"

Harry. "OH! WE LIKE HIM VERY MUCH."

Paterfamilias. "HAH! AND DO YOU THINK YOU ARE MAKING GOOD PROGRESS?"

Harry. "OH! PRETTY GOOD! I CAN LICK THREE FELLOWS! BUT FRED, HERE, CAN LICK *SIX, COUNTING ME!*"

A BON-BON FROM A JUVENILE PARTY.

First Juvenile. "THAT'S A PRETTY GIRL TALKING TO YOUNG ALGERNON BINKS!"

Second Juvenile. "HM—TOL-LOL! YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HER SOME SEASONS AGO!"

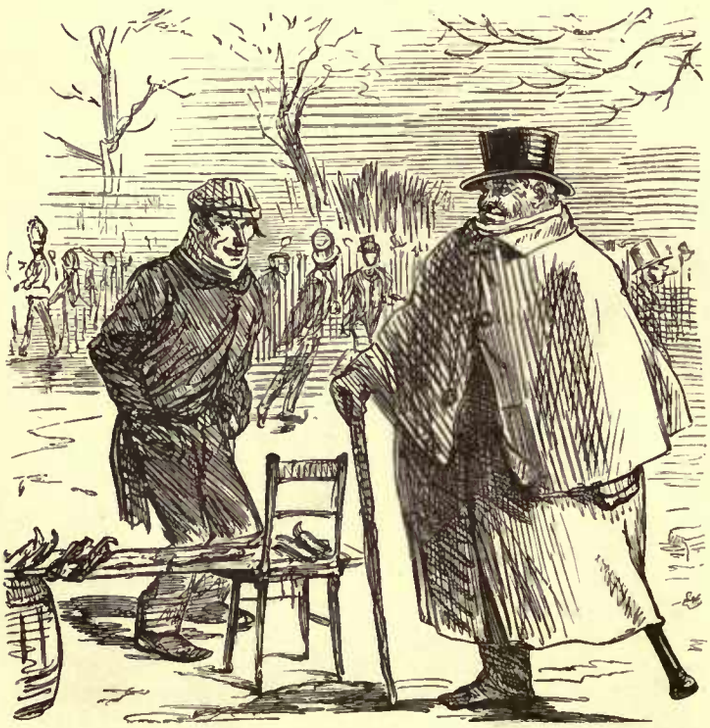
TOO BAD.

Rude Boy. "AH! HERE'S THE P'LEECE A-COMIN'; WON'T YOU CATCH IT FOR SLIDING ON THE PAVEMENT!"

OLD MR. JONES AS HE APPEARED WHEN ASKED FOR THE TWENTIETH TIME IF HE WOULD HAVE HIS DOOR DONE.

THE THEATRE OF WAR.

A PRIVATE BOX FOR ENGLAND'S DEAR BOYS ON FOREIGN SERVICE.



A KINDLY OFFER.

Skate Proprietor (to Spectator with wooden leg). "'AVE A PAIR ON, SIR!—AX YER PARDIN, SIR—DIDN'T TWIG YER MISFORTIN. I'VE A NODD 'UN YOU CAN 'AVE, SIR!"

DISTRESSING RESULT OF EATING TURKEY DAY AFTER DAY.

THE POOR OLD PARTY HAS COME OUT ALL OVER FEATHERS.

GLORIOUS NEWS FOR THE BOYS.

Billy Wilkins. "HI! LOOK HERE! COME! SUCH A LARK! HERE'S A PERLICEMAN FELL ON A SLIDE!"

THE THAW AND THE STREETS!

TOMKINS, WHO HAS JUST PAID HIS RATE FOR PAVING, CLEANSING, &C., GOES FOR A WALK IN HIS IMMEDIATE NEIGHBOURHOOD. HE IS, OF COURSE, MUCH GRATIFIED AT THE WAY IN WHICH THE CLEANSING PART OF THE BUSINESS IS MANAGED.

DELICIOUS.

Party in Bed. "HEY! HOLLO! WHO'S THAT?"

Domestic. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, IT'S SEVEN O'CLOCK, SIR! YOUR SHOWER-BATH IS QUITE READY. I'VE JUST BROKEN THE ICE, SIR!"

SYMPTOMS OF MASQUERADING.

Better-Half (loq.). "IS THIS WHAT YOU CALL SITTING UP WITH A SICK FRIEND, MR. WILKINS?"

THE NURSERY FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB.—THE FIRST MEET OF THE SEASON.

Master Robert (loq.). "HERE, JAMES, JUST STAND BY THAT BAY FILLY.—SHE'S RATHER FRESH THIS MORNING!"

THE OPERA.

Door-Keeper. "BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR—BUT YOU MUST, INDEED, SIR, BE IN FULL DRESS!"
Snob (excited). "FULL DRESS!! WHY, WHAT DO YER CALL THIS?"

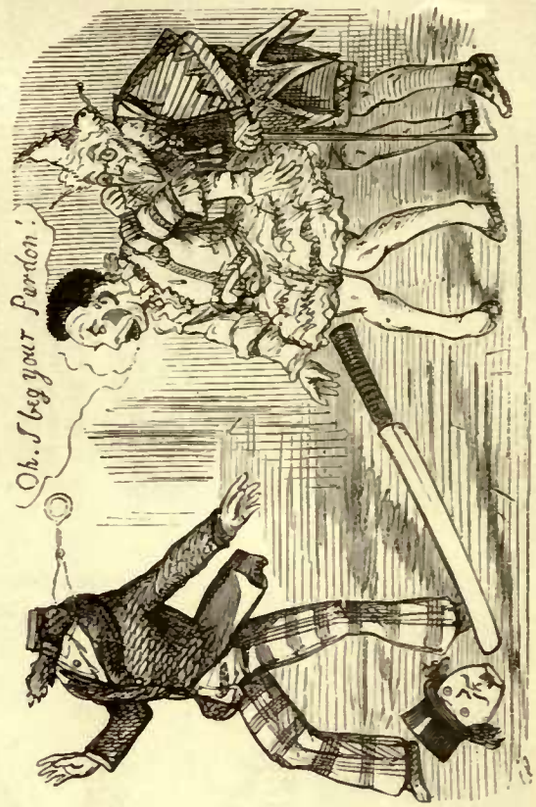
THE DAY AFTER THE JUVENILE PARTY.—AWFUL APPEARANCE OF THE DOCTOR.

INNOCENT MIRTH—THE SLIDE ON THE PAVEMENT.

HAVING A PAIR ON!

Skater. "HI!—HOLLO!—WHAT ARE YOU ABOUT?—IT'S GOING INTO MY FOOT!"

Skate Proprietor. "NEVER MIND, SIR!—BETTER 'AV 'EM ON FIRM!"



STAGE FRIGHT.

OH, JOEY! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?"

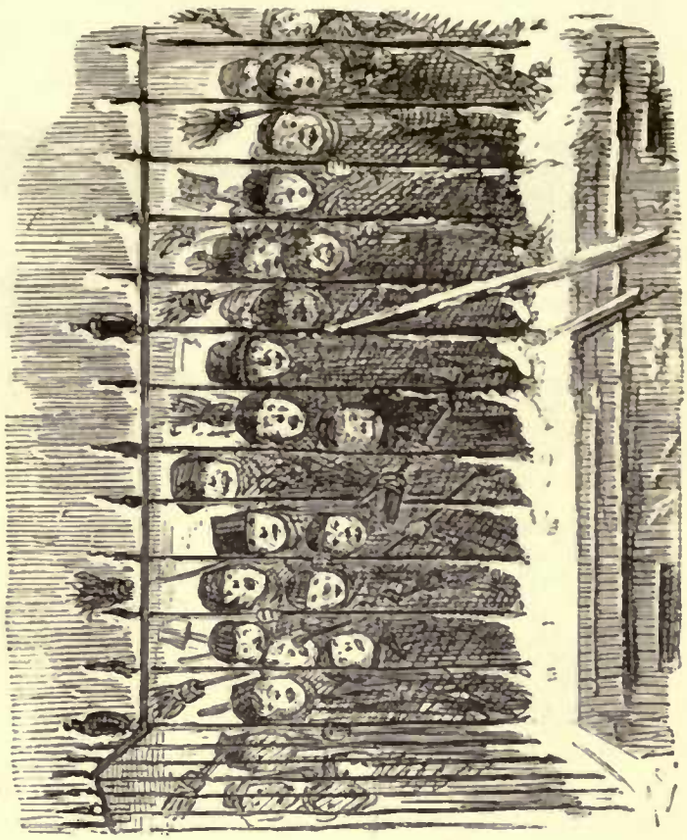
DELIGHTFUL.

OH! HERE'S A JOLLY SLEIGH!"

A GOOD OLD COMIC CLOWN.

AN OLD JOE.

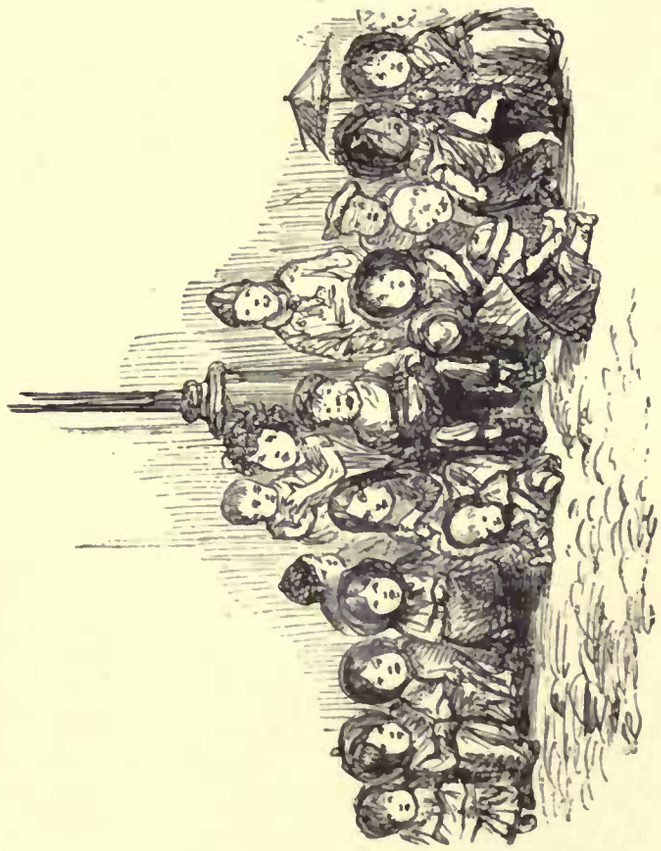
Clown (loq.). "PRETTY CREECHUR!"



EAGER APPLICANTS.

"WANT YOUR DOOR DONE, MUM?"

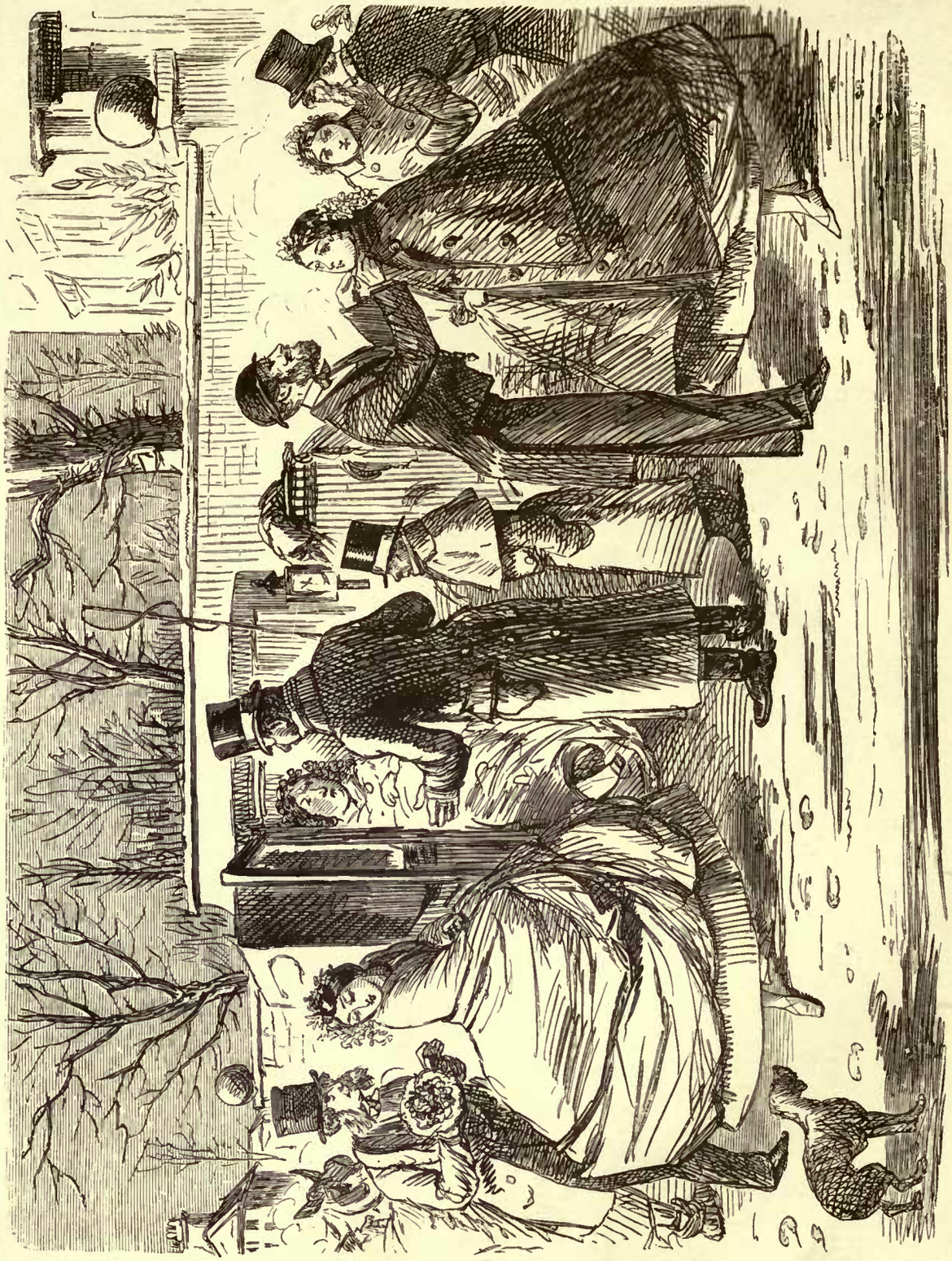
SAME OLD GAME.



DRESS CIRCLE AT PUNCH AND JUDY.

A DECEIVER.

"IT'S QUITE TRUE, MUM!"



RETURN FROM A SUBURBAN PARTY.

Flyman. "WERRY SORRY, MUM, I'M SURE, MUM—BUT THE OSS AIN'T ROUGHED, AND HE CAN'T GO A STEP FURDER!"

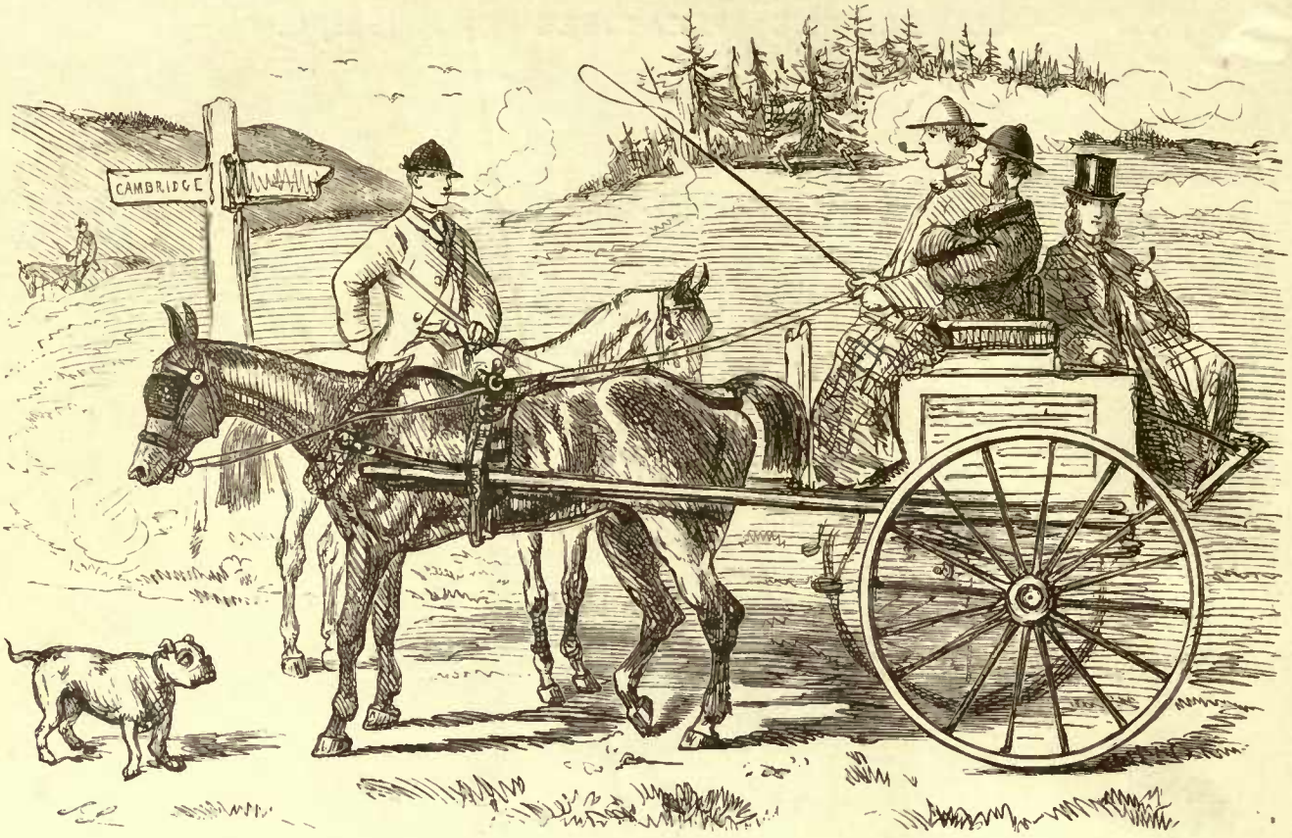
MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF FISHING.

No. X.

MR. B. AS HE APPEARED FROM SIX IN THE MORNING UNTIL THREE IN THE AFTERNOON, WHEN——

No. XI.

HAVING HOOKED A "FISH," HE IS LANDED TO PLAY IT. THE FISH RUNS AWAY WITH HIM—AND MR. B. IS DRAGGED ABOUT A MILE AND A HALF OVER WHAT HE CONSIDERS A RATHER DIFFICULT COUNTRY.



MODERATION.

First Undergraduate. "HOLLO, CHARLEY! AIN'T YOU GOING OUT TO-DAY?"

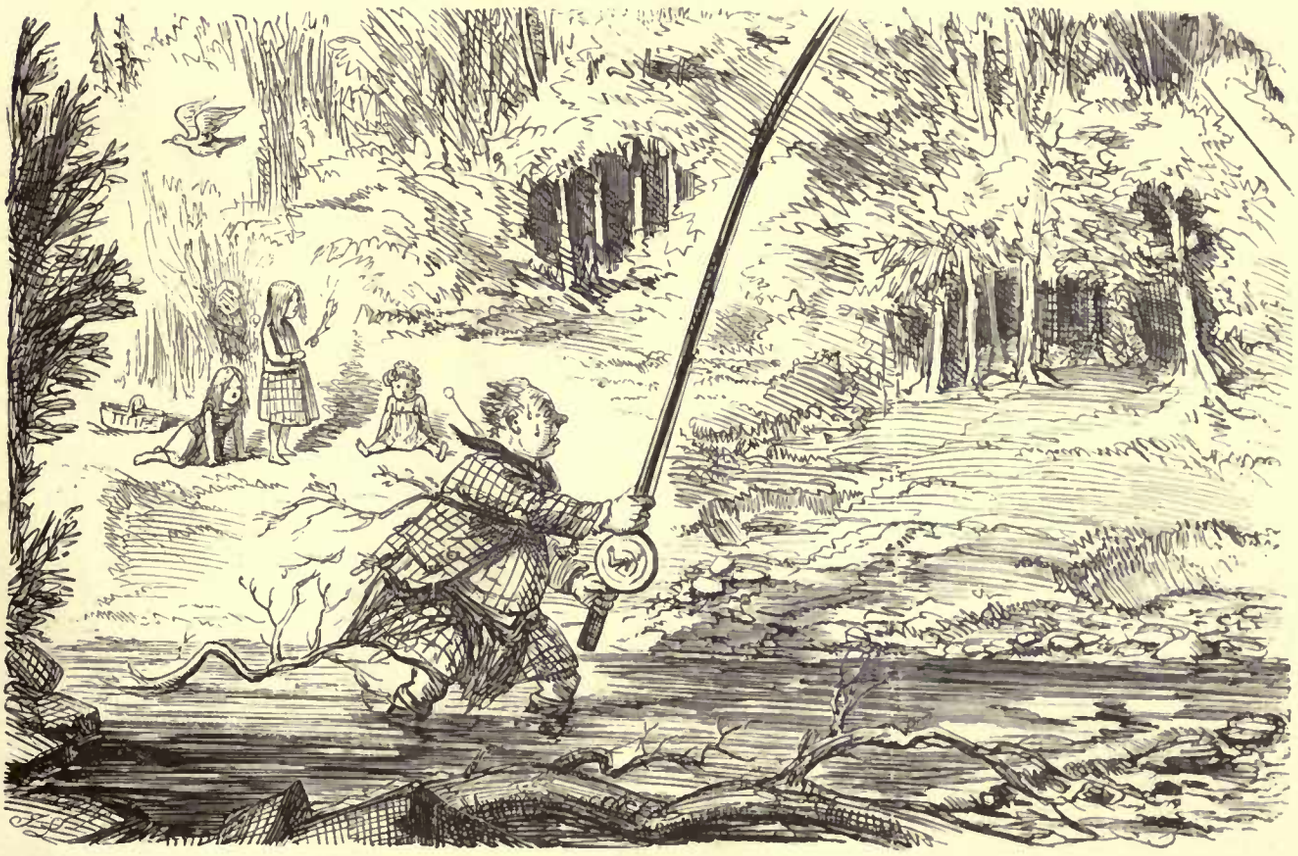
Second Undergraduate (driving). "WHY, NO—NOT THIS MORNING. YOU SEE I'M ONLY A ONE-HORSE MAN, AND AS I HAVE HUNTED HIM THREE TIMES THIS WEEK, I THOUGHT I'D GIVE HIM A DAY'S REST IN THE DOG-CART!"

JONES TRIES HIS NEW HACK, WHICH IS AS QUIET AS A LAMB—JUST ABOUT!

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF FISHING.

No. XII.

ON ARRIVING AT "HELL'S HOLE," HE IS DETAINED FOR THREE-QUARTERS OF AN HOUR, WHILE THE FISH SULKS AT THE BOTTOM.——



No. XIII.

THE FISH HAVING REFRESHED HIMSELF, AND RECOVERED HIS SPIRITS, BOLTS AGAIN WITH MR. B.

NO CONSEQUENCE.

"I SAY, JACK! WHO'S THAT COME TO GRIEF IN THE DITCH?"

"ONLY THE PARSON!"

"OH, LEAVE HIM THERE, THEN! HE WON'T BE WANTED UNTIL NEXT SUNDAY!"

THE REVIEW.

"NOW, MARM, HERE'S A PLACE TO STAND ON. YER MAY SEE EVERY THINK; AND ONLY SIXPENCE!"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF FISHING.

No. XIV.

AFTER A LONG AND EXCITING STRUGGLE, MR. B. IS ON THE POINT OF LANDING HIS PRIZE, WHEN—THE LINE UNFORTUNATELY BREAKS!

No. XV.

HOWEVER, IN MUCH LESS TIME THAN IT HAS TAKEN TO MAKE THIS IMPERFECT SKETCH—ACCOUTRED AS HE IS—HE PLUNGES IN—AND AFTER A DESPERATE ENCOUNTER, HE SECURES A MAGNIFICENT SALMON, FOR WHICH HE DECLARES HE WOULD NOT TAKE A GUINEA A POUND!—AND IT IS NOW STUFFED IN THE GLASS-CASE OVER THE ONE WHICH CONTAINS HIS LATE FAVOURITE SPOTTED HUNTER.

AN APRIL FOOL.

Equestrian. "HERE, BOY! COME AND HOLD MY HORSE."
Boy. "DOES HE KICK?"
Equestrian. "KICK! NO!"
Boy. "DOES HE BITE?"
Equestrian. "BITE! NO! CATCH HOLD OF HIM."
Boy. "DOES IT TAKE TWO TO HOLD HIM?"
Equestrian. "NO."
Boy. "THEN HOLD HIM YOURSELF."
[*Exit* BOY, *performing "Pop goes the Weasel."*

THE SEA-SIDE CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

"ALL THE NEW WORKS ARE OUT, MISS. BUT HERE'S THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE 'SCOTTISH CHIEFS'—OR HERE'S 'CAMPBELL'S PHILOSOPHY OF RHETORIC,' IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO READ THAT."

DREADFUL JOKE.

William. "THERE, AMY! WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THOSE FOR A PAIR OF MOUSTACHES?"

Amy. "WHY, I SHOULD SAY THAT CALLING THOSE MOUSTACHES WAS GIVING TO 'HAIRY NOTHINGS A LOCAL HABITATION AND A NAME.'" [*For shame,* AMY!

GOOD NEWS! REAL SENTIMENT.

The Lady Emmeline. "NO, DEAREST CONSTANCE, I AM NOT UNHAPPY. THESE ARE TEARS OF JOY! FOR SEE HOW THE DEAR LORD AUBREY WRITES—*(Reads an advertisement)—'I have much pleasure in giving my testimony to the skill of Professor Puffenburg, who has extracted two very troublesome corns without causing me any pain.—De Belgrave.'* DEAR, DEAR AUBREY, THEN YOU ARE HAPPY!"

A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

Foxhunter. "HERE'S A BORE, JACK! THE GROUND IS HALF A FOOT THICK WITH SNOW, AND IT'S FREEZING LIKE MAD!"

BROAD CARICATURE.

RATHER ALARMING.

Lady. "YOU WISHED, SIR, I BELIEVE, TO SEE ME RESPECTING THE STATE OF MY DAUGHTER'S AFFECTIONS, WITH A VIEW TO A MATRIMONIAL ALLIANCE WITH THAT YOUNG LADY. IF YOU WILL WALK INTO THE LIBRARY, MY HUSBAND AND I WILL DISCUSS THE SUBJECT WITH YOU."

Young Corydon. "OH, GRACIOUS!!!"

GOOD SECURITY.

Boy. "PLEASE, SIR, GIVE ME A BROWN?"

Swell. "SIXPENCE IS THE SMALLEST MONEY I HAVE, MY LITTLE LAD."

Boy. "VEL, SIR, I'LL GET YER CHANGE; AND IF YER DOUBTS MY HONOUR, HOLD MY BROOM!"

UNCONSCIOUS SATIRE.

Stout Party. "WELL, I'M SURE! WHAT CAN POSSESS THOSE SKINNY CREATURES TO WEAR ROUND HATS, I CAN'T THINK,—MAKING THEMSELVES SO CONSPICUOUS!"

SCENE—PALAIS ROYAL.

Garçon (to London Gent). "VOILÀ! M'SIEU! LE CHARIVARI—FRENCH PUNCH. GOOD MORNING SARE! OH, I SPEAK INGLEES VERRA WELL—I LIVE IN INGLEES COFFEE TRREE MUNSE. OH YAS—ALL RIGHT! NEVARE MIND!!"

[*Jumps over three chairs and vanishes to the great astonishment of* TOMKINS.

POOR MUGGINS!

Smythe (to MUGGINS, *who, in the heat of the moment, has been drinking his wine out of tumblers).* "THERE, MY BOY! THAT'S SUCH A GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE AS YOU DON'T GET EVERY DAY—AND BETWEEN YOU AND ME *(very confidentially)* BETWEEN—YOU—AND ME—I ONLY GAVE *FOUR AND TWENTY SHILLINGS A DOZEN FOR IT!*"

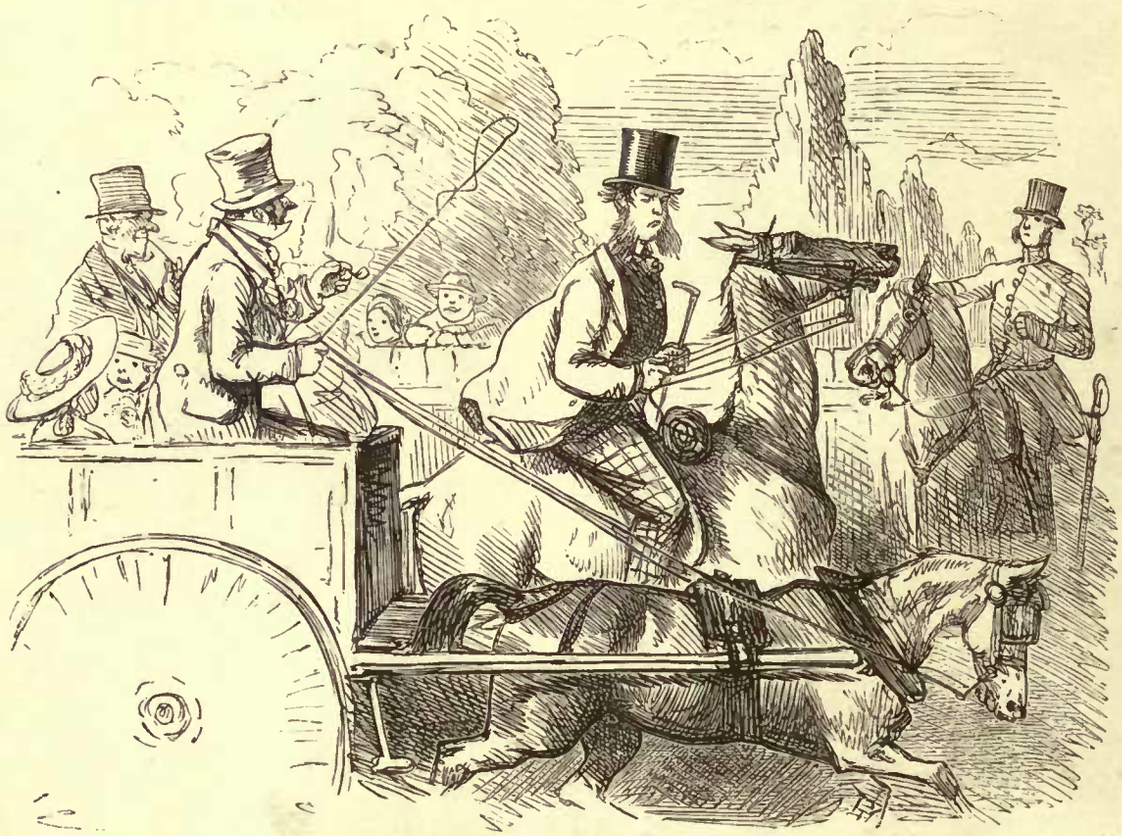
[*Exit* MUGGINS *for an antidote.*

INCREDIBLE!

Mrs. Muggins. "WHAT! FOURTEEN ON YE SLEEP UNDER THAT GIG UMBRELLER OF A THING? GET ALONG WITH YER!"

VERY FRIENDLY.

Little Gent. "MORNIN' MY LORD!—GLAD TO SEE YOU OUT AGAIN!—WHAT I LIKE ABOUT FOX-'UNTING IS, THAT IT IMPROVES THE BREED OF 'ORSES—AND BRINGS PEOPLE TOGETHER AS WOULDN'T OTHERWISE MEET!"



THE ROAD.

Party in the Cart (to Tomkins, who is immensely proud of his Steed). "I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR, BUT YOU DON'T 'APPEN TO 'AV ANOTHER CAMEL AS YOU WANT TO DISPOSE OF?"

LATEST FROM PARIS.

Beautiful Being. "WELL, I MUST SAY, PARKER, THAT I LIKE THE HAIR DRESSED À L'IMPÉRATRIDE. IT SHOWS SO MUCH OF THE FACE."

A MOMENTOUS DECISION.

Augustus. "ARE YOU FOND OF MOUSTARSHERS, EMILY?"
Emily. "YES! I THINK THEY LOOK VERY WELL UPON SOME PEOPLE."
Augustus. "AH! THEN THAT SETTLES THE POINT. I *SHALL LET MINE GROW.*"

THE FINISHING TOUCH TO A PICTURE.

Artist. "NOW, DON'T HESITATE TO SAY IF YOU SEE ANYTHING I CAN ALTER OR IMPROVE."
Candid Friend. "HM! WELL! NO! I DON'T SEE ANYTHING—UNLESS, PERHAPS, YOU-A MIGHT REPAINT THE PRINCIPAL FIGURES, AND—I—YES—I SHOULD CERTAINLY GET A NEW BACKGROUND IN."

FINE HAUT-BOYS!

THIS JOLLY OLD PATER KNOWS WHAT A SMILING WELCOME AWAITS HIM WHEN HE BRINGS HIS TREASURES HOME.

JACK ASHORE.

Policeman. "HULLO, JACK! I SUPPOSE YOU'RE NOT SORRY TO COME ON LAND FOR A BIT?"

Jack (who hasn't got his shore legs yet). "WELL, IT AIN'T SUCH A BAD PLACE FOR A DAY OR TWO—ONLY IT'S SO PRECIOUS DIFFICULT TO WALK STRAIGHT!"

ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

AFFECTING INCIDENT AT BOULOGNE.

OUR FRIEND, 'ARRY BELVILLE, IS SO KNOCKED ALL OF A HEAP BY THE BEAUTY OF THE FOREIGN FISH-GIRLS, THAT HE OFFERS HIS 'AND AND 'ART TO THE LOVELY PAULINE.

ROMANCE OF A BOTTLE.

Mr. Bounce. "I TELL YOU WHAT, OLD BOY, FINISH THAT, AND YOU SHALL HAVE SOME OF MY *PECULIAR* OLD PORT. I'VE HAD IT IN BOTTLE MYSELF NINE YEARS."

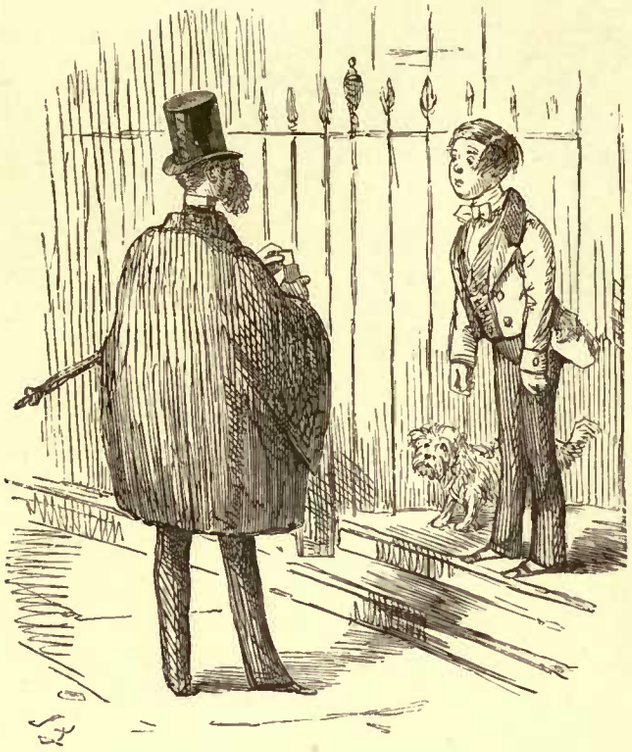
EXCITEMENT.

"RUN, BILL—RUN AND BRING NISABELLER—HERE'S A CHIMNEY A-FI-ER!!"

THIS IS THE PECULIAR OLD PORT.

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

THE DISTURBER OF THE PEACE OF PRIVATE FAMILIES.



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

Foot Boy. "WELL, SIR, MASTER HIS AT 'OME, BUT HE'S CONFINED TO HIS ROOM. HE'S A GROWIN' OF HIS MOOSTARSHERS, AND AIN'T ALLOWED TO SEE NOBODY BUT HIS 'AIRDRESSER."

QUITE AN EXQUISITE.

Commercial Gent. "THIS WAR, SIR, WILL BE A TERRIBLE HINDRANCE TO ALL KINDS OF BUSINESS!"

Swell. "AW—DESSAY! D'LIGHTED TO HEAR IT—A ALWAYS HAD THE CWEATEST AVERSION T' ALL KINDS OF BUSINESS."

FLUNKEIANA.

Lady's-Maid. "WELL, I'M SURE, MR. ROBERT! I THINK YOU MIGHT FIND SOMETHING BETTER TO DO THAN LOLLOPING ABOUT IN THAT GREAT EASY CHAIR. YOU MIGHT GO AND HELP IN THE HAY-FIELD, ONE WOULD THINK!"

Flunkey. "OH, YES! AND A NICE FIGGER I SHOULD BE! WOT WOULD MISSUS SAY, PRAY, IF I WENT AND SPYLED MY COMPLEXION, AND MADE MY 'ANDS 'ARD?"

PRIVATE OPINION.

Lieutenant Whobble (who has just been embodied). "HAH! THIS IS SOMETHING LIKE! INFINITELY BETTER THAN THE RIDICULOUS OLD COATEE!!"

A PRETTY GENERAL DELUSION.

Mr Kiddlums. "WELL, ELIZABETH—I HOPE WE SHALL HAVE A PRIZE BABY SHOW HERE—AND THEN—I FLATTER MYSELF—* * * * *."

WHAT MUST BE THE NEXT FASHION IN BONNETS.

DOMESTIC BLISS.

Servant (rushing in). "OH! GRACIOUS GOODNESS, MASTER! THERE'S THE KITCHEN CHIMLEY A-FIRE—AND TWO PARISH INCINS KNOCKING AT THE STREET DOOR!"

GOING TO A PARTY.

Exquisite. "AW, DRIVAW—HAVE YOU A GOOD HORSE?"
Cabman. "YES, SIR! A WERRY GOOD OSS."
Exquisite. "AW! THEN DRA-IVE ME TO NEXT DOOR."

A MAN OF PRINCIPLE.

WHEN COALS ARE SO DEAR, IT BEHOVES EVERY FAMILY MAN TO SEE THAT HE GETS THE PROPER NUMBER OF SACKS FOR HIS MONEY. PATERFAMILIAS DOES HIS DUTY LIKE A MAN, ALTHOUGH THE COALS ARRIVE JUST AT HIS DINNER-TIME, AND THE WEATHER IS RATHER INCLEMENT.

IN THE RANKS.

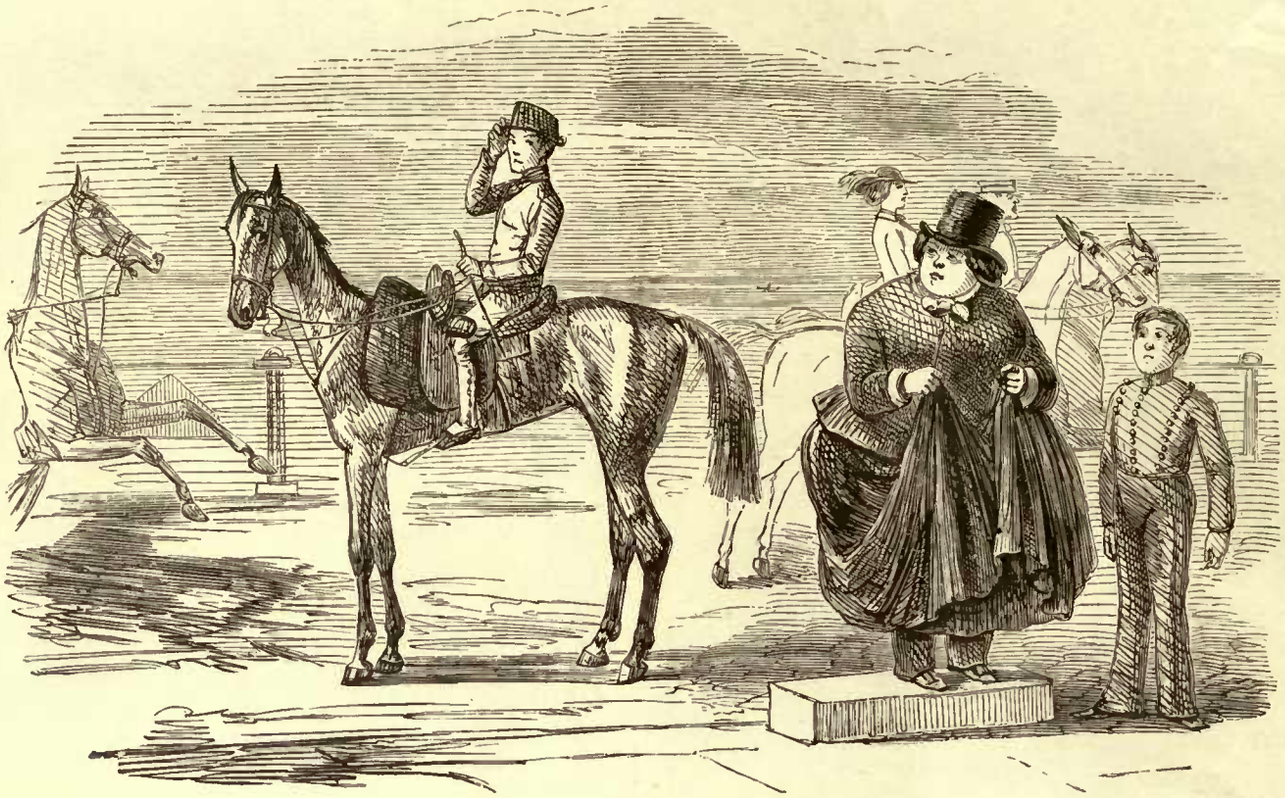
First Militia-man. "JIM, YOU BAIN'T IN STEP."
Second Ditto. "BAIN'T I? WELL, CHANGE YOUR'N."

MORE LIGHT.

Irritated Swell. "RING? YES, OF COURSE I RUNG! HOW THE DEUCE DO YOU SUPPOSE I'M TO DO MY BACK HAIR WITH ONLY ONE CANDLE?"

FLY-FISHING.

MR. HACKLE ARRIVES AT HIS FAVOURITE SPOT, WHERE HE KNOWS THERE IS A GOOD TROUT.



WHAT A SHAME!

Young Lady (inclining to embonpoint). "I SHALL WANT HIM AGAIN THIS AFTERNOON—FROM TWO TO FOUR."

EVERY LADY HER OWN BATHING-MACHINE, OR AN UGLY CONTRIVANCE MADE A USEFUL APPENDAGE.

SCENE—DRAWING-ROOM.

Enter HORRID BOY.

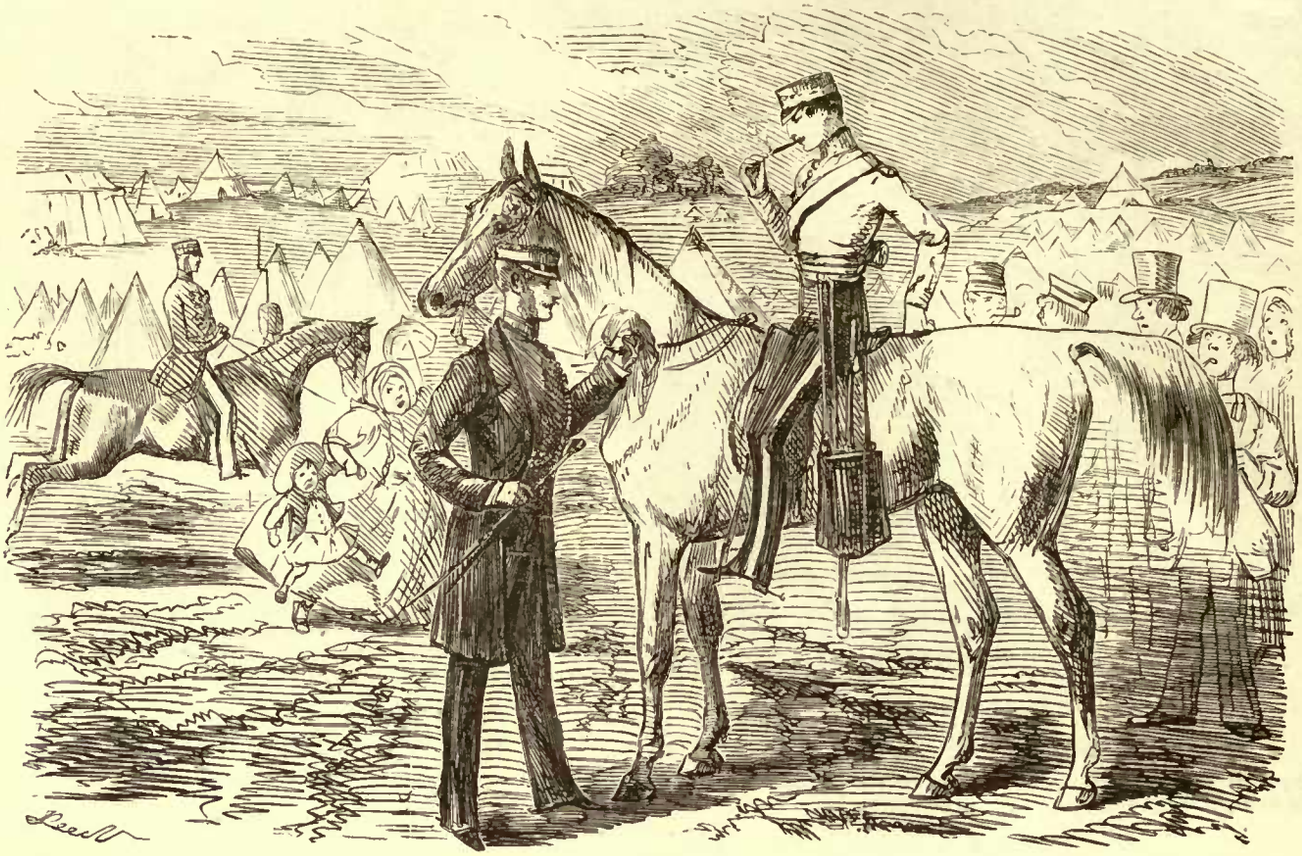
Horrid Boy (capering about). "OH, LOOK HERE, CAPTAIN! I'VE FOUND OUT WHAT CLARA STUFFS HER HAIR OUT WITH. THEY'RE WHISKERS LIKE YOURS!" *[Sensation.*

A LITTLE BIT OF SENTIMENT.

A VERY PARTICULAR PARTY.

Mr. ——. "OH, HERE YOU ARE AT LAST! NOW YOU MUST COME AND DANCE THIS WALTZ WITH A FRIEND OF MINE—CHARMING GIRL, I ASSURE YOU!"

Mr. —— (who prides himself upon his dancing). "HAW! THANK YOU—YOU'RE VERY GOOD!—BUT I NEVER WALTZ WITH STRANGE GIRLS. I DON'T MIND GIVING HER A QUADRILLE FIRST, JUST TO SEE HOW SHE MOVES!"

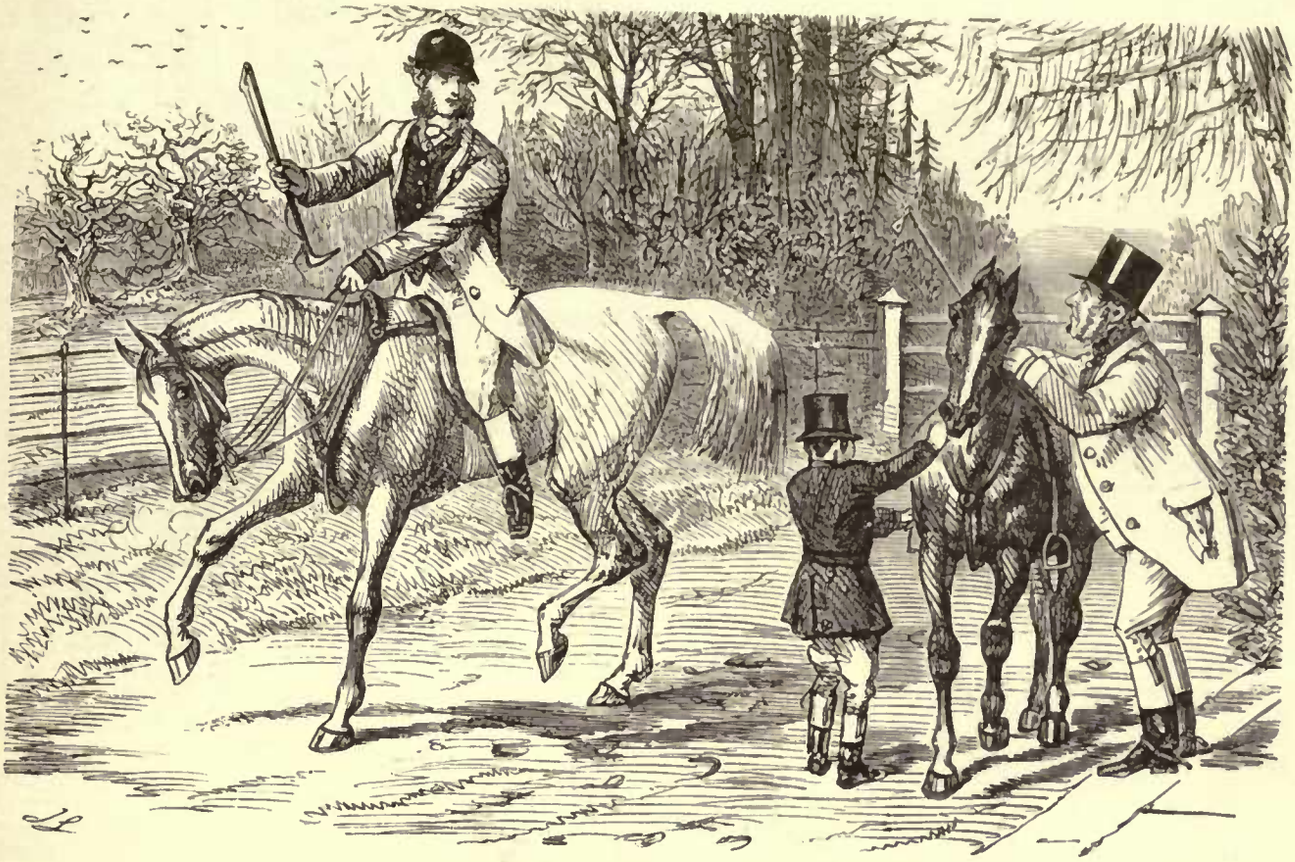


CAMP LIFE—A BIT OF SENTIMENT.

"WELL, FRANK! THIS DELIGHTFUL CAMP IS NEARLY OVER."

"HM, HAW! YA-AS! AND IF YOU'LL ALLOW ME, I'LL TAKE A LAST FOND LOOK, AND A—A—LEAN UPON MY WHAT D'YE CALL IT, AS THE SONG SAYS, AND A—WIPE AWAY A TE—AR!"

"WHO WOULDN'T BE A RIDING-MASTER?"



A FRIENDLY MOUNT.

Party (whose nerve is not what it used to be). "YOU ARE QUITE SURE, CHARLES, THAT HE'S TEMPERATE?"
Charles. "OH, YES! COME ALONG! DO YOU THINK I SHOULD LET YOU RIDE HIM IF HE WASN'T? WHY, YOU MIGHT *KILL THE HORSE!*"
(Nervous Party is much flattered by the consideration of Friend.

SOMETHING LIKE SPORT.

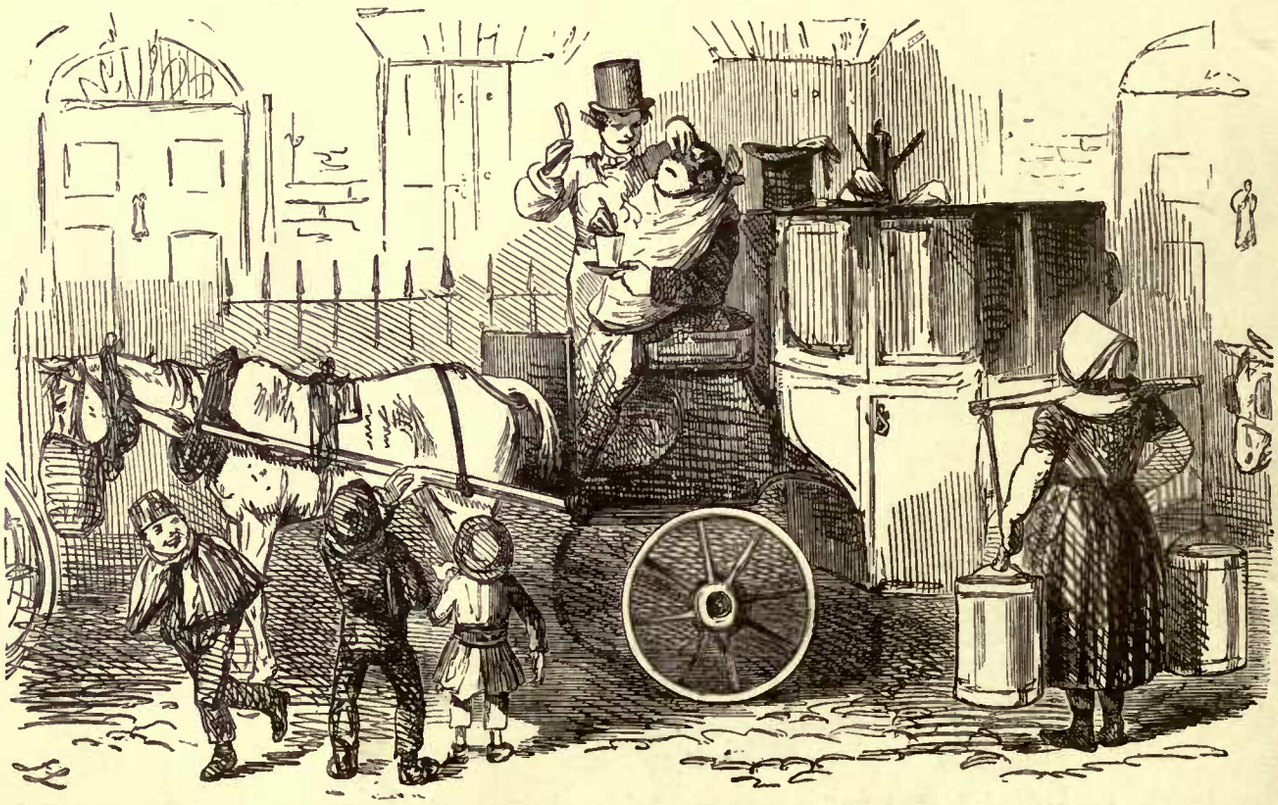
Jolly Angler. "HOORAY, TOM! I'VE GOT ONE—AND, MY WORD! DIDN'T HE PULL!"

SLANG.

"MY EYE, 'ARRY, THAT'S A STUNNING GREAT-COAT."
"AH! I FLATTER MYSELF IT'S RATHER 'DOWN THE ROAD.'"

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

First Newmarket Boy. "AWFUL WORK THIS, BILL. WE'RE A GOIN' TO WAR WITH ROOSIA!"
Second Ditto. "WELL, WOT ODDS?"
First Ditto. "WOT ODDS? WHY, THERE WON'T BE NO HEMPEROR'S CUP NEXT YEAR, THAT'S ALL!"



THE NEW CAB REGULATION.

SHOWING THE SHIFTS TO WHICH THE POOR CABMAN IS REDUCED, NOW THAT HE IS NOT PERMITTED TO LEAVE HIS SEAT WHILST ON DUTY.

LIFE IN LONDON.

Isabella. "WELL, AUNT, AND HOW DID YOU LIKE LONDON? I SUPPOSE YOU WERE VERY GAY?"

Aunt (who inclines to embonpoint). "OH YES, LOVE, GAY ENOUGH! WE WENT TO THE TOP O' THE MONUMENT O' MONDAY—AND TO THE TOP O' ST. PAUL'S O' TUESDAY—AND TO THE TOP O' THE DOOK O' YORK'S COLUMN O' WEDNESDAY—BUT I THINK ALTOGETHER I LIKE THE QUIET OF THE COUNTRY."

TERRIBLE PROPOSITION.

Ferocious Hairdresser. "NOW, SIR, SHALL I TAKE THE PINTS OFF THE WHISKERS?"

BUSINESS-LIKE.

"I SAY, CHARLEY, DON'T YOU THINK YOU HAD BETTER GO BACK TO YOUR CUSTOMER?"

Incipient Wine Merchant. "NOT YET. ALWAYS GONE A QUARTER OF AN HOUR FOR THE *VERY* OLD PORT—FURTHER END OF THE CELLAR! CELLAR'S VERY EXTENSIVE! GREAT CARE NECESSARY FOR FEAR OF DISTURBING THE CRUST, YOU KNOW—ET CÆTERA—TWIG?"

PRIDE FEELS NO PAIN.

Arabella. "OH! DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, FREDERICK. IT ISN'T THE SHOE, FOR THAT'S A GREAT DEAL TOO LARGE."

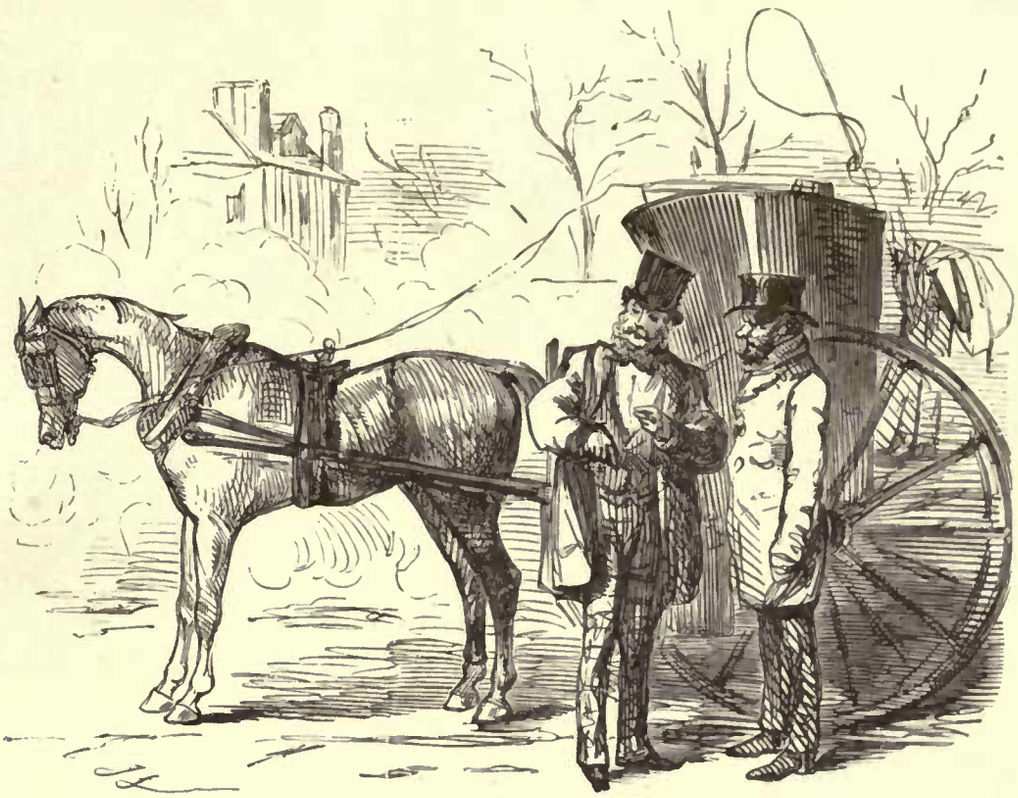
DISCRETION.

Gentleman from Town (loq.). "OH, IF THIS IS ONE OF THE LITTLE PLACES CHARLEY SPOKE OF, I SHALL GO BACK"

THE BEARD MOVEMENT.

DISMAY OF A BRITISH SWELL ON SEEING A POSTMAN WITH MOUSTACHES.

THE FLY-CATCHER.



WELL OUT OF IT.

"THAT'S A DEUCED GOOD HORSE TO GO, DRIVER WHAT'S HIS FAULT THAT HE COMES IN A CAB?"
"WELL, SIR, I DON'T KNOW OF ANY FAULT IN PERTICKLER, 'CEPT THAT WHEN HE BEGINS TO KICK, HE DO KICK LIKE BLAZES."

THE POLICE WEAR BEARDS AND MOUSTACHES.—PANIC AMONGST THE STREET-BOYS.

SERVANTGALISM.

Mistress. "WHY, NURSE—WHAT A TERRIBLE DISTURBANCE!—PRAY, WHAT IS THE MATTER?"

Nurse (addicted to Pen and Ink). "OH, MUM, IT'S DREADFUL!—HERE'S NEETHER ME NOR MARY CAN'T ANSWER NONE OF OUR LETTERS FOR THE RACKET!"

THE NEW COOK.

Missis. "WHY, MY GOODNESS, COOK! WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN ABOUT? FIVE O'CLOCK, AND THAT HARE NOT PUT DOWN YET!"

Artiste. "CAN'T HELP IT, MARM. I NEVER KNEW ANYTHINK TAKE SUCH A TIME TO PLUCK IN MY LIFE!"

NE PLUS(H) ULTRA.

John Thomas. "I TELL YOU WHAT, WILLIAM—THE PRESS MUST BE PUT DOWN! THEY'VE BIN AND GOT THE SOLDIERS' UNIFORM ALTERED, AND I SHOULDN'T WONDER IF THEY CALLED OURS RIDIKLUS NEXT!"

A DELICATE COMPLIMENT.

First Whip (who is a little ruffled because the Fox won't break). "NOW, THEN, SIR! OUT O' THE WAY, UNLESS YOU'LL GET INTO THE COVER. MAYHAP YOUR UGLY MUG MIGHT FRIGHTEN HIM OUT. COME UP, 'OSS!"

AN INCIDENT WITH THE O. P. Q. HOUNDS.

MISS DIANA SLIPS OFF AT A FENCE, AND IS SO UNFORTUNATE AS TO LEAVE THE BETTER HALF OF HER HABIT ON THE POMMELS OF HER SADDLE.

GREAT BOON TO THE PUBLIC.

Incipient Swell (in costume of the period). "WELL! TA-TA, GUS! I SHALL JUST GO AND SHOW MYSELF IN THE PARK."

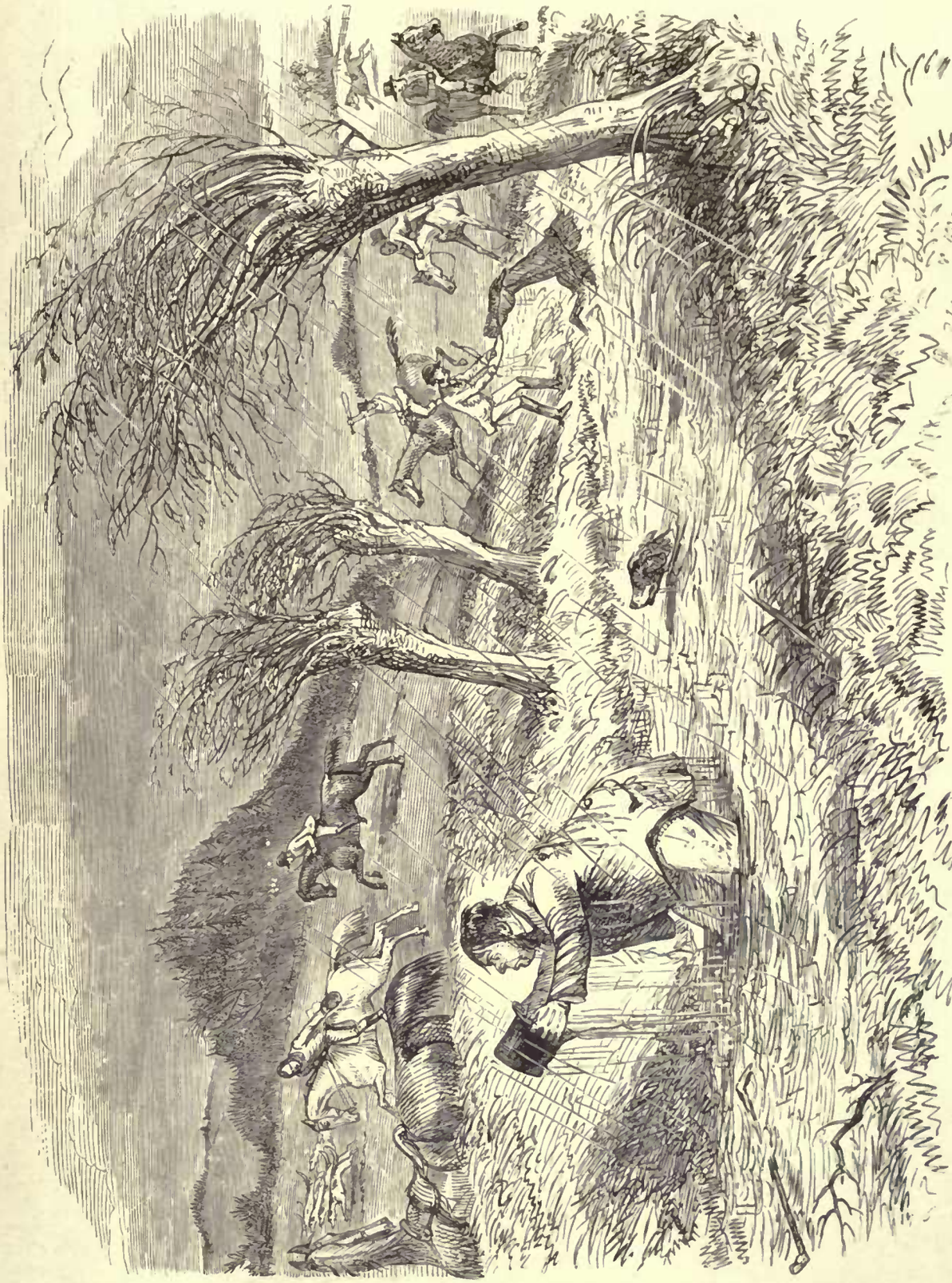
THE RIGHT MEN IN THE RIGHT PLACE; VIZ., A CLUB WINDOW.

Old General Muddle. "WHAT I SAY, IS—IS—EH? WHAT? BY JOVE! WHAT THE DOOCE SHOULD CIVILIANS KNOW ABOUT—EH? WHAT—AHEM!—MILITARY AFFAIRS! AFFAIRS! EH?"

Colonel Splutter. "NAH! THE PRESS, SIR! BY JOVE, THE PRESS IS THE CURSE OF THE COUNTRY, AND WILL BE THE RUIN OF THE ARMY! BY JOVE, I'D HANG ALL LITTERY MEN—HANG 'EM, SIR!"

IN THE PARK.

THE POOR FLY-DRIVERS ARE UP SO LATE AT NIGHTS, THAT THEY ARE GLAD TO GET A NAP WHEN THEY CAN. THIS IS NOT TO BE WONDERED AT, BUT IT IS NOT LIKELY TO ADD TO THE REPOSE EITHER OF OLD MRS. DUMBLEDORE OR OF OLD MRS. BLOWHARD, WHO ARE OUT FOR AN AIRING.



"WELL, THEY MAY CALL THIS A HEALTH-GIVING PURSUIT, IF THEY LIKE: BUT GIVE ME ROACH-FISHING IN A PUNT."

SOMETHING THE MATTER WITH THE KITCHEN BOILER.

(Affectionately dedicated to PATERFAMILIAS, *whoever he might be.)*

FORTUNE-TELLING.—A SCENE OF DOMESTIC INTEREST.

MR. TOM NODDY'S FIRST DAY WITH THE HOUNDS.

No. I.

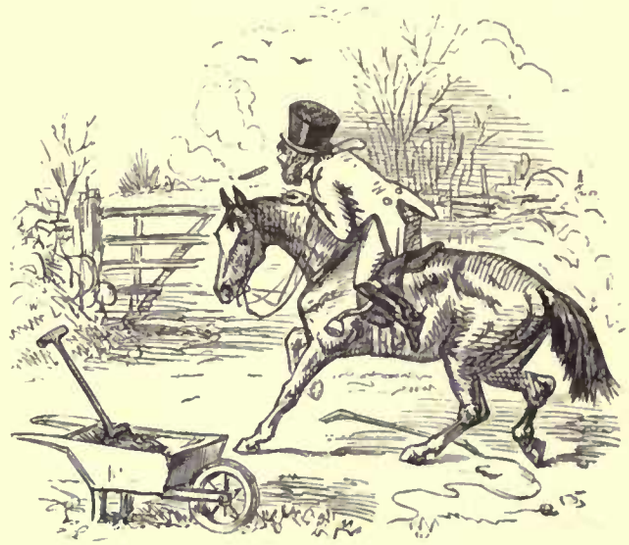
Groom. "YOU'LL FIND THE MARE IN RARE FETTLE, SIR. SHE'S UNCOMMON FRESH TO BE SURE!"

No. II.

SO FRESH THAT SHE WON'T LET T. N. MOUNT FOR EVER SO LONG, AND WHEN SHE DOES

No. III.

ALLOW HIM, PUTS UP HER BACK IN THE MOST OMINOUS MANNER.



No. IV.

SHE SHIES AT A WHEELBARROW—A THING SHE NEVER DID BEFORE. (T. N. DROPS HIS WHIP.) AFTER SOME

No. V.

TROUBLE IN OPENING A GATE,

No. VI.

(T. N. DROPS HIS WHIP AGAIN, BY-THE-BY.)

No. VII.

HE GETS UPON A NICE PIECE OF TURF.

No. VIII.

THE MARE ENJOYS HERSELF AMAZINGLY.

CERTAINLY NOT.

Shoe Brigade Boy (to old Gent irascible from gout, which has settled in his feet). "NOW, SIR! DID YOU WANT YOUR SHOES BLACKED?"

THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

Frederick. "NOW THEN, WILLIAM, WHAT ARE YER WAITING FOR?"

William. "WHY, I WAS A-THINKIN' VETHER I SHOULD WEAR MY MOOSTARCHERS LIKE THIS HERE OR LIKE THAT HARE."

PLEASANT QUARTERS.

A YOUNG OFFICER IN THE MILITIA LEARNING THE MANUAL EXERCISE OVER YOUR HEAD!

MR. TOM NODDY'S FIRST DAY WITH THE HOUNDS.

No. IX.

ARRIVED AT THE MEET, LITTLE TOM NODDY THINKS HE WILL HAVE A QUIET WEED; BUT AT THIS MOMENT

No. X.

THE HOUNDS MOVE FOR THE COVER, AND THE MARE BECOMES FULL OF PLAY AGAIN.

No. XI.

HAVING PICKED HIMSELF UP, TOGETHER WITH HIS WHIP AND CIGAR, T. N. JOGS ON WITH THE REST OF THE FIELD. AS THEY PASS BY SOME TURNIPS, TO THE DELIGHT OF EVERYBODY, A FOX GETS UP. THE MARE, WHO HAD BECOME ALMOST STEADY, IS AGAIN EXCITED, AND RUSHES WILDLY A-HEAD, AMIDST THE EXECRATIONS OF THE HUNT, AND LOUD CRIES OF "HOLD HARD!" WHICH T. N. MISTAKES FOR ANXIETY ON HIS ACCOUNT; AND GRASPING THE POMMEL OF HIS SADDLE WITH BOTH HANDS, ABANDONS HIMSELF TO CIRCUMSTANCES, WHICH, CONSIDERING THERE IS A FLIGHT OF HURDLES BEFORE HIM, ARE NOT VERY FAVOURABLE.

AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS.

Young Farmer No. 1. "WELL, CHARLEY—HAVE YOU HAD MUCH SHOOTING LATELY?"

Young Farmer No. 2. "WHY, NO; WHAT WITH HUNTING TWO DAYS A WEEK AND COURSING TWO DAYS, I DON'T GET MUCH TIME TO GO OUT WITH A GUN."

AN HOUR'S RIDE.

MR. TOM NODDY'S FIRST DAY WITH THE HOUNDS.

No. XII.

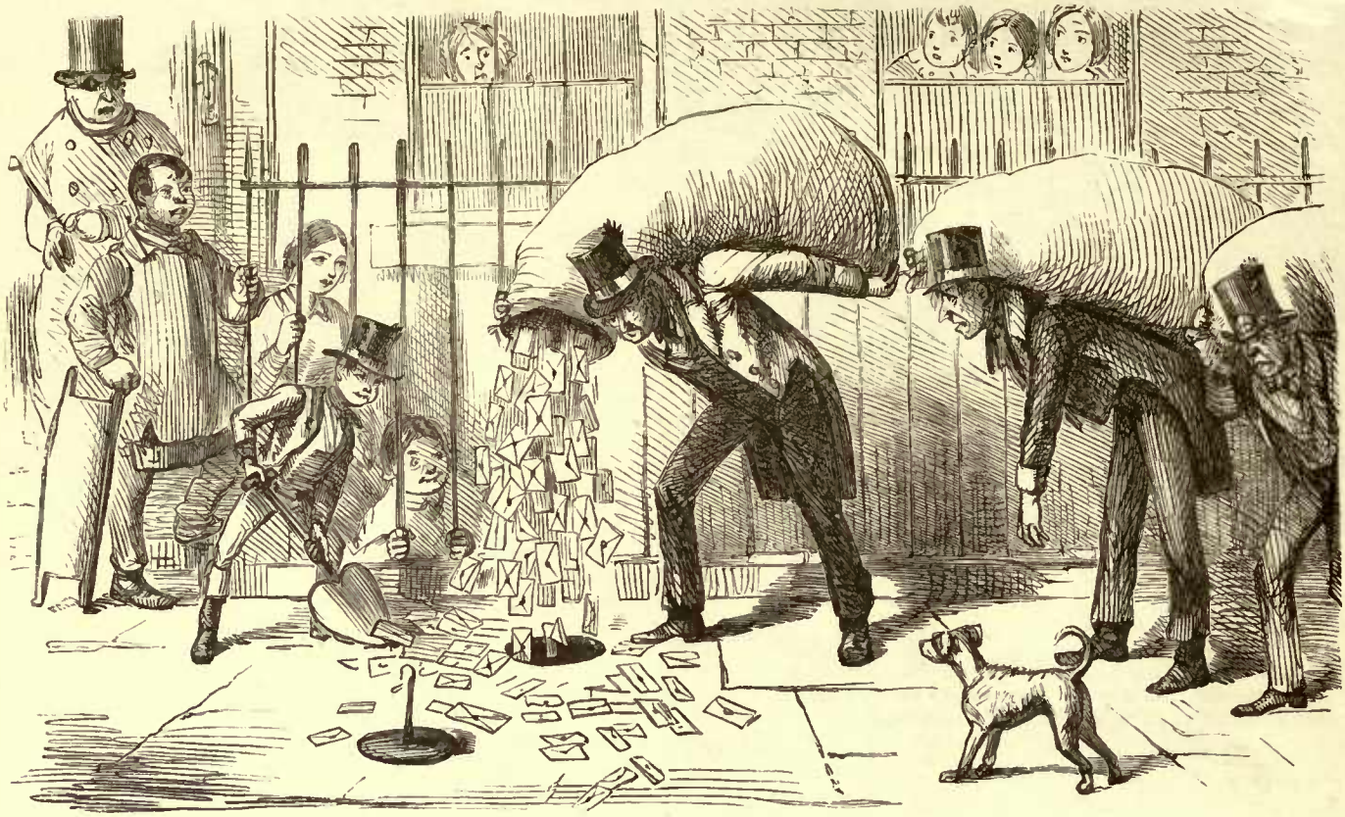
FORTUNATELY FOR TOM NODDY, HOWEVER, THE MARE SWERVES AT THE HURDLES, AND WITH THE EXCEPTION OF DROPPING HIS WHIP AGAIN, HE MEETS WITH NO GREAT INCONVENIENCE

No. XIII.

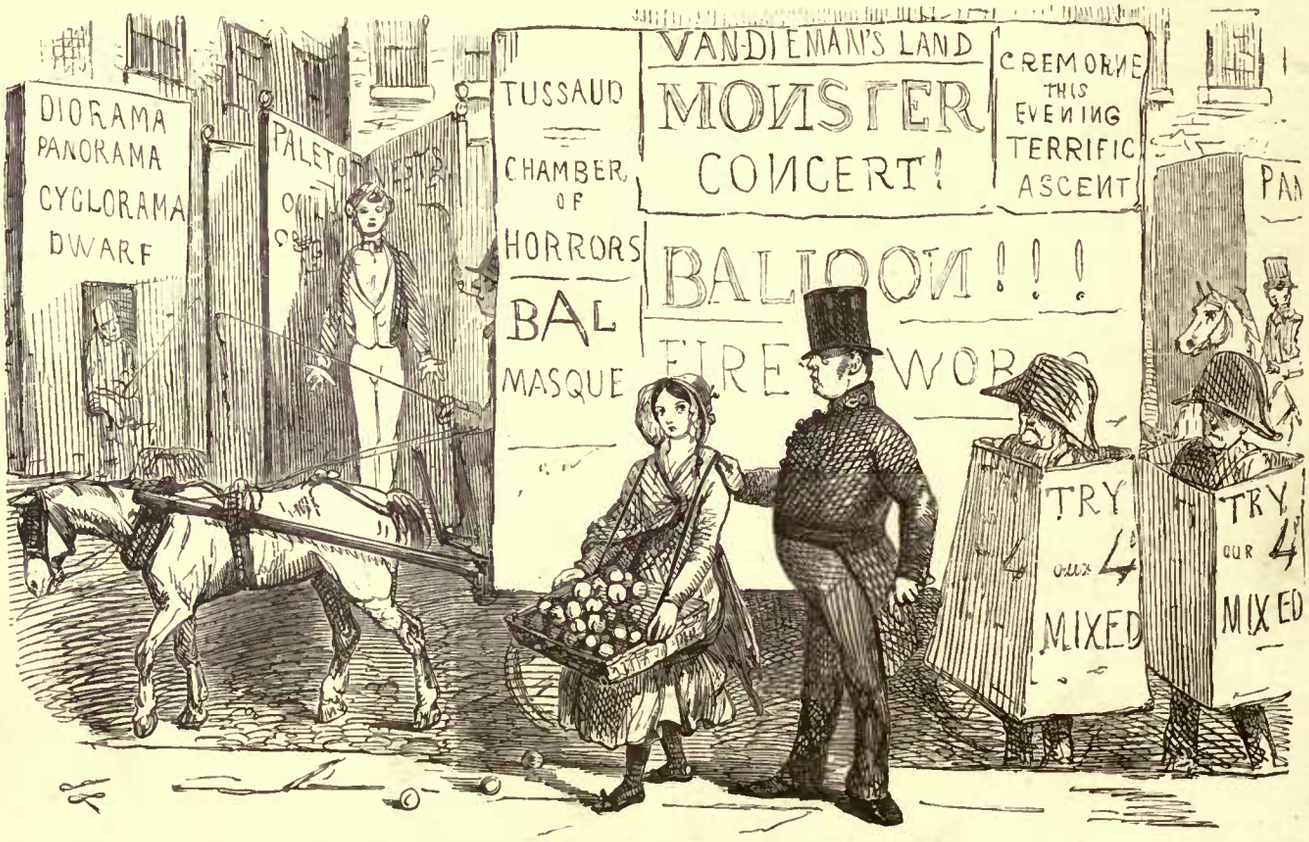
BUT COMING TO THE FIRST FENCE, THE PLAYFUL CREATURE GOES AT IT LIKE A SHOT OUT OF A GUN;

No. XIV.

AND T. N. FINDS THAT THERE IS STILL A GOOD DEAL OF SNOW IN SOME OF THE DITCHES.



VALENTINE'S DAY.



THE REAL STREET OBSTRUCTIONS.

MR. TOM NODDY'S FIRST DAY WITH THE HOUNDS.

No. XV.

THE MARE EXTRICATES HERSELF FROM THE DIFFICULTY SOONER THAN OUR LITTLE FRIEND, AND GETTING AWAY FROM HIM, TAKES A LINE OF HER OWN.

No. XVI.

T. N. FINDS RUNNING AFTER HIS QUADRUPED VERY LABORIOUS. HE RESTS HIMSELF ON A STILE, AND HAS ANOTHER QUIET WEED.

No. XVII.

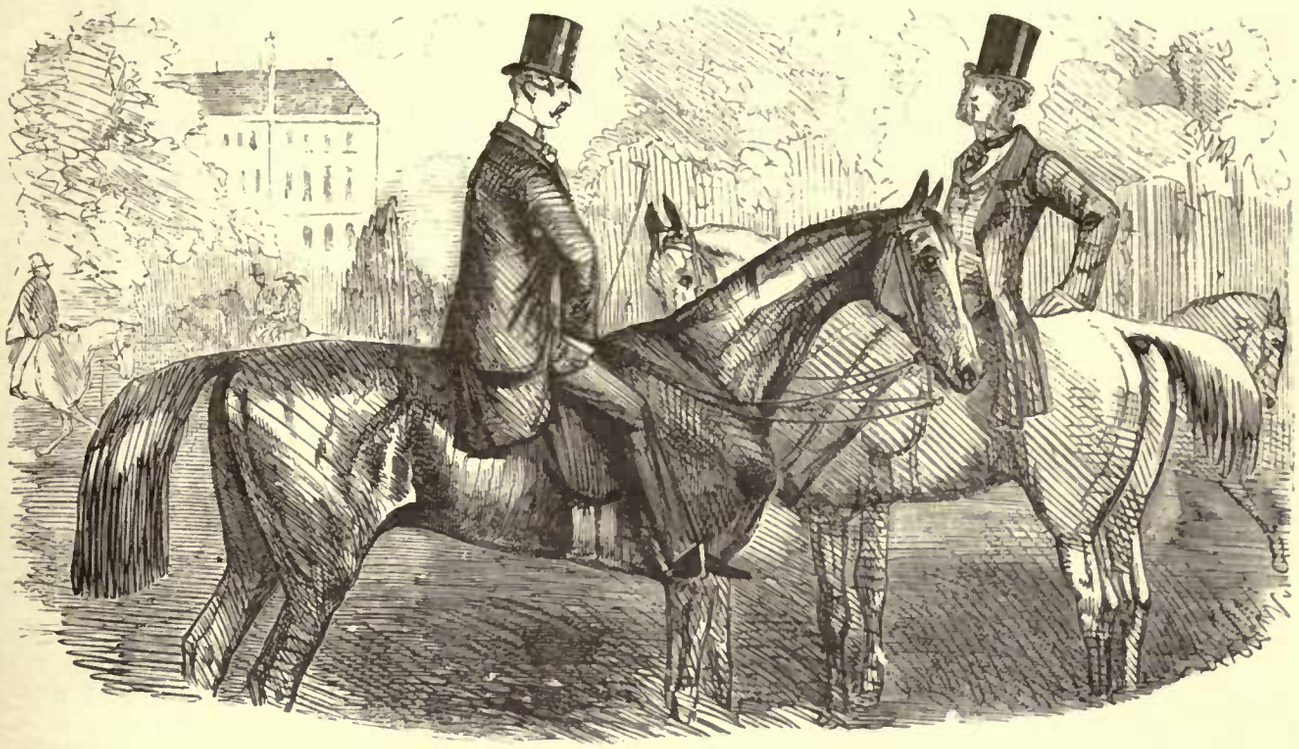
THIS REPRESENTS THE PRECISE MOMENT WHEN TOM NODDY, AFTER MUCH EXERCISE, MEETS A SIMPLE COUNTRYMAN RETURNING WITH THE MARE. THE SIMPLE COUNTRYMAN IS ASSURING T. N. THAT HE HAD A DEAL OF TROUBLE TO CATCH HER, AND THEN IT WUR TWENTY MINUTES AFORE HE COULD MAKE HER LEAVE THE 'OUNDS—AND THEN ONLY 'ACAUSE SHE WUR QUITE "BLOWED."—*(N.B. The simple countryman hopes T. N. will remember him.)*

THE ICE HARVEST.

THE REAL USE OF THE BEAR-SKIN CAP—
A HINT TO THE GUARDS.

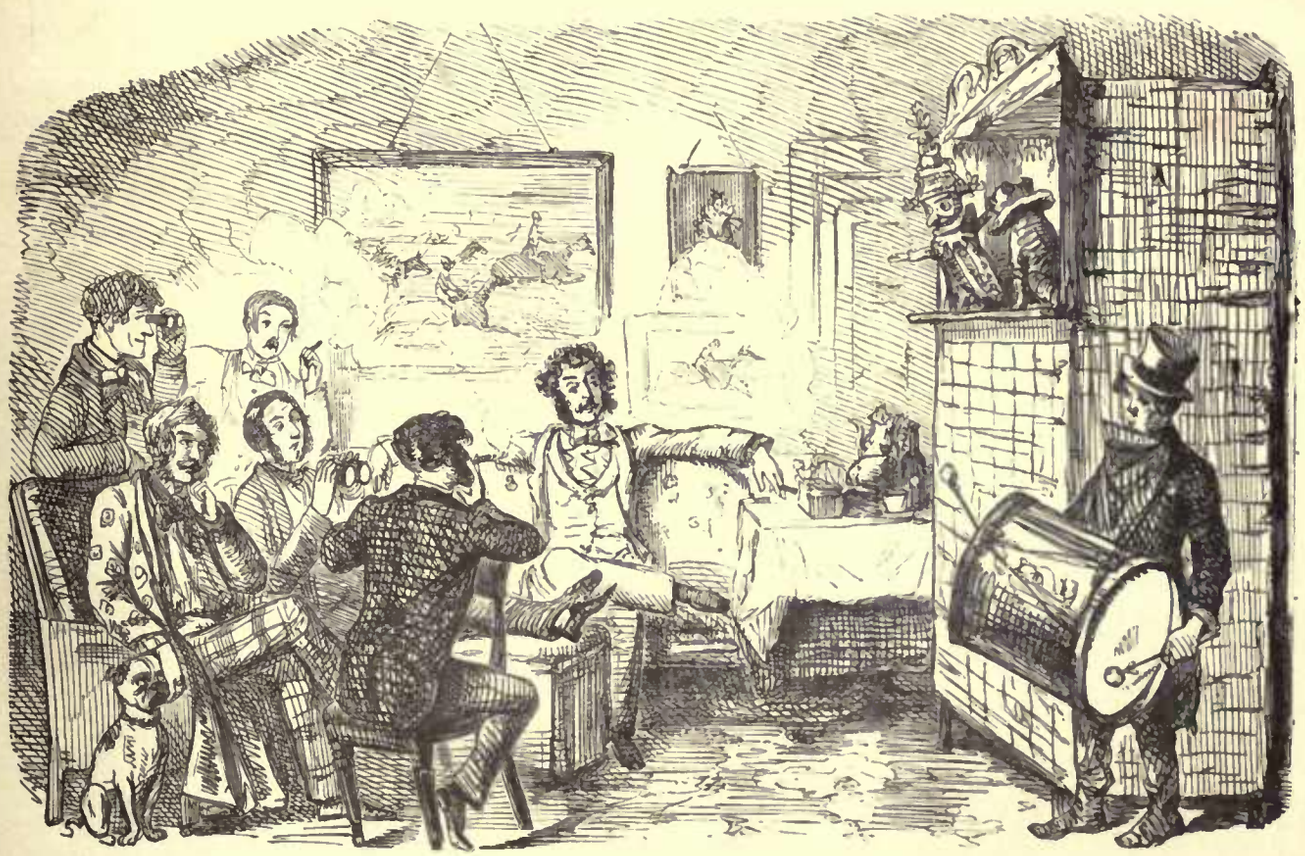
THE FROZEN-OUT FOX-HUNTER.

SPORTING MILITAIRE RECALLS TO MIND HIS CANADIAN EXPERIENCES (THE GROUND BEING DEEP WITH SNOW), BUILDS A TREBOGGIN, AND FOR THE MOMENT CEASES TO SWEAR AT THE FROST, OR TO REGRET THE SIX HUNTERS HE HAS EATING THEIR HEADS OFF IN THE STABLE.



ONE WAY OF LOOKING AT IT.

First Dandy M.P. "PWOWOGATION TO BE LATE THIS YEAR, ON ACCOUNT OF SOME COLONIAL BILLS, I HEAR."
Second Ditto. "BOTHER THE COLONIES! HAVEN'T WE DONE ENOUGH FOR 'EM THIS YEAR?—DIDN'T WEST AUSTRALIAN WIN THE DERBY?"



A VERY OLD FRIEND.

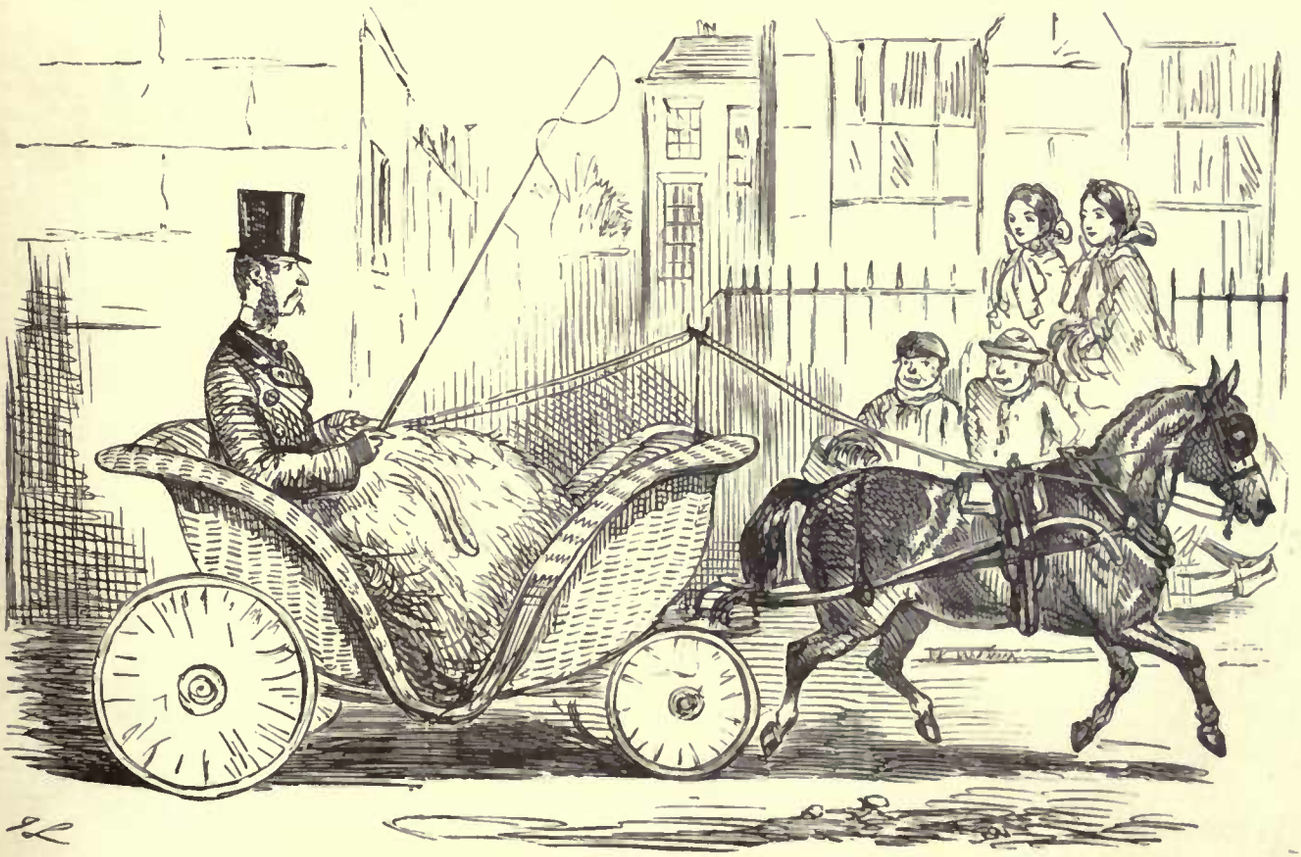
OUR "USED UP" MAN HAS A FEW "USED UP" FRIENDS TO BREAKFAST; AFTER WHICH THEY DERIVE A LITTLE REAL ENJOYMENT FROM A DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT.

AQUATICS.—A COMFORTABLE RAN-DAN.

Jolly Young Waterman. "HOLLOA! HI! POLICE! BACK WATER, JACK! WEVE GOT INTO A NEST OF SWANS, AND THEY'RE A PITCHIN' INTO ME!"

THE SUPERIOR ANIMAL.

Party (who of course doesn't think HIMSELF *good-looking).* "REALLY, CLARA, I CAN'T THINK HOW YOU CAN MAKE A PET OF SUCH AN UGLY BRUTE AS AN ISLE OF SKYE TERRIER!"



THOSE BOYS AGAIN!

Street Boy (in playful allusion to the basket carriage). "OH, LOOK HERE, BILL! IF 'ERE AIN'T A SWELL DRIVING HISSELF HOME FROM THE *WASH!*"

MARRIED FOR MONEY.—THE HONEYMOON.

"NOW, THEN, DARLING, PUT AWAY YOUR PAPER, AND WE'LL HAVE A NICE LONG WALK, AND THEN COME BACK TO TEA IN OUR OWN LITTLE COTTAGE, AND BE AS HAPPY AS TWO LITTLE BIRDS!" SAID THE FAIR BRIDE.—"OH, HANG IT!" MENTALLY EJACULATED THE CAPTAIN.

COOL REQUEST.

Lady Crinoline. "YOU WON'T MIND RIDING ON THE BOX, EDWARD DEAR, WILL YOU?—I'M AFRAID, IF WE BOTH GO INSIDE THE BROUGHAM, MY NEW DRESS WILL GET SO RUMPLED!"

A NICE OFFER.

Cousin (who is a leetle fast). "MORNIN', CHARLES! NOW THEN, IF YOU WILL POP ON YOUR HATS, AND WRAP YOURSELVES UP WARM, I'LL TAKE YOU AND YOUR FRIEND OUT FOR A DRIVE!"

INFRA DIG.

EFFECT OF THE CAB-STRIKE—GOING TO THE OPERA IN A WHEEL-BARROW.

UNABASHED.

Emily. "WHY, MY GOODNESS, FRANK! WHAT A DREADFUL BLACK EYE YOU HAVE! YOU ARE QUITE DISFIGURED!" *Frank.* "H'M, HAH! THAT'S VERY DISAGREEABLE, NOW; I WAS IN HOPES NO ONE WOULD HAVE PERCEIVED IT!"

[FRANK *has been so unfortunate as to catch a cold in his eye from sitting in a draught at Exeter Hall—so he SAYS.*

AN INCIDENT OF TRAVEL.

AS THE TRAIN STOPS, MR. P. ENDEAVOURS TO GET SOME STOUT FOR HIS WIFE, WHO FROM CIRCUMSTANCES, IS OBLIGED TO DRINK THAT REFRESHING BEVERAGE FOUR OR FIVE TIMES A-DAY. UNFORTUNATELY MR. P. CANNOT FIND HIS CARRIAGE, AND, AS THE TRAIN IS RATHER BEHIND TIME, THE OFFICIALS ARE IN SOME HURRY AND CONFUSION.

LET US HAVE JAPANESE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS HERE.

"THE TRAVELLER, WEARIED WITH THE NOONDAY HEAT, NEED NEVER BE AT A LOSS TO FIND REST AND REFRESHMENT; STRETCHED UPON THE SOFTEST AND CLEANEST OF MATTING, IMBIBING THE MOST DELICATELY FLAVOURED TEA, INHALING THE FRAGRANT TOBACCO OF JAPAN, HE RESIGNS HIMSELF TO THE MINISTRATIONS OF A BEVY OF FAIR DAMSELS, WHO GLIDE RAPIDLY AND NOISELESSLY ABOUT, THE MOST ZEALOUS AND SKILFUL OF ATTENDANTS."—*TIMES.*

A DELICATE CREATURE.

Youthful Swell. "NOW CHARLEY—YOU'RE JUST IN TIME FOR BREAKFAST! HAVE A CUP OF COFFEE?"

Languid Swell (probably in a Government Office). "THANKS! NO! I ASSURE YAH—MY DE-AR FELLAH! IF I WAS TO TAKE A CUP OF COFFEE IN THE MORNING, IT WOULD KEEP ME AWAKE ALL DAY!"

RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

First Naturalist. "WHAT! THE S-S-HE-SHER-PENT A-AN (HIC) ICH-(HIC-)THYOSAURUS? NONSHE-ENSE!"

Second Naturalist. "WHO SAID ICH-(HIC) ICHTHY-O-SAURUS? I SAID A (HIC) PLESI-O-(HIC)-SAURUS PLAINENUFF."

VERY CONSIDERATE.

Steward. WILL EITHER OF YOU, GENTLEMEN, DINE ON BOARD? THERE'S A CAPITAL HOT DINNER AT THREE O'CLOCK."

PERFECTLY DWEADFUL!

Guard. "NOW, SIR! IF YOU'RE GOING ON BY THE EXPRESS, HERE'S JUST ROOM FOR ONE!"

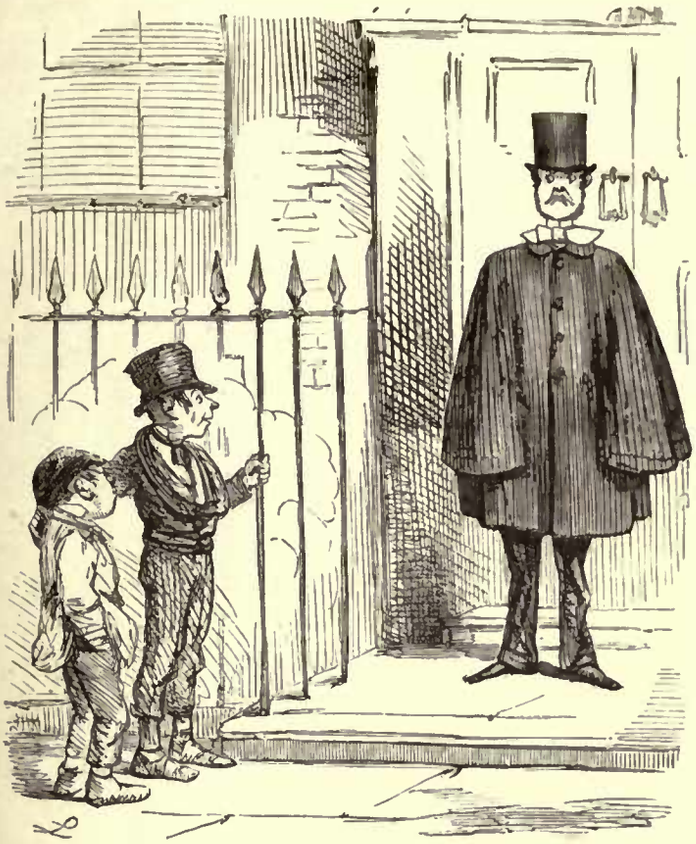
Tourist. "WHA-T! GET IN WITH HAWWID OLD WOMEN, AND SQUEEMING CHILDREN! BY JOVE! YOU KNOW! I SAY! IT'S IMPAWSIBLE, YOU KNOW!"

SCENE—A CLUB.

Swell. "HAW! IS THERE ANYTHING WEADY FOR DINNAW?"

Waiter. "SHOULDER OF MUTTON JUST READY, SIR!"

Swell. "HAW—SHOULDAW OF MUTTON!—AW—WHAT A VEWY ODD THING FOR DINNAW!—THOUGHT THEY ONLY MADE *GLUE* OF SHOULDAW OF MUTTON!"



FLATTERING.

Boy (in allusion to BROWN, *who thinks he is well got up).* "OH! LOOK HERE, BILLY, THEY'VE GOT A DINNER PARTY AT THIS 'OUSE—AND IF 'ERE AIN'T THE COVE WHAT'S A-GOING TO WAIT."

BENEFIT OF CLERGY.

Binks Minor (log.). "AH! YOU CAN'T THINK HOW A FELLA SAVES, WHEN HE GOES INTO THE CHURCH. I USED TO GIVE SNOBBINS THREE GUINEAS FOR MY BOOTS, AND *NOW* I GET THEM MADE FOR TWO POUND TWELVE."
Binks, Major. "BY JOVE!"

A BARE ASSERTION.

Fred. "HOW DO YOU LIKE THE ALTERATION, BLANCHE?"
Blanche. "WHAT ALTERATION, DEAR?"
Fred. "WHY, HANG IT!—HAVEN'T I CUT OFF MY BEARD AND MOUSTACHES?"

MR. PUNCH AT HOME.

THE FRUGAL MARRIAGE QUESTION.

Jones (of the Dandelion Club). "DOOCEO JOLLY, I SHOULD SAY, TO MARRY ON £300 A-YEAR! THINK A SEE MYSELF WOCKING A CWADLE, AND FETCHING HOME THE MUTTON FROM THE BAKER!" *[Orders Glass of Dry Curaçoa.*

FAINT ATTEMPT TO CARRY OUT JONES'S IDEA.

THOSE HORRID BOYS!

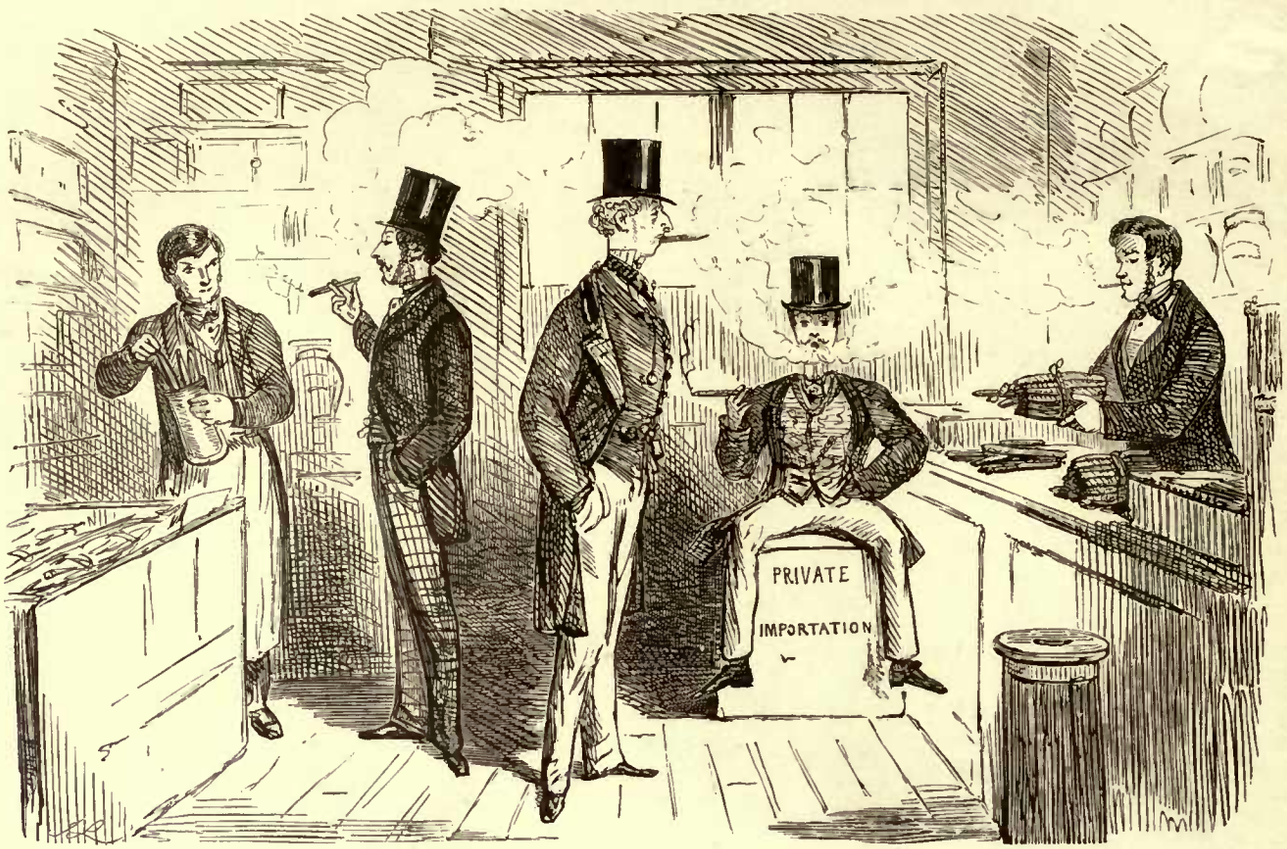
Precise Female (in answer to a rude inquiry). "YOU ARE A VERY IMPERTINENT BOY! —YOU KNOW PERFECTLY WELL THAT IT IS A MATTER OF NO MOMENT TO YOU WHO MY HATTER IS!"

VAGARIES OF FASHION.

Charles. "FIGURE, INDEED! WHAT'S A FELLOW TO DO? A MAN MUST WEAR SOMETHING. HATS AND COATS ARE OUT OF THE QUESTION—THEY ARE REALLY SO VERY EFFEMINATE."

NOT A QUESTION OF WEATHER.

WHEN IT IS VERY FOGGY IN LONDON, IT IS DELIGHTFUL AT BRIGHTON—AT LEAST SO CHARLES AND GEORGINA THINK.



IS SMOKING INJURIOUS?

Youthful Swell. "HAW! LOOK HERE! IS THAT CHEST OF CIGARS YOU IMPORTED FOR ME RIPE YET?"

Cigar Dealer. "WELL, SIR—I FEAR NOT—THAT IS, NOT RIPE FOR YOUR TASTE, SIR, FOR AT LEAST THREE WEEKS; BUT WE CAN SPARE YOU A COUPLE OF THOUSAND OF THESE GIANT REGALIAS TO GO ON WITH TILL THE WEATHER IS MILDER, WHEN YOUR CIGARS WILL MELLOW RAPIDLY!"

[Youth accepts the generous offer, and lounges out with a Giant Regalia as big as his leg in his mouth.

THE SHUTTLE-COCK NUISANCE.

Little Girl. "OH, I BEG YOUR PARDON SIR!—IT WAS THE WIND AS DONE IT!"

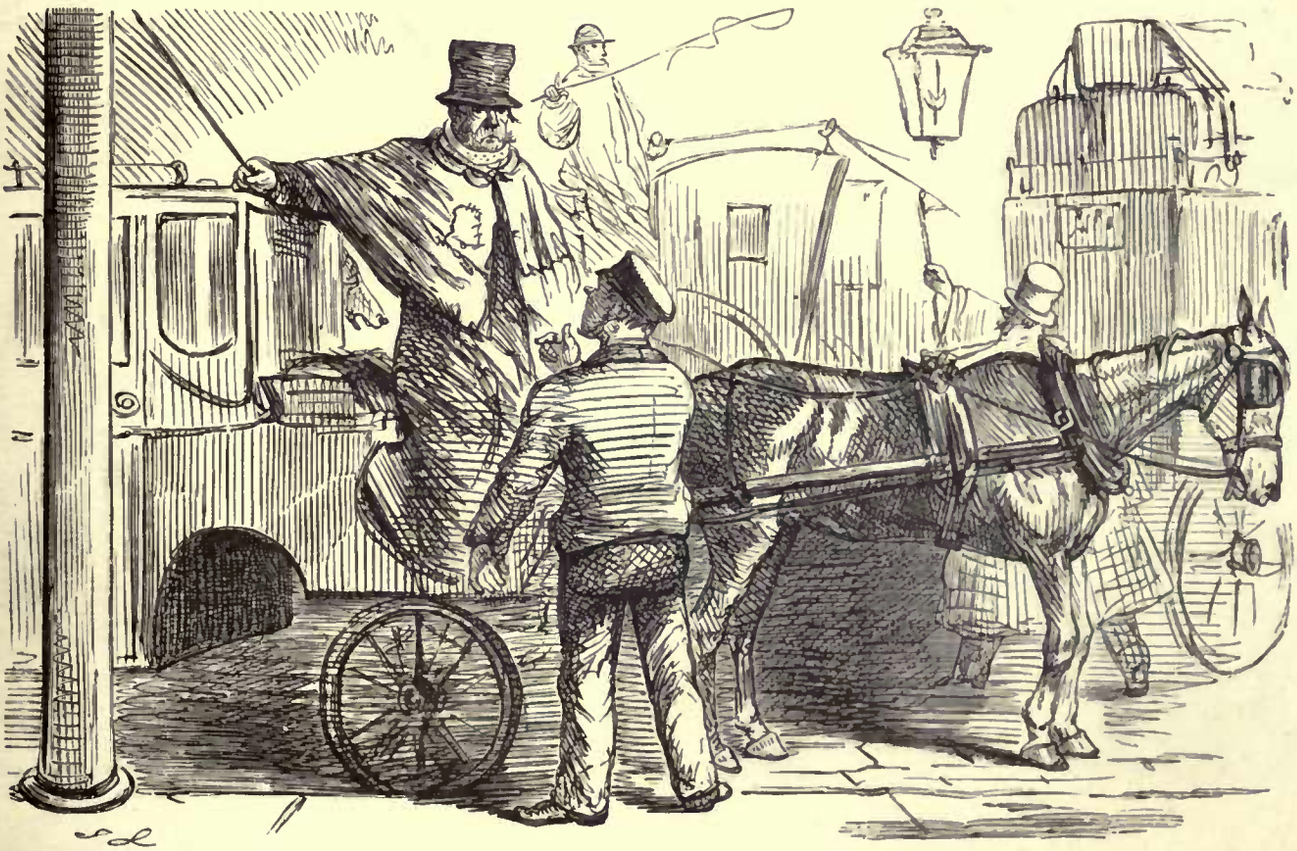
PRUDENT RESOLVE.

Little Party. "GO AND WALK IN HYDE PARK? OH, AH!—I DESSAY I AND GET PELTED FOR A HARISTOCRAT?—NO THANK 'E—NOT IF I KNOW IT."

A PLEASING BELIEF.

Whipper. "WELL, I WEAR MINE BECAUSE IT SAVES TROUBLE, AND IS SO VERY 'EALTHY."

Snapper. "HAH, WELL THERE AIN'T NO HUMBUG ABOUT ME; I WEAR MINE BECAUSE THEY LOOKS 'ANSOM, AND GOES DOWN WITH THE GALS."



RAILWAY COLLUSION—A HINT TO STATION-MASTERS.

Porter. "NOW, THEN, BILL! ARE YOU OFF?" *Cab Ruffian.* "NO; WHAT SORT OF FARE IS IT?" *Porter.* "SINGLE GENT, WITH SMALL BAG." *Ruffian.* "OH, *HE* WON'T DO! CAN'T YER FIND US A OLD LADY AND TWO LITTLE GALS WITH LOTS O' BOXES? I'M GOOD FOR A PINT!"

DISAGREEABLE TRUTH.

Soldier. "NOW, THEN! YOU MUST MOVE AWAY FROM HERE."

Rude Boy. "AH, BUT *YOU* MUSN'T, OLD FELLER!"

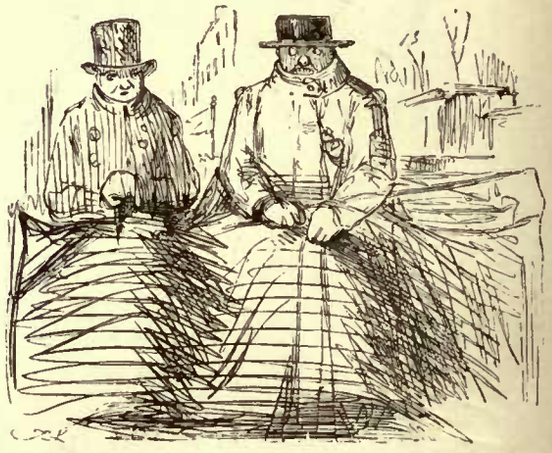
OLD BROOM.—RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.

New Broom. "POOR JACK, YER HONOR?"

Old Broom. "LEAVE THEM COVES ALONE, TIM; THEY'RE TWO SWELLS WHAT ALWAYS CROSSES IN A 'ANSOM—'CAUSE O' THEIR BOOTS!"

ANOTHER RAILWAY MISERY.

NOW, WE DO HOPE THIS OLD GENTLEMAN IS NOT GOING TO BE ASKED TO SHOW HIS TICKET; BECAUSE THIS OLD GENTLEMAN HAS JUST PACKED HIMSELF UP QUITE COMFORTABLY, AND HIS TICKET IS IN THE VERY INNERMOST RECESS OF HIS WAISTCOAT POCKET; AND BECAUSE, YOU SEE, THIS IS JUST THE SORT OF OLD GENTLEMAN WHO IS LIKELY TO BE MUCH IRRITATED BY SUCH A REQUEST AT SUCH A TIME.



INCIDENT IN A FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Omnibus Driver. "THIS IS ORRIBLE VURK IN PARIS, SIR. VY, THEY TELL ME THEY'VE BIN AND BURNT ALL THE BUSSES!"

DWEADFUL ACCIDENT IN HIGH LIFE.

THE HONOURABLE SPENCER DAWDLE (WHOSE TOTAL ABSENCE OF MIND IS SO WELL KNOWN) HAVING MADE A MORNING CALL IN BELGRAVIA, WALKS OFF WITH A HAT AND STICK WHICH DO NOT BELONG TO HIM!

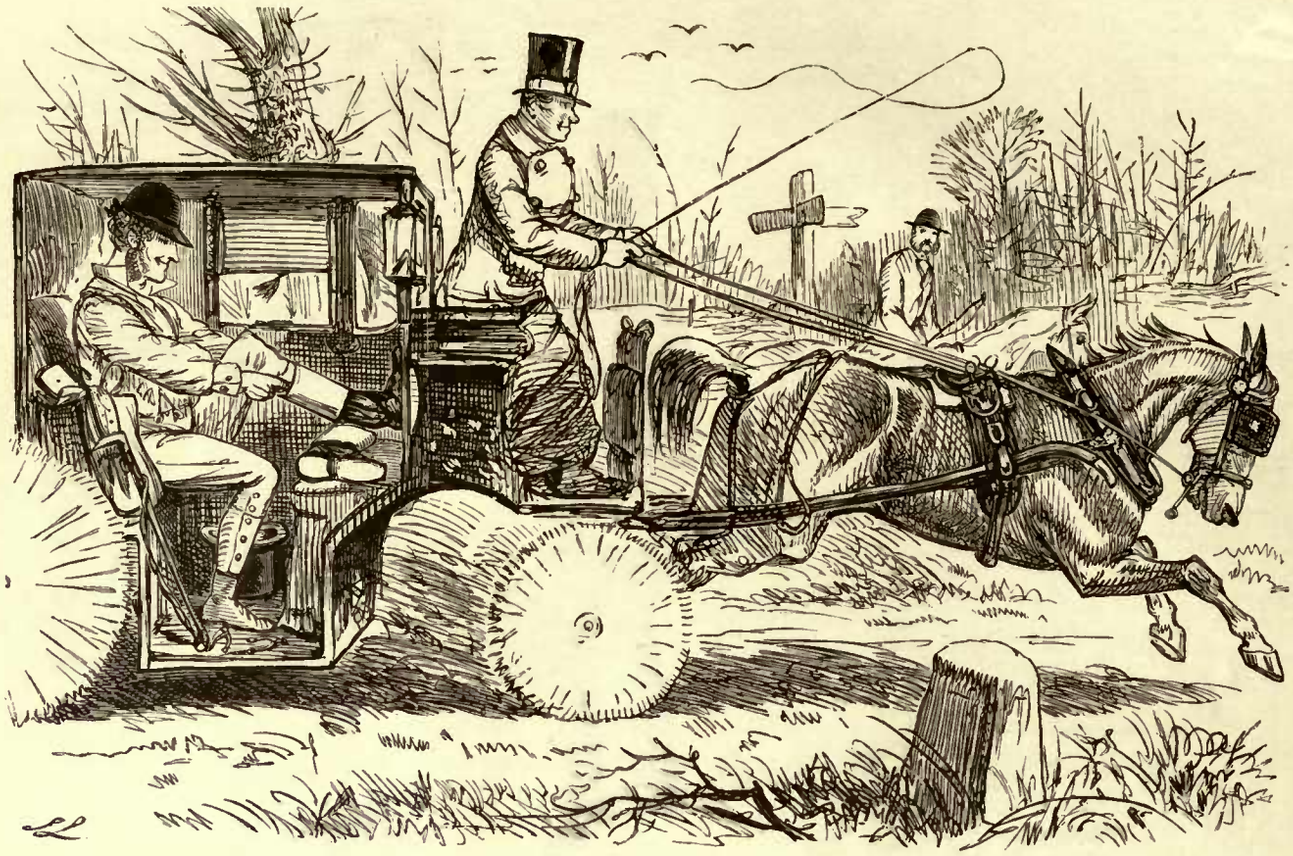
THE NEW REGULATION.

Lieutenant Blazer (of the Plungers). "GOOD GWACIOUS! HERE'S A HORWIBLE GO! INFANTWY'S GOING TO GWOW A MOUSTACHE!"

Cornet Fluffey. "YAW DON'T MEAN THAT! WELL! THERE'S ONLY ONE ALTERNATIVE FOR US. WE MUST SHAVE!"

A PICTURE OF ALIMENTIVENESS.

A NICE LITTLE BIT OF FISH.



WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S A WAY.

Foxhunting Doctor. " NOT BE IN TIME! OH, NONSENSE! SEND MY HORSE ON,—SEE MY PATIENTS EARLY,—DRESS IN THE BROUGHAM,—THERE I AM! *(and we hope he may have a good run).*

**** We have been obliged to take the side of the carriage out, which perhaps the kind reader will excuse.*

PATIENCE REWARDED.

Piscator. "A-HAH! GOT YOU AT LAST, HAVE I?—AND A FINE WEEK'S TROUBLE I'VE HAD TO CATCH YOU!"

SERVANTGALISM.—No. X.

Servant Gal. "I TELL YOU WHAT, COOK; WITH MY BEAUTY AND FIGGER, I AIN'T A GOIN' TO STOP IN SARVICE NO LONGER; I SHALL BE ORF TO HORSETRAYLIER."

JOHN THOMAS NON-PLUSHED.

Tax Collector. "JOHN THOMAS MGGNCALF?"

John Thomas. "—ESQUIRE, THAT'S ME!"

Tax Collector. "THEN BE SO GOOD AS TO FILL UP THIS INCOME-TAX PAPER AND RETURN IT TO ME BEFORE TWENTY DAYS!"

EDUCATION IN THE MINING DISTRICTS.

Jemoimer. "BIST THOU A GOIN' TO SKULE, ELOYZA?"

Eloyza. "NOT HI, JEMOIMER. THEY GID US TEA AND BUNS LARST WEEK, AND WE SHA'T HAN NO MOORE TILL CUM CRISMUS; SO MUTHER SAYS AS HOW IT AIN'T NO USE."

UNCONSCIOUS SATIRE.

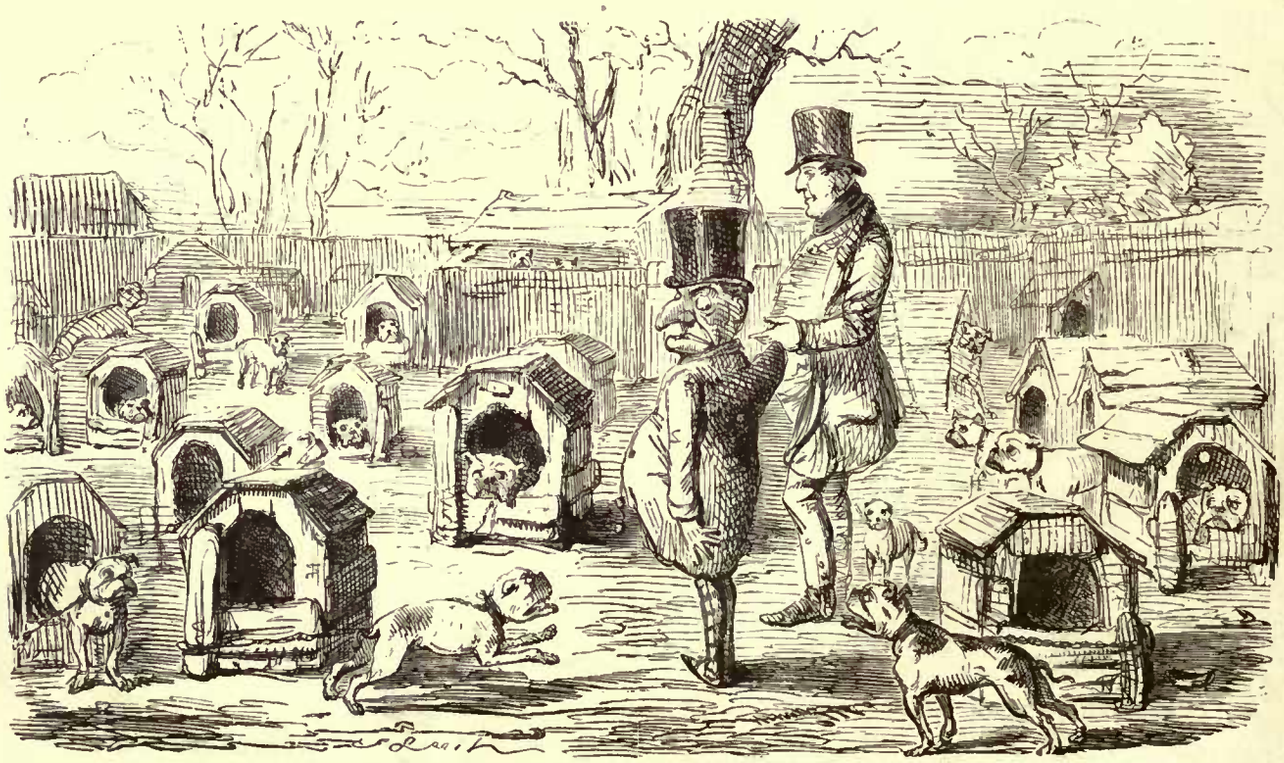
"THERE, BABY DEAR, LOOK AT THE PRETTY SOLDIERS!"

AVERAGE WEIGHT OF THE FOOT GUARDS.

Heavy Swell. "WHAT'S THE AVERAGE WEIGHT OF THE MEN IN YOUR REGIMENT, CHARLEY?"
Swell in the Guards. "DON'T KNOW, I'M SURE—AW—BUT TEN GO TO THE TON."

THE CONFIDENCE OF YOUTH.

Juvenile. "I WONDER WHETHER THAT GURL HAS GOT ANY TIN—FOR I FEEL MOST OWDACIOUSLY INCLINED TO GO AND CUT THAT FELLOW OUT."



A VISIT TO A DOG-FANCIER.

TRIUMPH OF MIND OVER MATTER.

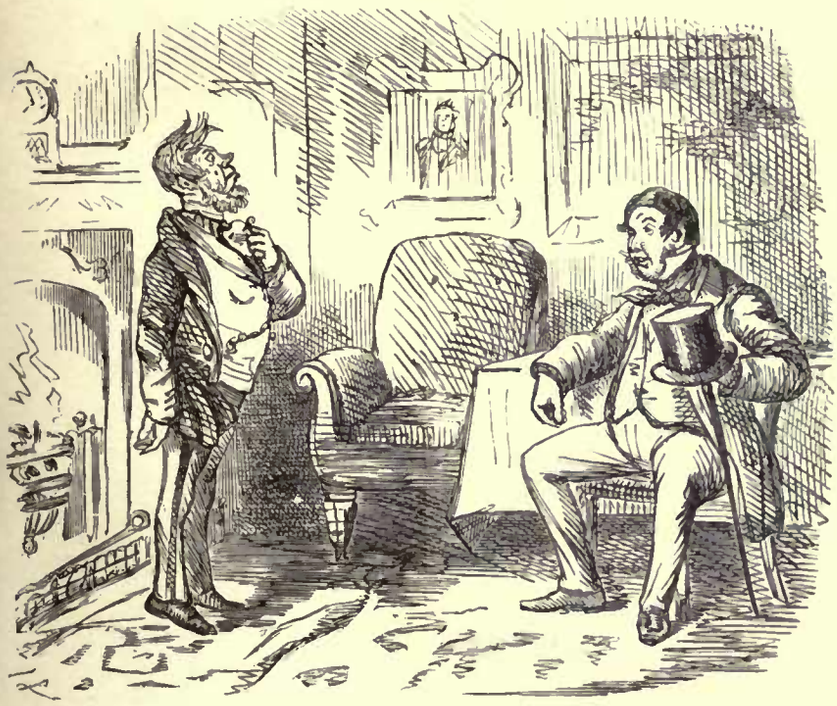
Old Gent. "AND PRAY WHO IS YOUR FRIEND WITH THE COFFEE POT?"

Small Boy. "THAT? OH! HE'S MY FAG—HE OETS ME MY BREAKFAST AND SUCH LIKE, BUT I ALWAYS LEAVE H.M SOME CRUMPETS—AND *NEVER BULLY HIM!*"

WHAT, INDEED?

Stern Parient. "I TELL YOU, SIR, I WILL NOT ALLOW IT—AND DON'T LET ME SEE ANY MORE NASTY PIPES OR TOBACCO IN THIS HOUSE."

Young Williams. "BOO-HOO—AND WHAT'S A FELLOW TO DO WHEN ALL THE MEN OF HIS OWN AGE SMOKE?"



DID YOU EVER!

Friend. "WELL, SPRAT, MY BOY—AND HOW DO YOU GET ON, NOW YOU'RE MARRIED?"

Sprat. "H'M! PRETTY BOBBISH—BUT THERE'S ONE THING MAKES IT DOOCID UNCOMFORTABLE SOMETIMES—ENTRE NOUS—MRS. S. IS *SO CONFOUNDEDLY JEALOUS OF ME.*"

MORAL INFLUENCE OF EXECUTIONS.

"WHERE 'AVE WE B'N? WHY, TO SEE THE COVE 'UNG, TO BE SURE!"

ADVENTURES OF MR. TOM NODDY.

No. I.

OUR LITTLE FRIEND, TOM NODDY, THINKS THE SEA-WATER WILL DO HIS MARE'S LEGS A WORLD OF GOOD

No. II.

THE PLAYFUL CREATURE OBJECTS AT FIRST, BUT FINDING THE PROCESS AGREEABLE, DETERMINES TO HAVE A COMPLETE BATH.

ADVENTURES OF MR. TOM NODDY.

No. III.

LANDING OF TOM NODDY. HIS HORSE HAVING HAD ENOUGH OF IT, RETURNS TO HIS STABLE.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Newly Married Daughter (whose husband's income is, if anything, decidedly limited). "—AND SEE HERE, PAPA, DEAR, WE ARE GETTING ON SO BEAUTIFULLY WITH OUR FURNISHING! WE BOUGHT THESE LOVELY GOLD AND SILVER INDIAN ELEPHANTS AT A SALE THE OTHER DAY, AND ONLY GAVE FIFTY POUNDS FOR THEM; WASN'T IT CHEAP? WE ONLY WANT A LITTLE CRACKED CHINA TO MAKE THE ROOM QUITE COMFORTABLE!"

A CAUTIOUS BIRD.

Lobkins. "WELL, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT MARRYIN'—FOR YER SEE, AFTER THE KNOT WAS TIED, SOME OTHER GAL MIGHT BE FALLIN' IN LOVE WITH ONE—AND THAT WOULD BE SO DOOCED AWKWARD!"

FORTUNE'S FAVOURITE.

First Snob. "YOU KNOW THAT JOLLY LITTLE GIRL, JULIA BINKS?"

Second Snob. "ALL RIGHT, GO AHEAD."

First Snob. "WELL! SHE'S BEEN STICKING UP TO ME LIKE BRICKS, BUT I CAN'T RETURN HER AFFECTION, BECAUSE I'M SO DEUCED SWEET WITH THE PLANTAGENET GALS."

WANTING IN REVERENCE.

Coster (to extremely genteel person). "I SAY, GUVNER, GIVE US A HIST WITH THIS 'ERE BILIN' O' GREENS!"

JEW D'ESPRIT.

Young Sholomunsh (to Young SNOBLEY, *who is attired in his very best).* "NOW, SIR! LET ME SHELL YOU A NISH SHUIT OF CLOSHE, MAKE YER GOOD ALLOWANCE FOR THE OLD UNS YER'VE GOT ON!" [SNOBLEY'S *feelings may be imagined.*

QUITE RIDICULOUS!

"DO YOU BELIEVE IN TABLE-TALKING, MATILDA, THAT THERE'S SUCH A FUSS ABOUT?"

"OH, DEAR NO! WHY, THE OTHER EVENING A TABLE WAS ASKED HOW OLD I WAS, AND IT RAPPED OUT FORTY! WHEN I'M NOT THREE-AND-TWENTY TILL NEXT MARCH!"

MAY AND DECEMBER.

A VAIN SHADDW.

"MY LOVE! DO YOU THINK THOSE FELLOWS ARE FOLLOWING US?"

MIND AND MATTER.

Navvy. "AH, BILL! IT SHOWS THE FORRARD MARCH OF THE AGE. FUST THE BRUTE FORCE, SUCH AS 'IM; AND THEN THE LIKES OF US TO DO IT SCIENTIFIC, AND SHOW THE MIGHT OF INTELLECT."

SYMPATHY.

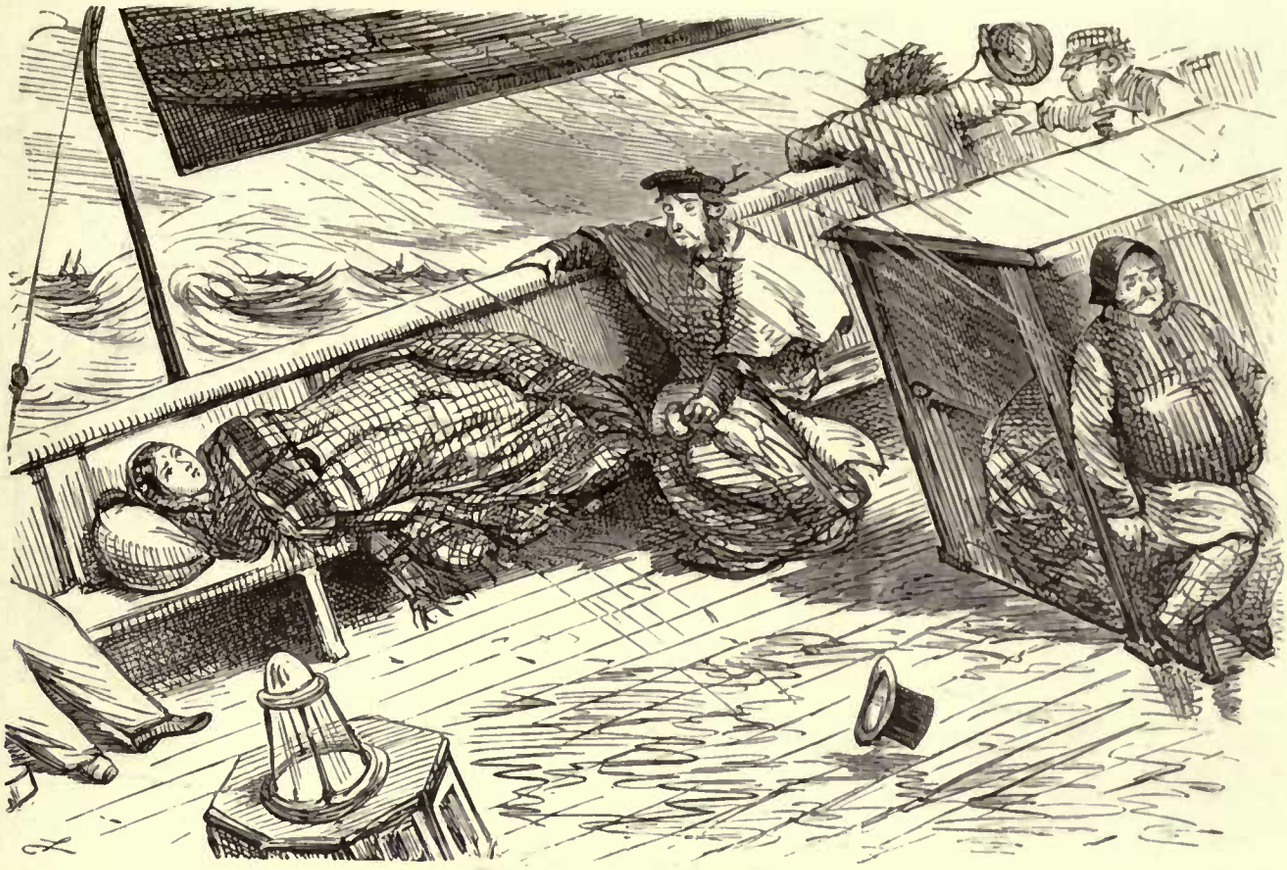
Tailor (to considerable Customer). "TRIFLE THINNER THAN YOU WAS, SIR! GLAD TO SEE YOU BACK, SIR! 'OPE YOU'LL SOON GET YOUR HEALTH, SIR. WHEN WE HEARD YOUR REGIMENT HAD BEEN IN ACTION, SIR,—YOU MAY FANCY WHAT OUR FEELINGS WAS, SIR!"

OXFORD COSTUME.

Small Oxford Man. "NOW, SNIP, REMEMBER, NOT SO TIGHT IN THE ARM!"
Snip. "VERY GOOD, SIR." *(To the Clerk.)* "84 AND A 'ARF!"

STARTLING FACT!

Oxford Swell. "DO YOU MAKE MANY OF THESE MONKEY-JACKETS, NOW?"
Snip. "OH, DEAR YES, SIR; THERE ARE MORE MONKEYS IN OXFORD THIS TERM THAN EVER, SIR."



CUPID AT SEA.

Angelina (to Edwin, whose only chance is perfect tranquillity). "EDWIN, DEAR! IF YOU LOVE ME, GO DOWN INTO THE CABIN, AND FETCH ME MY SCENT-BOTTLE, AND ANOTHER SHAWL TO PUT OVER MY FEET!"

[EDWIN'S *sensations are more easily imagined than described.*

HOW VERY EMBARRASSING!

Gustavus. "MAMMA, DEAR! ARE MOUSTACHES FASHIONABLE?"

Mamma. "WELL, GUS, I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY, BUT I BELIEVE THEY ARE."

Gus. "OH! THEN, IS THAT THE REASON WHY MISS GRUMPH WEARS 'EM?"

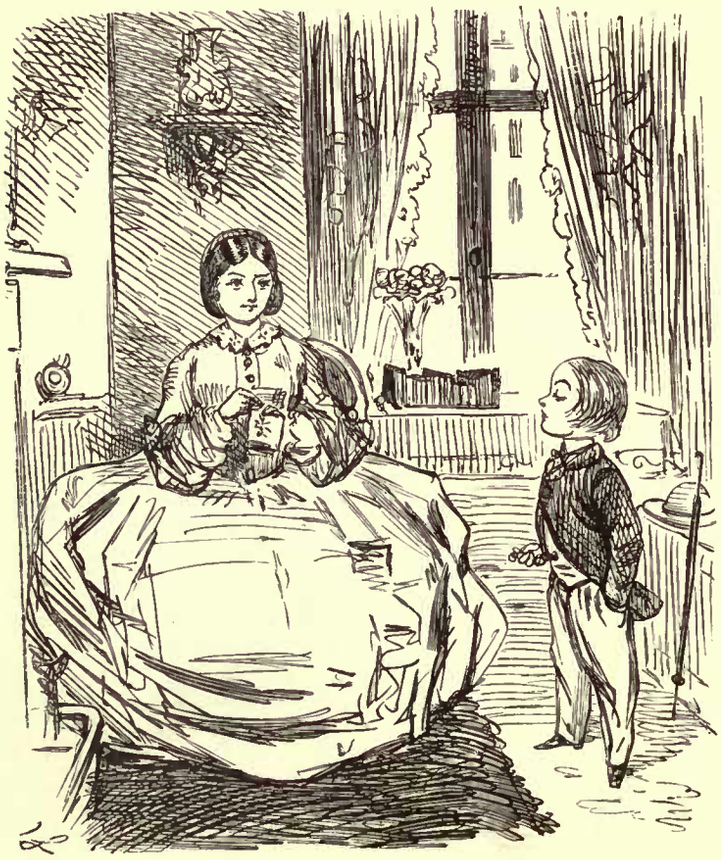
[MISS GRUMPH, *as well as being strong-minded, is rather masculine in appearance.*

AN ELIGIBLE PARTY.

Juvenile. "WELL, I KNOW WHAT I SHALL DO: I SHALL LOOK OUT FOR SOME OLD GAL WITH PLENTY OF MONEY."

VERY RUDE, INDEED!

ENTER TOM (A DISAGREEABLE BOY FROM SCHOOL.)—*Tom.* "LOOK HERE, CLARA, THERE'S A YOUNG WOMAN DOWN-STAIRS HAS BROUGHT THIS FOR YOU, AND WANTS TO KNOW IF IT WILL OO."



A MAN OF CONSEQUENCE.

Cousin Harriet. "WELL, ALFRED, WILL YOU STOP AND HAVE SOME TEA WITH US?" *Alfred.* "HAW! YOU'RE VERY OOOO, I'M SURE; BUT I'VE OOT TO TAKE THE CHILDREN TO SEE THE PANTOMIME!"

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

AUGUSTUS THINKS CRINOLINE A DETESTABLE INVENTION.

THE HUSBAND AS HE OUGHT TO BE AND AS HE OUGHT NOT TO BE.

Angelina. "WELL, LOVE, HOW DO YOU THINK I LOOK?—DO YOU LIKE THE DRESS?"
Edwin. "I THINK IT'S PERFECTLY CHARMING.—I NEVER SAW YOU LOOK BETTER!"

(*Isn't it so, my Dears?*)

Angelina. "WELL, E.,—YOU DON'T SAY A WORD ABOUT MY DRESS?"
Edwin. "EH, WHAT? OH, UGH!—H'M—BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL!"

AS WELL BE OUT OF THE WORLD AS OUT OF THE FASHION.

Old Gentleman (who is of course much behind his age). "WELL, MY LITTLE DEAR, AND PRAY WHAT NICE LITTLE GIRL ARE YOU?"
Little Girl. "OH, IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, I'M A PUSEYITE, AND SO'S BESSY 'ARRIS." *(To Young Lady.)* "AIN'T WE, MEM?"

ASSURANCE.

Juvenile "AW, HAIRDRESSER, WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED MY HAIR, JUST TAKE OFF MY BEARD, WILL YOU?"

THE NEW THEATRE.

Constance (reads advertisement to Alice). "' * * The Orchestra Stalls will be exceedingly commodious. Each person will have a separate Arm-Chair, occupying a space of two feet in breadth.'* H'M—I DON'T SEE THAT THAT'S SO EXCEEDINGLY COMMODIOUS—EH, DEAR?"

AN AGREEABLE PRESCRIPTION.

"THE WEATHER IS CHARMING, ALTHOUGH I DO NOT FEEL MUCH INCLINED FOR TRANSACTIONS OF A BUSINESS NATURE. I AM DECIDEDLY BETTER. MY DOCTOR, A MOST SENSIBLE MAN, RECOMMENDS ME TO TAKE HORSE EXERCISE, AND GO INTO AGREEABLE SOCIETY. I ENDEAVOUR TO CARRY OUT HIS SUGGESTIONS."—*Scarborough.*

SIGHING FOR THE SUNNY SOUTH.

Omnibus Driver. "I DON'T LIKE BEING A HABSENTEE, JEM; BUT IF THIS PRECIOUS EASTERLY VIND LASTS MUCH LONGER, I SHALL BE HOFF WITH MY FAMILY TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE."

AFFECTING—RATHER.

Alfred. "TELL ME, MY OWN ONE, IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE YOU HAVE TO SAY BEFORE I GO?"

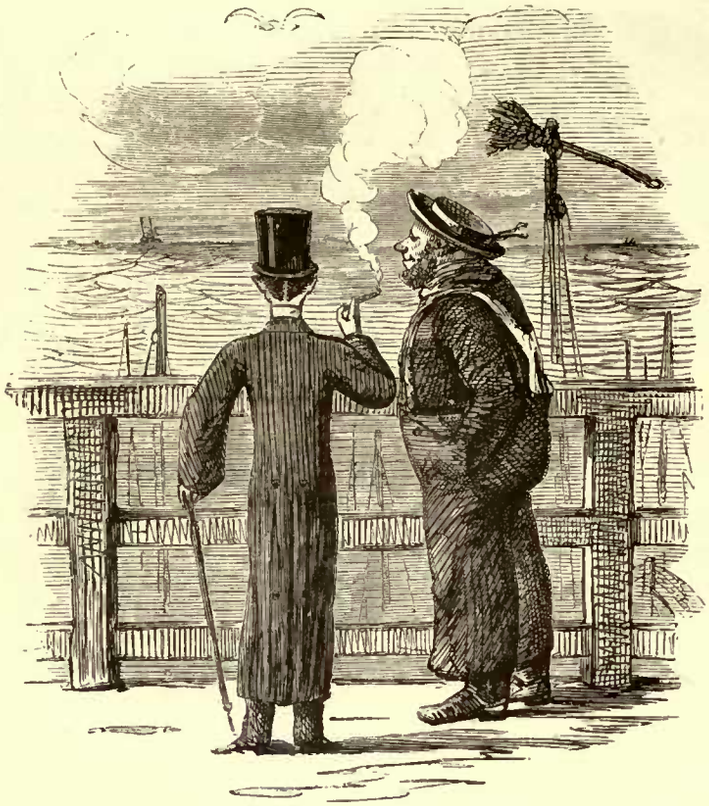
Emma. "YES, DEAREST—DO NOT—OH, DO NOT FORGET TO BRING THE——TH—TH—BRUNSWICK SAUSAGE FROM F—F—F—FORT—NUM AND MASON'S."

A PREJUDICED OPINION.

"I TELL YER WHAT, BILL, I THINK THE POLICE ARE A BAD LOT—AND I WISH THEY WAS DONE AWAY WITH ALTOGETHER."

A GOLDEN RULE.

"LET US SPEAK OF A MAN AS WE FIND HIM."



A DELICATE HINT.

Brighton Boatman. "THERE'S A WESSEL OUT THERE, SIR, A LABOURIN' A GOOD DEAL, SIR! AH, SIR, SAILORS WORKS WERRY 'ARD—PRECIOUS 'ARD LINES IT IS FOR THE POOR FELLERS OUT THERE!—PRECIOUS 'ARD IT IS FOR EVERYBODY JUST NOW. I KNOW *I* SHOULD LIKE THE PRICE OF A PINT O' BEER AND A BIT O' BACCA!"

THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

Railway Official (waking Old Gent from a sweet sleep). "TICKETS, PLEASE!"

BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.

TOMKINS, DISCONSOLATE ON A ROCK, TRACES SOME CHARACTERS UPON THE SAND. TO HIM, MRS. TOMKINS (WHOSE NAME IS MARTHA).

Mrs. T. "WELL, MR. TOMKINS, AND PRAY WHO MAY HENRIETTA BE?" [TOMKINS *utters a yell of despair, and falls prostrata.*

SCHOLASTIC.

Mother. "AND, PRAY, DOCTOR, WHAT ARE YOUR TERMS FOR HEDUCATING LITTLE BOYS?"

The Principal. "WHY, MY DEAR MADAM, MY USUAL TERMS ARE SEVENTY GUINEAS *PER ANNUM* (TO USE THE LANGUAGE OF THE ANCIENT ROMANS), BUT TO EFFECT MY OBJECT (?) QUICKLY, I WOULD TAKE A FEW FOR WHAT I COULD GET, PROVIDED THEY BE GENTLEMEN, LIKE YOUR DEAR LITTLE BOY THERE; BUT (AGAIN TO USE THE LATIN TONGUE) IT IS A *SINE QUA NON* THAT THEY SHOULD BE GENTLEMEN!!"

QUEEN OF THE MAY.

A PERFECT WRETCH.

Wife. "WHY, DEAR ME, WILLIAM; HOW TIME FLIES! I DECLARE WE HAVE BEEN MARRIED TEN YEARS TO-DAY!"

Wretch. "HAVE WE, LOVE! I AM SURE I THOUGHT IT HAD BEEN A GREAT DEAL LONGER."

AN ENGLISH NOBLEMAN, PAINTED BY THE FRENCH.

Milord. "GODAM! ROSBIF! I SHALL SELL MY WIFE AT SMITHFIELD, DAM!"

A STORM IN A TEACUP.

Head Nurse (with much dignity). "MISS MARY! YOU SHALL NOT STIR YOUR TEA WITH THE SNUFFERS!—IT IS NOT LADY-LIKE, AND I AM QUITE SURE YOUR PAPA WOULD NOT APPROVE OF IT!" [MISS MARY *howls awfully, and smashes tea-cup.*

WAITING FOR THE CARRIAGE.

Charlie. "THIS WILL BE A STUPID AFFAIR, GEORGY."

Georgy. "OH! YES—ONLY A WHITE FROCK AND BLACK MITTEN PARTY—VERY SLOW!" [*Old Nurse wonders what next.*

WORKING AGAINST TIME.

THE ARTIST GIVES THE FINISHING TOUCH TO HIS PICTURE. HE HAS BEEN SO BUSY THAT HE HAS NOT EVEN BEEN ABLE TO GET HIS HAIR CUT.

KETCHEE! KETCHEE!

MR. PUNCH IN THE BOSOM OF HIS FAMILY.

DID YOU EVER!

Augustus. "I SAY, AUNT! DID YOU SEE WHAT THE NEWSPAPER SAYS ABOUT THE ECLIPSE?"

Aunt. "NO! WHAT DOES IT SAY? READ IT, CHILD! ANYTHING RELATING TO THAT WONDERFUL EVENT IS INTERESTING."

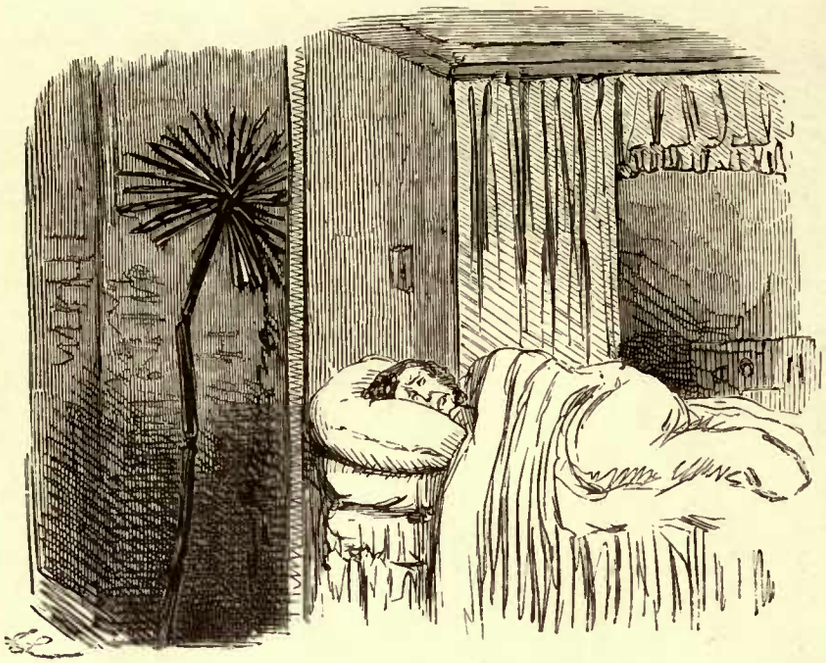
Augustus. "WHY, IT SAYS THAT IT IS EXPECTED TO HAVE AN EXTRAORDINARY EFFECT UPON THE INFERIOR ANIMALS! MY WIG! I'D HAVE YOU AND THE GIRLS LOOK OUT FOR SQUALLS!"

[Disgusting, Low-Minded Boy.

FUMIGATION.

Coster. "'SCUSE ME, MARM, BUT DID YER WANT YER GREEN-'OUSE SMOKED?—NO CHARGE. ONLY TO FIND THE 'BACCA, AND A DROP O' SUMTHIN' TO DRINK!"

WARBLERS UNDER WATER.



OH DEAR!

THAT REGULAR FAMILY NEXT DOOR ARE HAVING THEIR CHIMNEY SWEPT AGAIN.

EARLY PHILOSOPHY.

Juvenile. "AH, IT'S ALL VERY WELL! LOVE MAY DO FOR BOYS AND GALS; BUT WE, AS MEN OF THE WORLD, KNOW 'OW 'OLLOW IT IS."

OUT OF HIS ELEMENT.

Flunkey (who does not approve of Bloomsbury). "NO, MA'AM, I DON'T OBJEC' TO THE 'OUSE, FOR IT'S HAIREY, AND THE VITTLES IS GOOD; BUT THE FACT IS THAT ALL MY CONNEXIONS LIVE IN BELGRAVIA!"

TOO BAD!

Bertha. "NOW, REALLY, CHARLES, YOU ARE VERY PROVOKING. I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR MY HAT EVERYWHERE—AND I DECLARE YOU ARE SITTING UPON IT."

A VICTIM OF FASHION.

Police Constable (to Boy). "NOW THEN, OFF WITH THAT HOOP! OR I'LL PRECIOUS SOON HELP YOU!"

Lady (who imagines the observation is addressed to her). "WHAT A MONSTER!" *[Lifts up the Crinoline, and hurries off.*

THE BRITISH FORCES AND THE CRIMEAN WAR.

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.— I.

Officer (who is going to the East). "OF COURSE, IT'S RATHER A BORE JUST AT THE BEGINNING OF THE SEASON—AND I SHALL MISS THE DERBY! I WISH THEY COULD HAVE HAD THE RUSSIANS OVER HERE, BECAUSE THEN WE COULD HAVE THRASHED 'EM IN HYDE PARK, AND DINED AT GREENWICH AFTERWARDS, YOU KNOW."

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.—II.

ENSIGN STUBBS, HAVING BEEN APPOINTED TO THE 121ST, GOES TO TRY ON HIS UNIFORM.
N.B.—The Gallant Ensign has hitherto been accustomed to dress in a loose, dégagé manner.

WELL INTENDED, NO DOUBT.

Quaker to British Lion. "THERE, FRIEND! NOW LET ME PUT AWAY THOSE DANGEROUS VANITIES!"

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.—III.

DELIGHT OF ONE OF OUR GUARDS NOW HE FEELS THAT THE COUNTRY WILL PROTECT "THE GIRL HE LEAVES BEHIND HIM."

THE BRITISH FORCES AND THE CRIMEAN WAR.

NOTHING LIKE FORETHOUGHT.

Captain (to Brother Officer). "WHAT AM I ABOUT? I'LL TELL YOU, OLD BOY. THERE'S NO KNOWING WHAT MAY HAPPEN, SO I AM LEARNING THE NOBLE ART OF MAKING OMELETTES, IN CASE ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO OUR CHEF!"

NO! DON'T.

"SO THEY ARE SENDING OUT BOOKS TO AMUSE THE POOR FELLOWS AT SCUTARI—AND VERY PROPER. I WILL SEND FIVE-AND-TWENTY COPIES OF MY LAST FIVE-ACT TRAGEDY OF 'THE ROMAN GRANDMOTHER.'"

ENTHUSIASM.

Inflamed Militia Man. "TALK O' TH' ROOSHANS! THERE! DANG'D IF I WOULDN'T MOW 'EM DOWN FOR A SHILLIN' AN AORE!"

ON DOMESTIC SERVICE.

Recruiting Sergeant. "COME, TAKE THE SHILLING LIKE A MAN; AND HAVE A TURN AT THE RUSSIANS IN THE CRIMEA."

Pampered Menial. "A—THANK YOU, I DON'T SEEM TO SEE IT. THE FACT IS—THAT—A—THE WORK IS 'ARD; AND—A—THE BOARD IS BAD."

THE BRITISH FORCES AND THE CRIMEAN WAR.

A LITTLE DINNER AT THE CRIMEA CLUB.

EVENING PARTY AT SEBASTOPOL.

THE BRITISH FORCES AND THE CRIMEAN WAR.

PATIENT HEROES.

"WELL, JACK! HERE'S GOOD NEWS FROM HOME. WE'RE TO HAVE A MEDAL."
"THAT'S VERY KIND. MAYBE ONE OF THESE DAYS WE'LL HAVE A COAT TO STICK IT ON!"

HOW JACK MADE THE TURK USEFUL AT BALACLAVA.

British Officer. "HOLLOA, JACK! WHAT ARE YOU ABOUT NOW?"
Jack. "WHY, YER HONOUR—YOU SEE RIDING'S A DEAL PLEASANTER THAN WALKING ABOUT HERE, AND WHEN THIS CHAP'S TIRED—I MOUNTS T'OTHER COVE!"

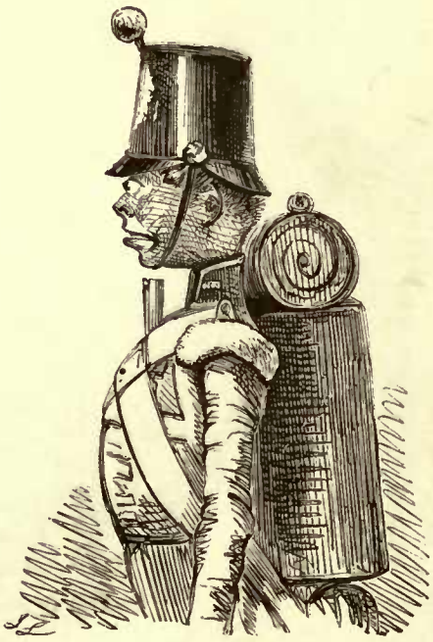
THE BRITISH FORCES AND THE CRIMEAN WAR.

A TRUMP CARD(IGAN).

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE UNDER LORD CARDIGAN AGAINST THE RUSSIAN BATTERIES AT BALACLAVA.

SHARP'S THE WORD.

ADMIRAL PUNCH'S SIGNAL TO THE FLEET.



UNIFORM STUPIDITY.

HOW TO DRESS A WARRIOR.

THE BRITISH FORCES AND THE CRIMEAN WAR.

HARD CASE IN THE BALTIC.

A. B. Seaman. "HERE'S A GO, BILL! YER MIGHT KNOCK ME DOWN WITH THE BUTT-END OF A MUSKIT, A'MOST! BLOW'D IF THE GAME AIN'T OVER, AND WE AIN'T HAD NO INNINGS!"

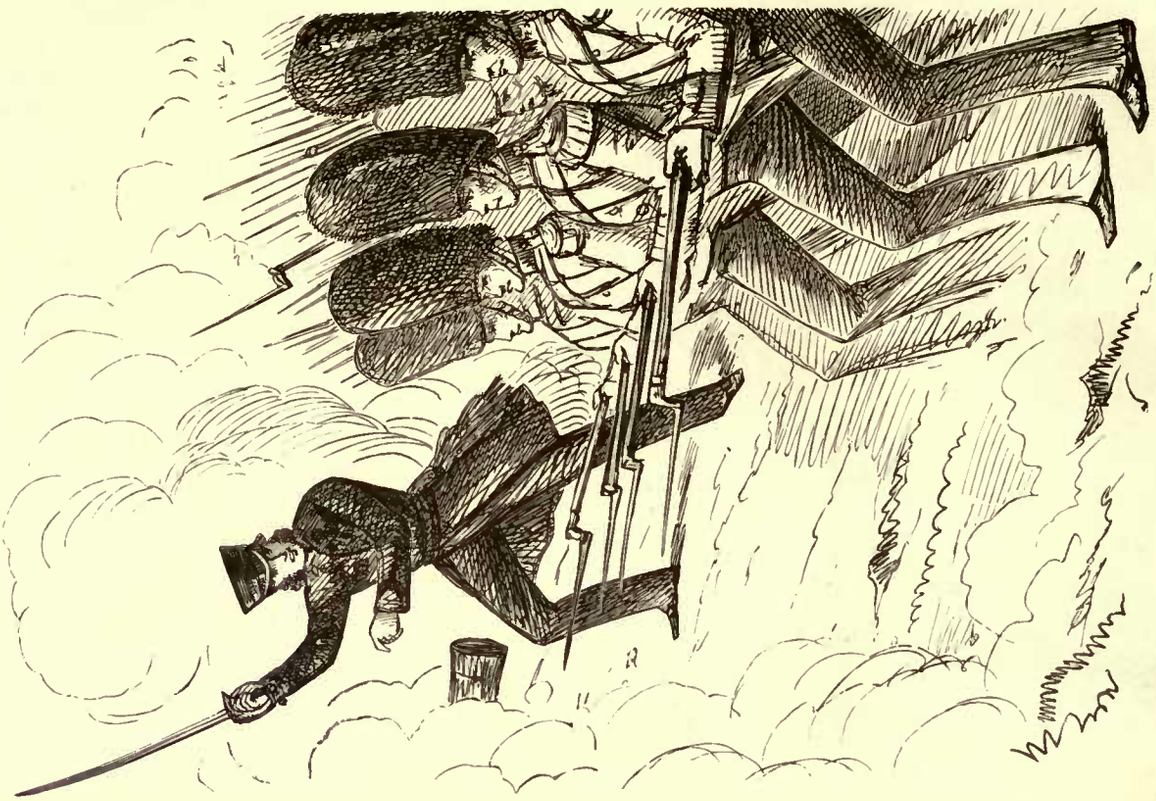
A GRIEVANCE.

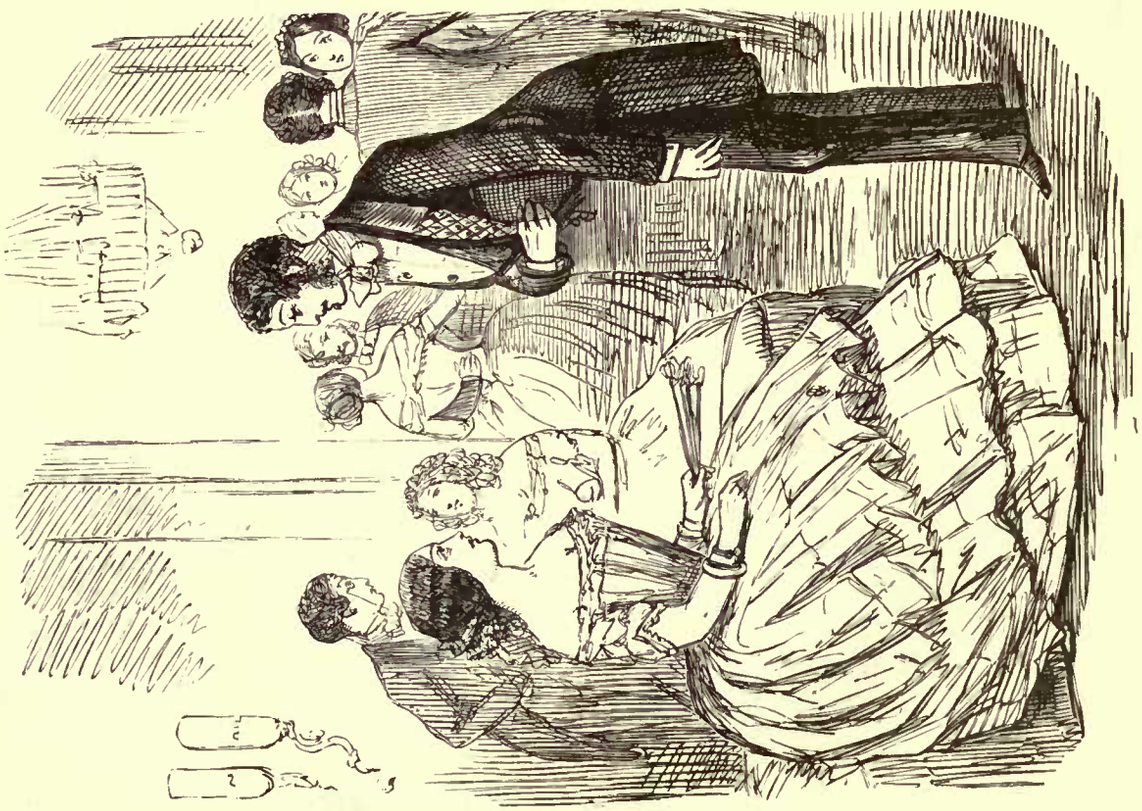
"I TELL YER WHAT, BILL! I DON'T HALF LIKE THESE HERE MOUSTARCHERS. THEY DO MOP UP SUCH A LOT OF GROG!"

RELICS OF THE SIEGE.

Ben. "I SAY, JACK!—GIVE US A LIFT DOWN WITH THESE HERE *BLOOD-STAINED RUINS* FROM SEBASTERPOOL!"

THE BRITISH FORCES AND THE CRIMEAN WAR.



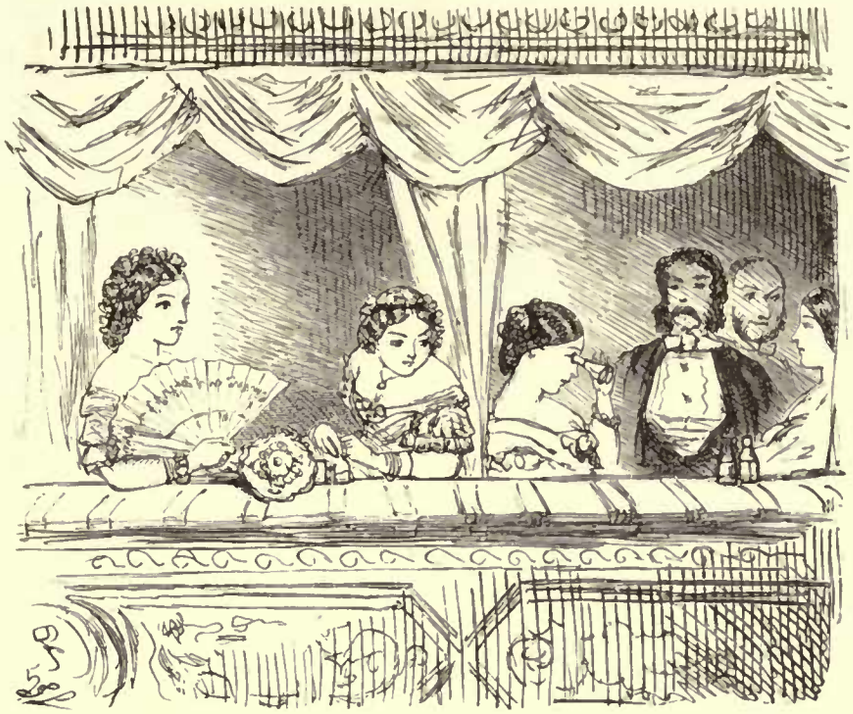


OUR GUARDS.

THEY CAN PLAY; AND, BY JOVE, THEY CAN FIGHT, TOO.

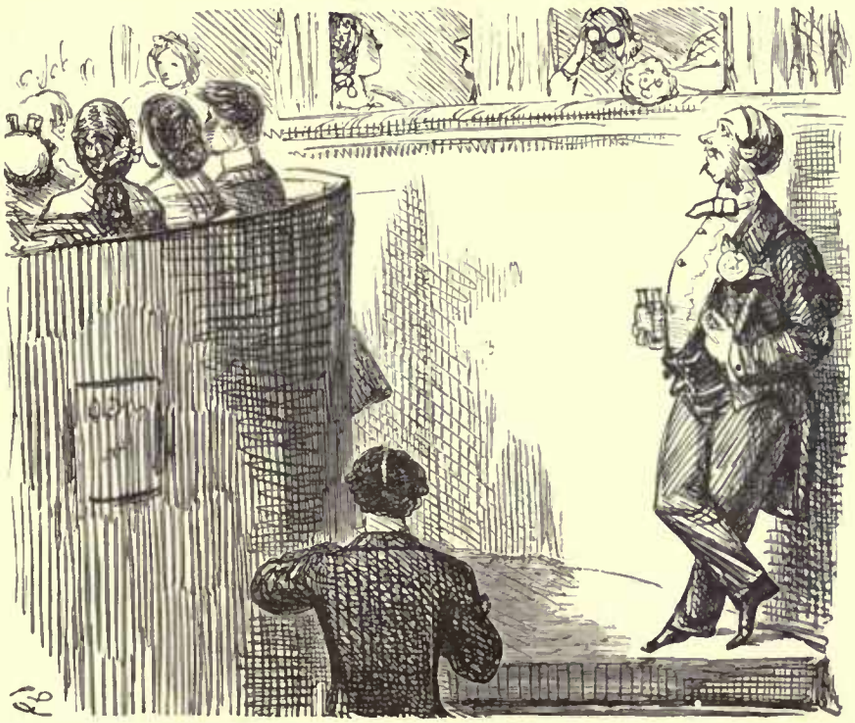
TRAINING-SCHOOL FOR LA

ABOUT TO APPEAR AT COURT.



THE OPERA.—No. I.

Lizzy. "GOOD GRACIOUS SELINA! LOOK THERE! THERE'S THAT RIDICULOUS LITTLE MAN AGAIN. DID YOU EVER SEE ANYTHING SO ABSURD?"

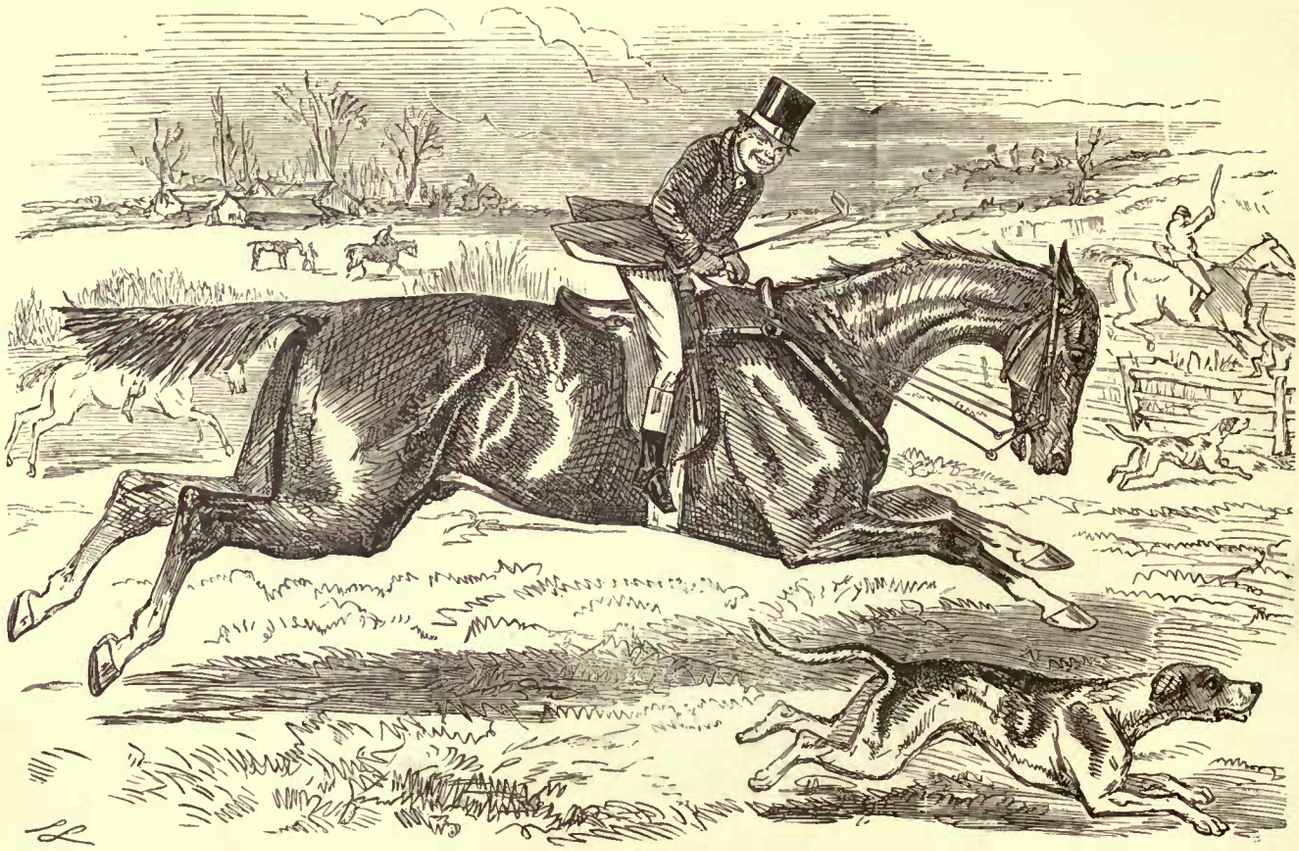


THE OPERA.—No. II.

Busby "AH THERE SHE IS, BLESS HER! AND LOOKING THIS WAY TOO. OH! IT'S AS CLEAR AS POSSIBLE SHE HAS TAKEN A FANCY TO ME!"

THE BEST RUN OF THE SEASON.—No. I.

Master (with pumped-out Horse). "CONFOUND THAT RASCALLY BOY! WHERE CAN HE HAVE GOT TO WITH MY SECOND HORSE?"



THE BEST RUN OF THE SEASON.—No. II.

Rascally Boy (with delightfully fresh animal). "OH, DEAR! WHAT A BEAUTIFUL THING! *I WONDER WHERE MASTER CAN BE?*"

A BLACK INDIGNITY.

Lady of the House. "OH, THOMAS! HAVE THE GOODNESS TO TAKE UP SOME COALS INTO THE NURSERY!"

Thomas. "H'M, MA'AM! IF YOU ASK IT AS A FAVOUR, MA'AM, I DON'T SO MUCH OBJECT; BUT I 'OPE YOU DON'T TAKE ME FOR AN 'OUSEMAID, MA'AM!"

ART-PROGRESS.

Artist (1). "NOW, MUM! TAKE ORF YER 'EAD FOR SIXPENCE, OR YER 'OLE BODY FOR A SHILLIN'!"

FRATERNITY.

Fred. (affectionately taking the arm of his friend HARRY—*as he thinks).* "OH! DO LOOK AT THESE BEAUTIFUL DIAMONDS. HOW WELL THEY WOULD BECOME YOUR SWEET SISTER!" *Coal-heaver.* "COME NOW! WALKER!"

PRIVATE OPINION.

Little Shrimpton. "HAH! THEY MAY LAUGH! BUT I MEAN TO SAY THAT THE BEARD IS A GREAT ORNAMENT, AND GIVES DIGNITY TO THE HUMAN FIGURE!"

THE OLD OLD STORY.

IT WAS IN AUGUST OR SEPTEMBER, WE FORGET WHICH, THAT AMELIA'S SCARF CAUGHT HENRY'S BUTTON, AND NOW—THEY ARE MARRIED. WASN'T IT ODD?

THE BEARD MOVEMENT.

"HOLLO, 'ENERY! IS THAT YOU? WHY I HARDLY KNOW'D YER WITH THAT GREAT BEARD!"

VARIETIES IN HORSE-TAMING.—No. I.

OLD MR. B. HAS FOUND OUT THAT THE OIL OF RHODIUM SYSTEM IS ALL NONSENSE, AND HAS BEEN INITIATED BY MR. RAREY. WHENEVER HE GETS SPILT, AND LOSES HIS HAT (AS HE DID THE VERY LAST DAY OF THE SEASON), HE JUST SAYS TO HIS HORSE, "FETCH IT, OLD BOY!" AND THE THING IS DONE!

VARIETIES IN HORSE-TAMING.—No. II.

OUR DEAR OLD FRIEND BRIGGS—HAVING TAKEN THE RECEIPT FOR HORSE-TAMING FROM THE PAPERS—TRIES SOME EXPERIMENTS UPON AN ANIMAL THAT HE HAS PICKED UP A BARGAIN

AN INCIDENT OF WEIGHT.

Cabby. "LET YER OUT?—THAT'S A GOOO UN!—NOT AFORE YOU PAYS FOR BREAKING MY 'SPRINGS!"

ASTOUNDING ANNOUNCEMENT.

Maid. "PLEASE, MA'AM, MR. SKEWER SAYS HE'S A-GOING TO KILL *HISSELF* THIS WEEK, AND WILL YOU HAVE A JOINT?"

A VERY SHOCKING BOY, INDEED!

Mamma. "NOW, SIR—IF YOU DON'T BEHAVE BETTER, I WILL TELL PAPA OF YOU, AND HE WILL BOX YOUR EARS!"

Shocking Boy. "WELL, THEN, GO! MARCH!! AND SHUT THE DOOR AFTER YOU!!!"

A FADED YOUTH.

Hostess. "NOW, MY DEAR—WILL YOU COME AND DANCE A QUADRILLE?"

Juvenile. "THA-A-NK YOU—IT'S SO MANY YEARS AGO SINCE I DANCED, THAT I WOULD RATHER BE EXCUSED, IF YOU PLEASE. IN FACT, :—AW, I HAVEN'T DANCED SINCE I WAS QUITE A BOY."

IN THE PARK.

First Man (Home for the Holidays). "AWFUL BIT OF GERANIUM THAT, CHARLEY!"

Second Ditto. "YA-AS, I WAS ALWAYS VERY FOND OF FLOWERS—AW—THEY LOOK SO JOLLY INNOCENT!"

IN THE STREETS.

THESE YOUNG GENTLEMEN ARE NOT INDULGING IN THE FILTHY HABIT OF SMOKING.—THEY ARE ONLY CHEWING TOOTHPICKS, THE COMFORTING AND ELEGANT PRACTICE NOW SO MUCH IN VOGUE.

CRINOLINE AGAIN.

Charles. "CONFOUND THE HOOPS, JUST WHEN I WANT TO MAKE MY NEAT SPEECH ABOUT BEING *'NEARER* AND *DEARER'* TOO!"

A HINT TO MAMMAS.

First Nursemaid. "LAWK, MARIER! WHAT A BEE-UTIFLE GOWND!"

Second Do. "MY! JANE! HAIN'T IT?"

They contemplate the Gownd for about a quarter of an hour, and the Children have the full benefit of the delicious North-East Wind.

THE ROUND HAT.

1. WHEN IT IS ALL VERY WELL. 2. WHEN IT IS OBJECTIONABLE.
3. WHEN THE POLICE OUGHT TO INTERFERE.

TAKING IT EASY.

JOHN THOMAS, AS HE APPEARED WHILE HIS MISSUS WAS IN THE BOTANICAL GARDENS. J. T. IS CONSULTING HIS BETTING BOOK. (A POSITIVE FACT.)

PROFESSIONAL DIGNITY.

Lady. "RESIGN YOUR SITUATION! WHY, WHAT'S WRONG NOW, THOMAS? HAVE THEY BEEN WANTING YOU TO EAT SALT BUTTER AGAIN?"

Genteel Footman. "OH, NO, THANK YOU, MA'AM—BUT THE FACT IS, MA'AM—THAT I HAVE HEARD THAT MASTER WERE SEEN LAST WEEK ON THE TOP OF A HOMNIBUS, AND I COULDN'T AFTER THAT REMAIN ANY LONGER IN THE FAMILY!"

NEVER CARRY YOUR GLOVES IN YOUR HAT.

MR. POFFINGTON FLATTERS HIMSELF HE IS CREATING A SENSATION—*(Perhaps he is.)*

ACADEMIC COSTUME.

Dr. Bear. "PUT ON YOUR GOWN, SIR."

Undergraduate. "GOT IT ON, SIR!"

MORE NOVELTY.

THE MISSES WEASEL THINK CRINOLINE A PREPOSTEROUS AND EXTRAVAGANT INVENTION, AND APPEAR AT MRS. ROUNDABOUT'S PARTY IN A SIMPLE AND ELEGANT ATTIRE.

FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS.

"MARTHA, WAST 'E DONE WI' THE MILK?"

"GEEN IT TO THE SHILD."

"DANG THE SHILD, THEE SHOULD HA' GEEN IT TO TH' BULL PUP!"

A DISTURBER OF PUBLIC PEACE.

Rioter. "I SAY, OLD FELLER, OF COURSE YOU'LL FRATERNISE WITH US, AND COME AND BREAK SOME VINDERS."

Soldier. "OF COURSE I WON'T; BUT I'LL PUNCH YOUR HEAD IF YOU DONT MOVE OFF."

UNLUCKY THIS TIME.

Ingenious Youth. "OH! SUCH A LARK, BILL! I'VE BIN AND FILLED AN OLD COVE'S LETTER-BOX WITH GOOSEBERRY SKINS AND HOYSTER SHELLS,—AND RAPPED LIKE A POSTMAN!"

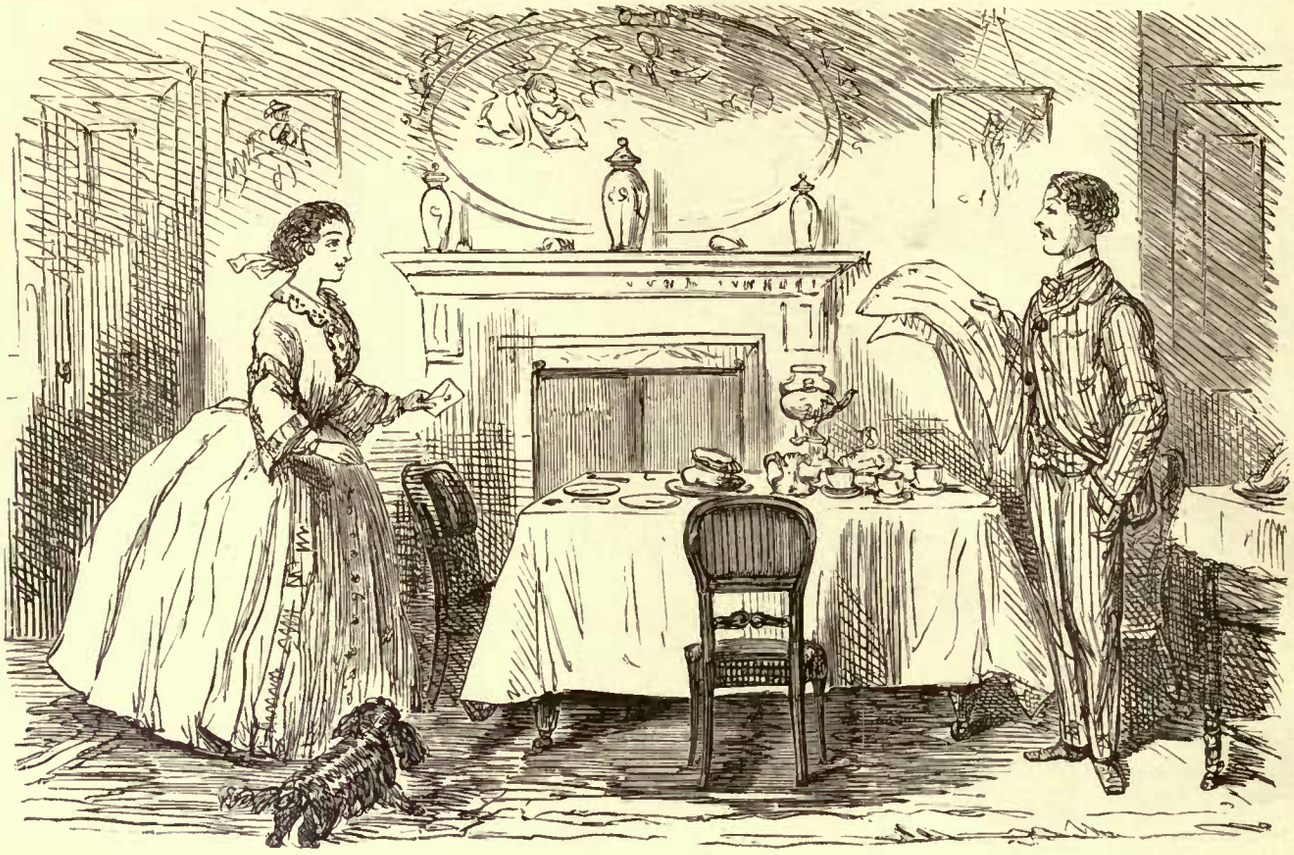
Old Cove. "*HAVE* YOU?"

GOOD NEWS.

"WELL, JIM, HAVE YOU HEARD THE LATEST INTELLIGENCE?"

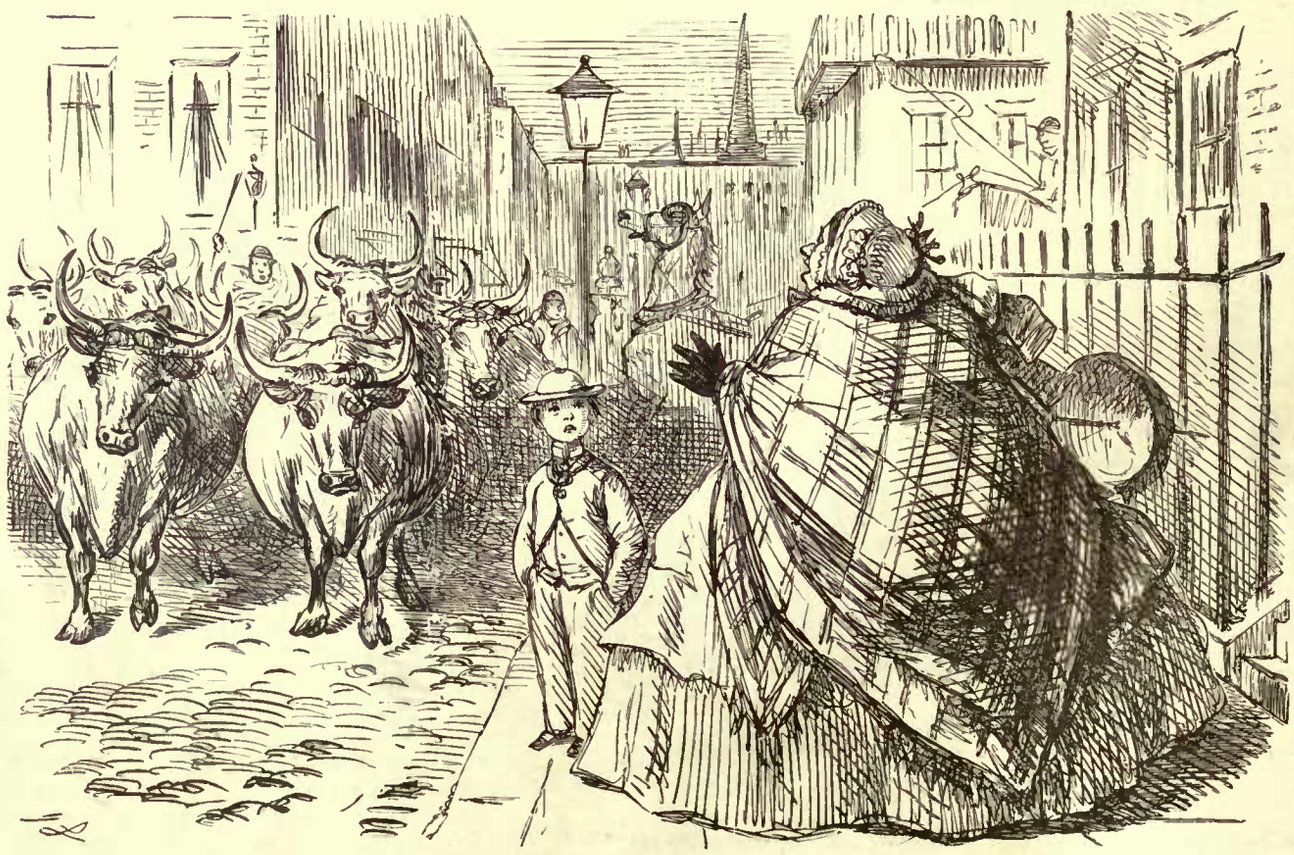
"NO, VAT IS IT?"

"VY, COMMON GARDEN THEAYTER'S TO BE TURNED INTO A HOPERA FOR THE MILLION! AIN'T THAT PRIME?"



RATHER DEEP!

Cousin. "CHARLIE!—JUST FANCY WHAT PEOPLE ARE SAYING!" *Captain Charlie.* "WELL, GEORGIE!"
Cousin. "THAT—THAT—YOU AND I ARE GOING—A—A—TO BE—MARRIED!"
Charlie (with presence of mind). "A—NEVER MIND, GEORGIE,—WE KNOW BETTER—WE ARE NOT SO FOOLISH!"



AMPLE PROTECTION.

Youth. "YOU NEEDN'T BE AFRAID, MA'AM. STAND BEHIND ME!"

JUST LIKE 'EM.

Mamma (staying with newly-married daughter). "MY DEAREST, SWEETEST DARLING! WHAT! CRYING! WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

Daughter (with many sobs). "OH, M-M-M-MAMMA DEAR! HERE'S CH-CH-CH-CHARLES SO DREADFULLY UNKIND. HE KNOWS THE H-H-HORSE-TAMING SECRET, AND HE W-W-W-WON'T TELL IT TO ME!"

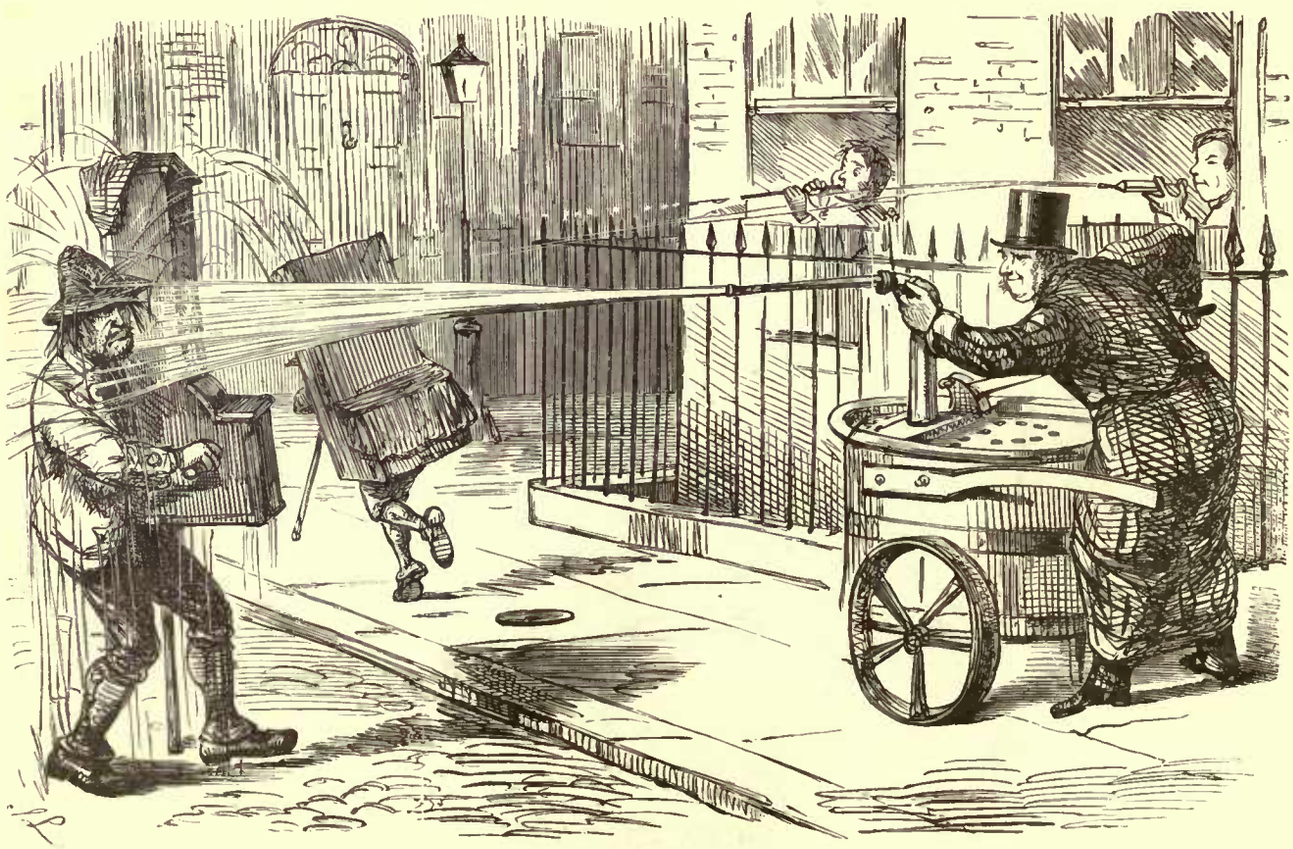
RIVAL JOCKEYS.

Bill (reads). "'GENTLEMEN RIDERS ALLOWED FIVE POUNDS.'"

Tom. "'ALLOWED FIVE POUNDS!' WHY, I'D RIDE BETTER NOR HE FOR 'ARF A CROWN!"

SYMPTOMS OF HARD READING!

Student. "OH, MARY! HAVE YOU TAKEN UP THE LAMP AND THE CIGARS?" *Mary.* "YES, SIR."
Student. "—AND THE WHISKEY, AND THE SUGAR, AND THE LEMON, AND BOILING WATER?" *Mary.* "YES, SIR."
Student. "THEN COME, JACK! SUPPOSE WE GO INTO THE STUDY!"



REPELLING FOREIGN INVASION.

PATERFAMILIAS TRIES THE COLD WATER CURE IN A CASE OF ORGAN-GRINDING.

ANOTHER BIT FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS.

First Collier. "SURREY, DUST THEE KNOW THE BISHOP'S COMING TO-MORROW?

Second Do. "WOT'S THAT?"

First Do. (emphatically). "THE BISHOP!"

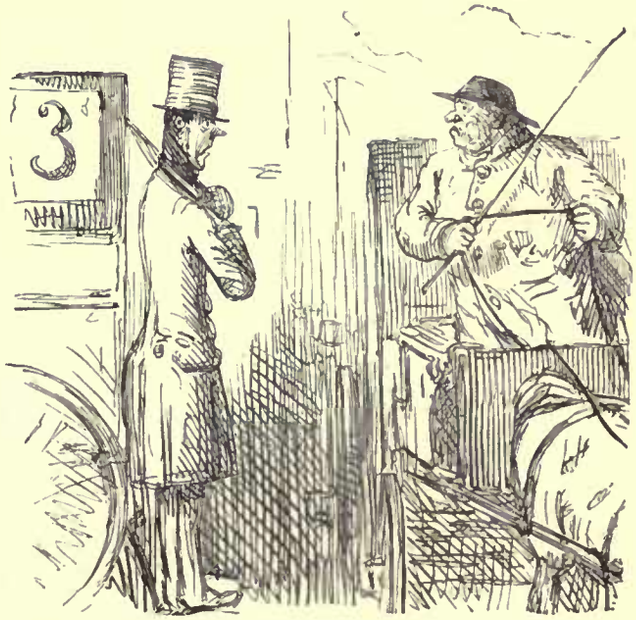
Second Do. "OI DON'T KNOW WHAT THEE MEAN'ST, BUT MOY BITCH, ROSE, SHALL PIN HER!"

CANINE.

"BUY A LITTLE DORG, MARM?"

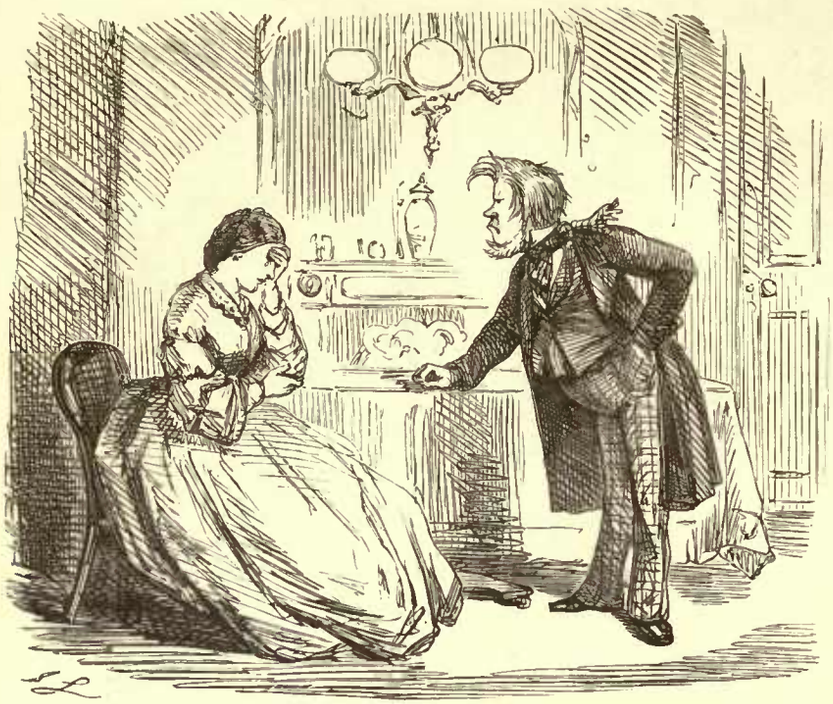
WHERE ARE THE POLICE?

A SKETCH, SHOWING THE DECENT MANNER IN WHICH THE "FORM OF PRAYER" WAS RETAILED ON THE FAST DAY.



COARSE, BUT CHARACTERISTIC.

Cabman (whose temper has been ruffled by Omnibus-man). "YOU! WHY, YOU HUNGRY LOOKING WAGABUN, YOU LOOK AS IF YOU'D BIN LOCKED UP FOR A MONTH IN A COOK'S SHOP WITH A MUZZLE ON."

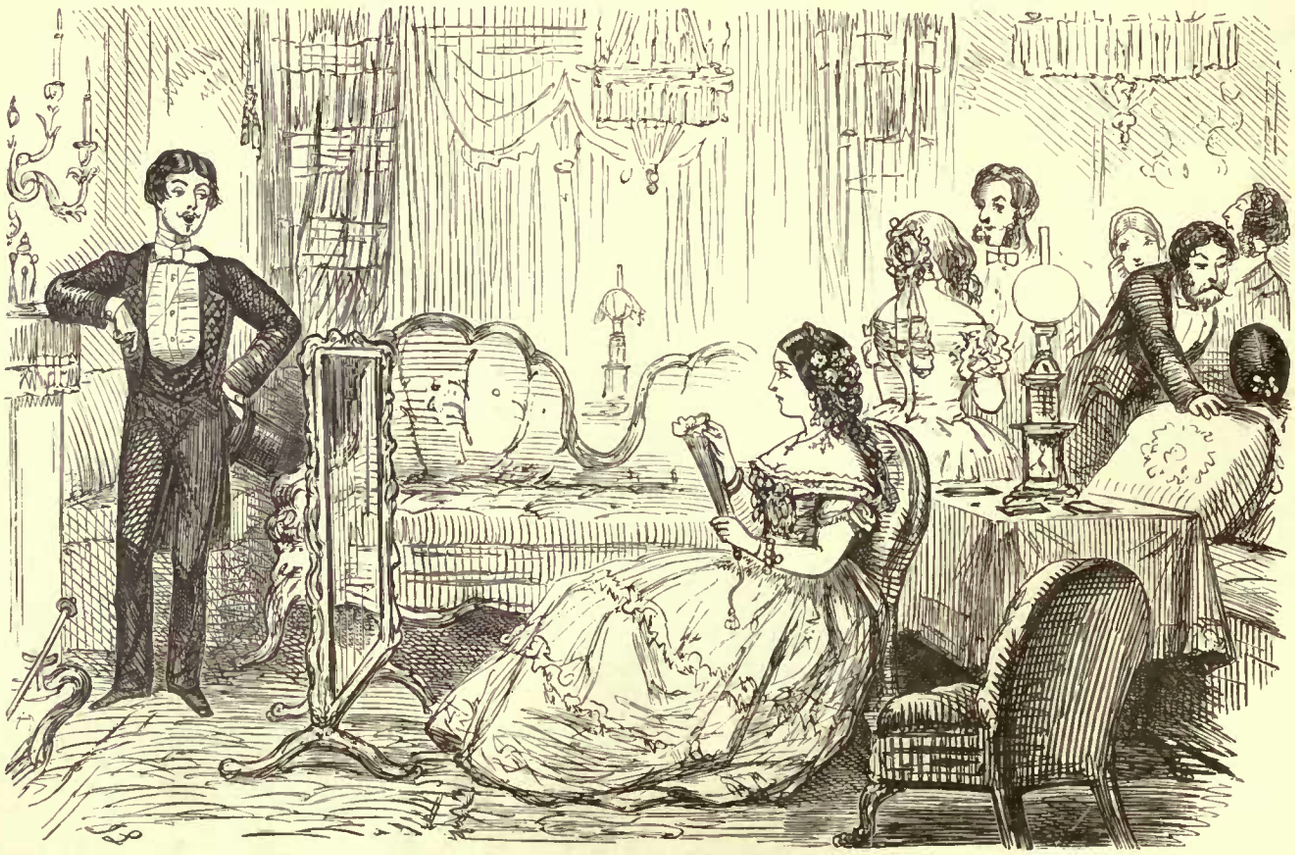


THE GREAT BOON.

Superior Being (!). "YOU'LL PLEASE TO OBSERVE, MUM, THAT A DIWORCE IS A MUCH EASIER MATTER THAN IT USED TO BE—SO NONE OF YOUR VIOLENCE!"

A VISION OF THE PAST.

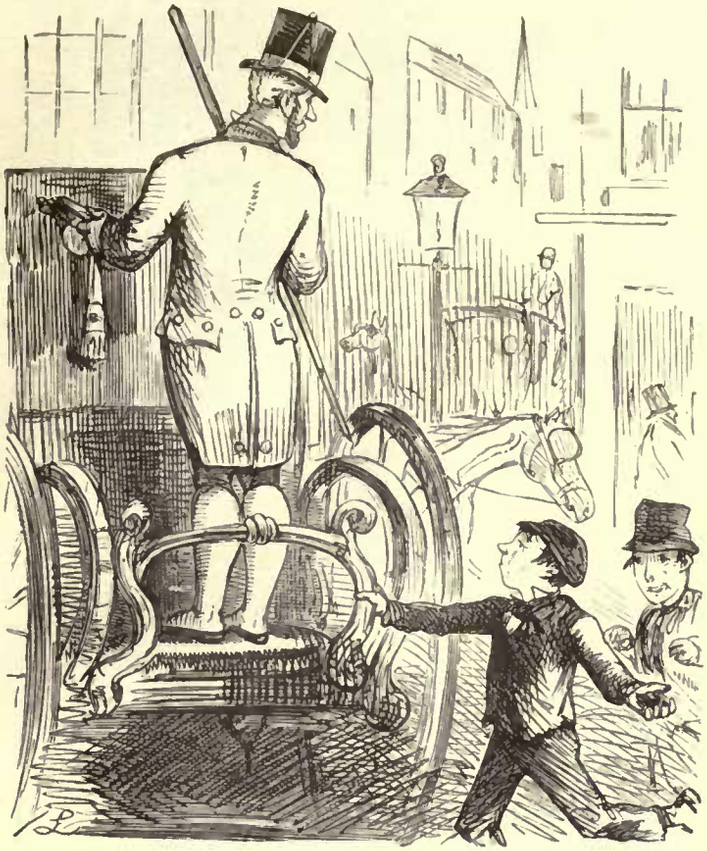
Old Lady. "AH! I WAS JUST SUCH ANOTHER WHEN I WAS HER AGE."



FOLLY AND INNOCENCE.

Charles. "I SAY, CLARA, AIN'T IT JOLLY? I'VE MADE SUCH A CAPITAL BOOK ON THE DERBY!"

Clara. "I AM SURE, CHARLES, I AM DELIGHTED TO HEAR IT. ANY LITERARY PURSUIT MUST BE BETTER THAN THE HORRID PRACTICE YOU WERE GETTING INTO OF BETTING AT RACES!"



IRRESISTIBLE.

John Thomas. "GET AWAY, BOY—GET AWAY, BOY!"

Boy. "SHAN'T! AND IF YER DON'T LET ME RIDE, I'LL SEND THIS 'ERE MUD OVER YER CALVES!"

DRAWING THE LINE.

Plush Adonis. "I SHOULD OBSERVE, MY LADY,—THAT IF YOU ENGAGE ME, I SHOULD REQUIRE TO BE AT LEAST SIX MONTHS IN TOWN, IN A GOOD NEIGHBOURHOOD.—AND THAT IF YOU SHOULD AT ANY TIME LIVE NORTH OF THE NEW ROAD, I SHOULD EXPECT FIVE GUINEAS PER ANNUM INCREASE OF SALARY!" [*Fact.*

YIELDING TO TEMPTATION.

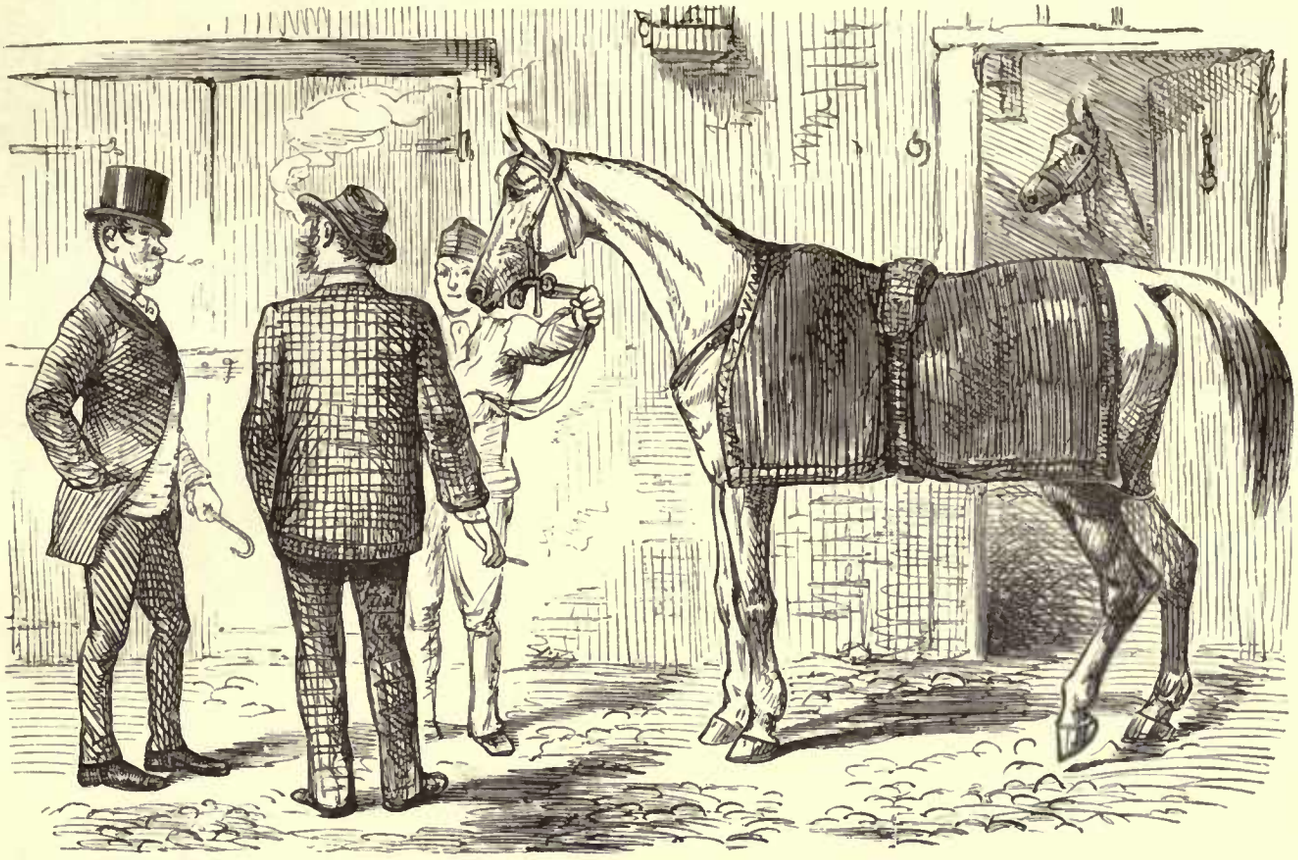
Mr. Hobble-de-Hoye. "I'M VERY FOND OF 'EM—THERE'S NO ONE LOOKING!—DON'T SEE WHY I SHOULDN'T—I WILL!—YES—I'LL HAVE A PENN'ORTH!"

MUCH ABOVE THAT SORT OF THING.

SERVE HIM RIGHT.

Swell (who, when he is asked to dine at half-past six, thinks it fine to come at half-past eight). "HAW! I'M AFRAID YOU'VE BEEN WAITING DINNAW FOR ME!"
Lady of the House. "OH OEAR, ND! WE HAVE DINED SOME TIME; WILL YOU TAKE SOME TEA?"

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

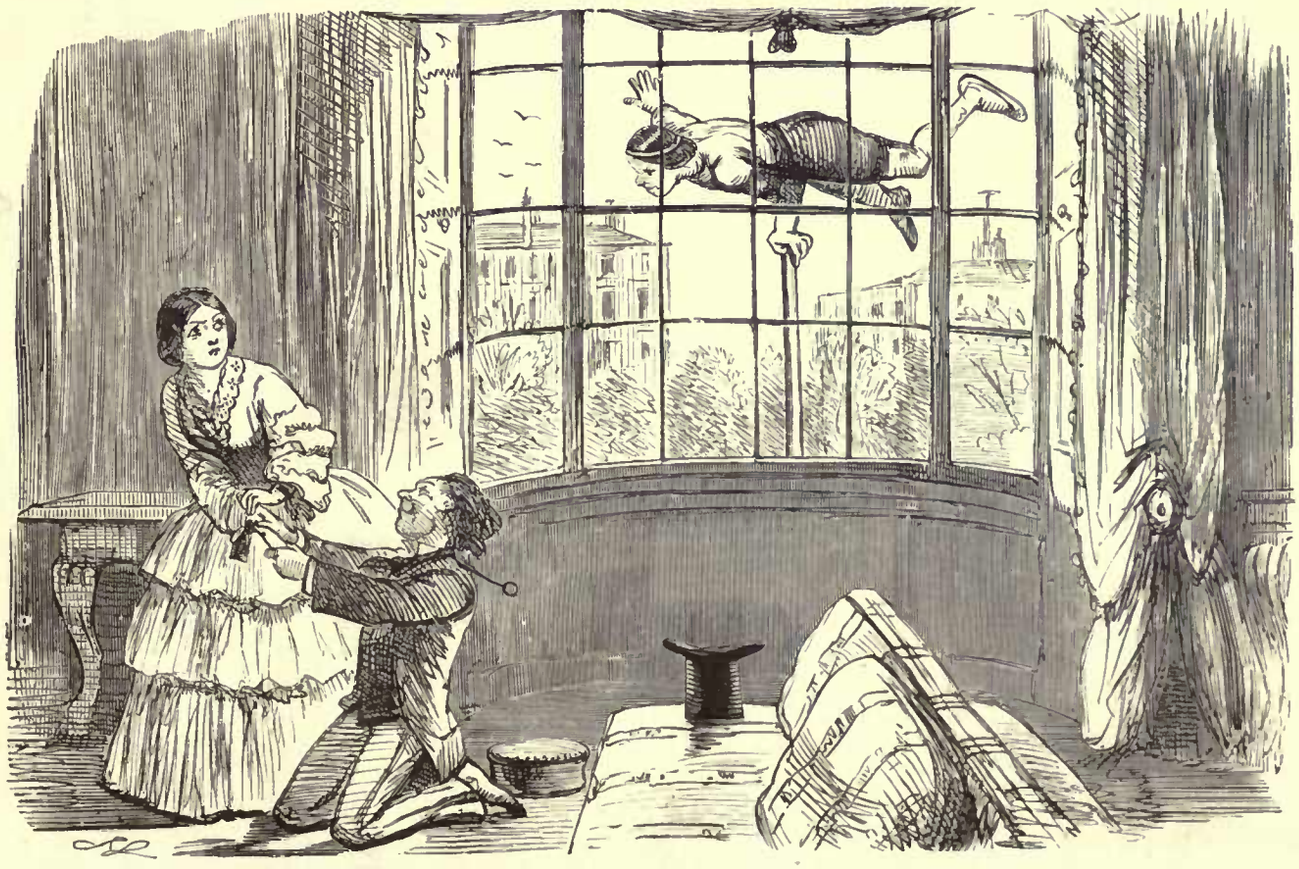


A CONSULTATION.

Veterinary Surgeon. "LEGS QUEER, SIR! DO YOU 'ACK 'IM OR 'UNT 'IM?"

Proprietor of Quadruped. "I HUNT HIM SOMETIMES, BUT I MOSTLY USE HIM AS A HACK."

Veterinary Surgeon. "AH, SIR, THAT'S WHERE IT IS. IT AIN'T THE 'UNTING AS 'URTS 'IM, IT'S THE 'AMMER, 'AMMER, 'AMMER ALONG THE 'ARD 'IGH ROAD!"



THE STREET ACROBAT NUISANCE.

UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT HE IS UNOBSERVED, MR. PUDDLE OFFERS HIS HAND AND HEART TO THE OBJECT OF HIS AFFECTIONS.

PHOTOGRAPHIC BEAUTIES.

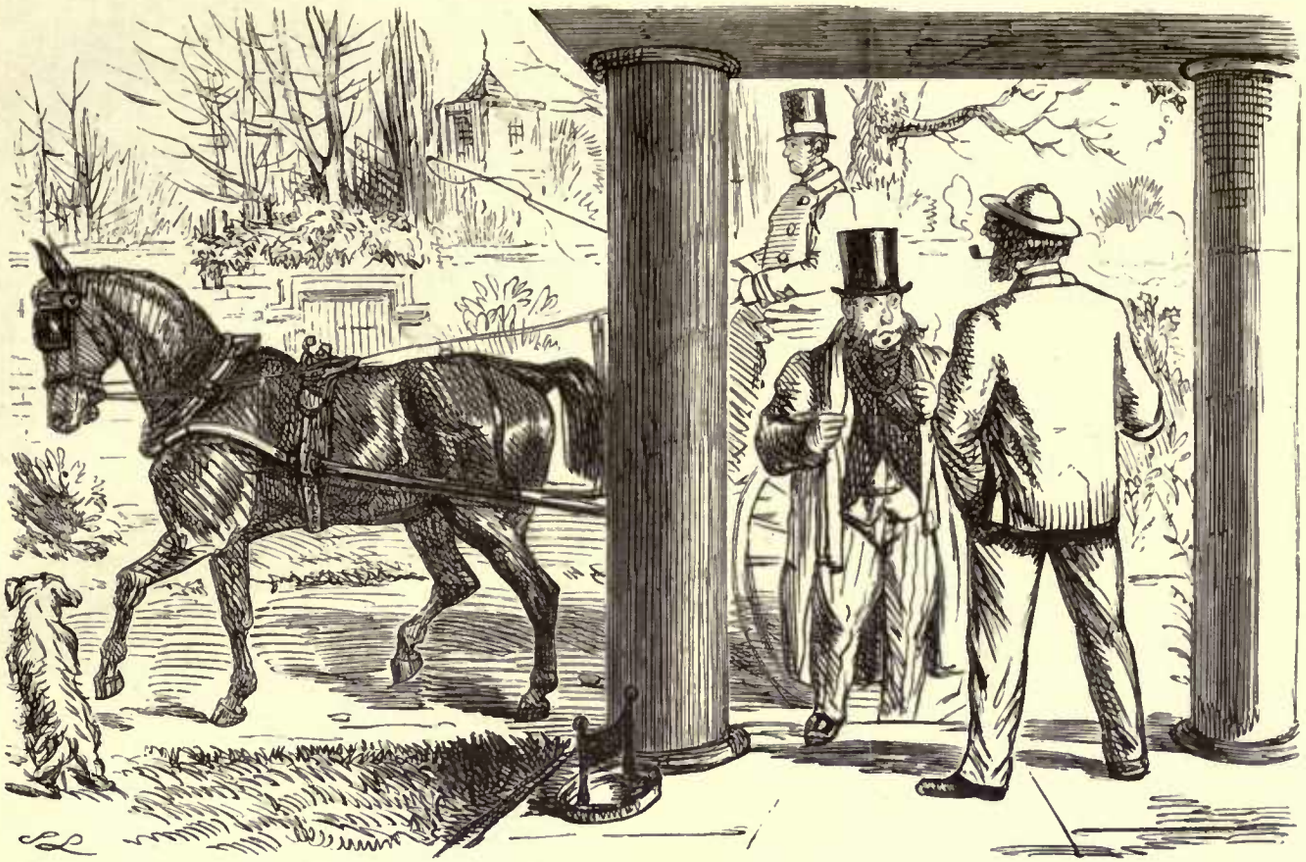
"I SAY, MISTER, HERE'S ME AND MY MATE WANTS OUR FOTERGRUFFS TOOK; AND MIND, WE WANTS 'EM 'ANSOM, COS THEY'RE TO GIVE TO TWO LADIES."

EQUINE.

Dealer. "THERE! I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO FIND A FAULT WITH HIM!"

Customer. "BUT HE'S GOT SUCH A BEASTLY TAIL!"

Dealer. "BEASTLY TAIL! THERE NEVER WAS A BAD RAT-TAILED 'OSS. WHY, *WE GO MILES TO FIND 'EM!*"



PLEASING PROSPECT.

Friend from Town. "WELL! AND HOW'S THE MARE?"

Country Friend. "OH! ALL RIGHT, OLD BOY! SHE WILL BE AS FRESH AS PAINT FOR YOU TO-MORROW, FOR SHE HASN'T BEEN HUNTED SINCE THE DAY SHE PUT FRANK RAILER'S SHOULDER OUT!"

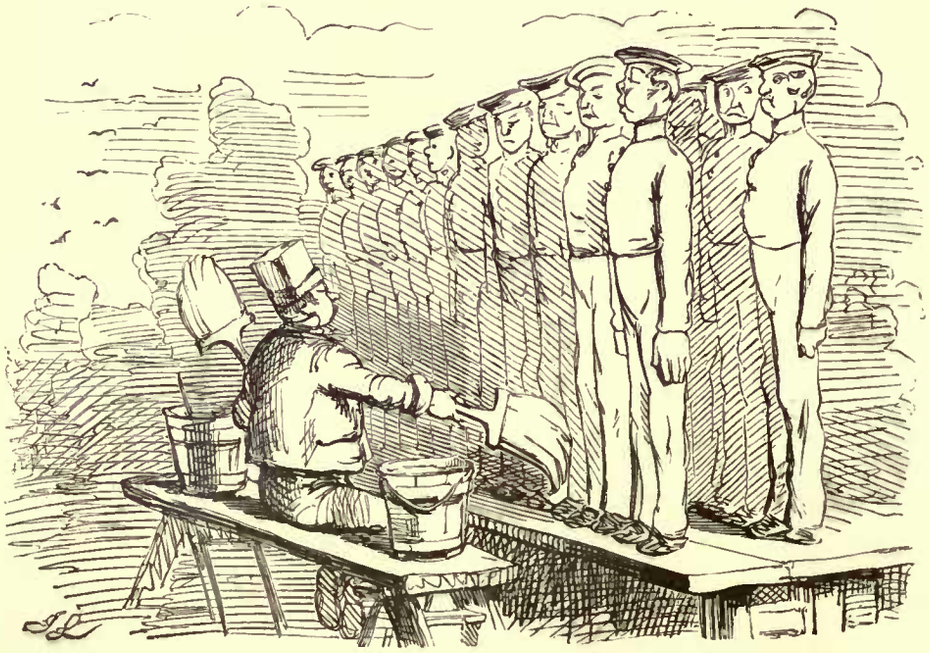
WHY NOT?

THE GREAT MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.—FAIR PLAY FOR THE BAKER.

A STARTLING NOVELTY IN SHIRTS.

AN OBJECT OF UNIVERSAL SYMPATHY.

MR. PEEWIT HAS A LITTLE ADDITION TO HIS FAMILY—HE IS OBLIGED TO GET HIS MEALS ANYHOW— AND— ABDICATES IN FAVOUR OF THE *REAL* MASTER OF THE HOUSE.



A HINT TO THE AUTHORITIES.

AN ECONOMICAL MODE OF PUTTING TROOPS INTO WHITE TROUSERS.

DELUSIVE NOTION.

THE YOUNG GENT WHO IS GOING TO MAKE A RAPID FORTUNE BY BETTING.

A SCENE AT A RAILWAY STATION.

Groom. "BEG PARDON, SIR,—BUT WOS YOUR NAME TOMKINS?" *Tomkins.* "YES!"

Groom. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, MASTER SAYS HE WOS WERRY SORRY AS HE COULDN'T SEND THE FEEATON—BUT, AS HIS YOUNG 'OSS WANTED EXERCISE, HE THOUGHT YOU WOULDN'T MIND RIDIN' OF 'IM." [TOMKINS *bursts into a cold perspiration.*

THE UNFITNESS OF THINGS.

Impudent Boy. "I SAY, BILL! COME AND SEE THE CONJURING—HERE'S THIS HERE GAL A GOIN' TO SQUEEZE HERSELF INTO THAT THERE BROOM!"

PLEASANT FOR "CHARLES DEAR."

Married Sister. "OH, CHARLES DEAR! NURSE IS NOT VERY WELL, AND AS I MUST STAY WITH BABY, WOULD YOU TAKE FREDDY AND THE TWO LITTLE ONES FOR A WALK, ONLY CARRY THEM OVER THE CROSSINGS, THAT'S A DEAR!"

TOO MUCH!

Party (who hates bad music in the middle of the night). "WH-A-T!! THE WAITS! CALLED FOR A CHRISTMAS BOX!—STOP A BIT!!"——

[The rest is too terrible.

MARRY ON £300 A-YEAR!

Passer-by (to the Crossing-Sweeper). "WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT?"

Sweeper. "WELL, SIR, I BELIEVE IT'S A KIND OF WEDDING; BUT IT AIN'T LIKELY TO BE AN 'APPY UNION—ONLY TWO BROUGHAMS AND A HACK CAB!"

AN OBJECT OF SINCERE PITY.

OFFENDED DIGNITY.

Small Swell (who has just finished a Quadrille). "H'M, THANK GOODNESS, THAT'S OVER! DON'T GIVE ME YOUR BREAD-AND-BUTTER MISSES TO DANCE WITH. I LIKE YOUR GROWN WOMEN OF THE WORLD!"—*(N.B. The bread-and-butter Miss has asked him how old he was, and when he went back to School.)*

VERY LARGE NOTIONS.

Man of the World. "WHAT RUBBISH ALL THIS IS ABOUT MARRYING ON £300 A-YEAR! WHY, IT AIN'T ENOUGH TO BUY A FELLAH CIGARS!"

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

TALK OF A MAD DOG, INDEED!—WHAT'S THAT TO A WET ISLE OF SKYE TERRIER UNDER THE BREAKFAST TABLE ON A HUNTING MORNING, AMONGST THE NICE CLEAN TOPS AND BUCKSKINS? [*A Favourite Lawn Meet—and not a moment to spare.*

JUVENILE WISDOM.

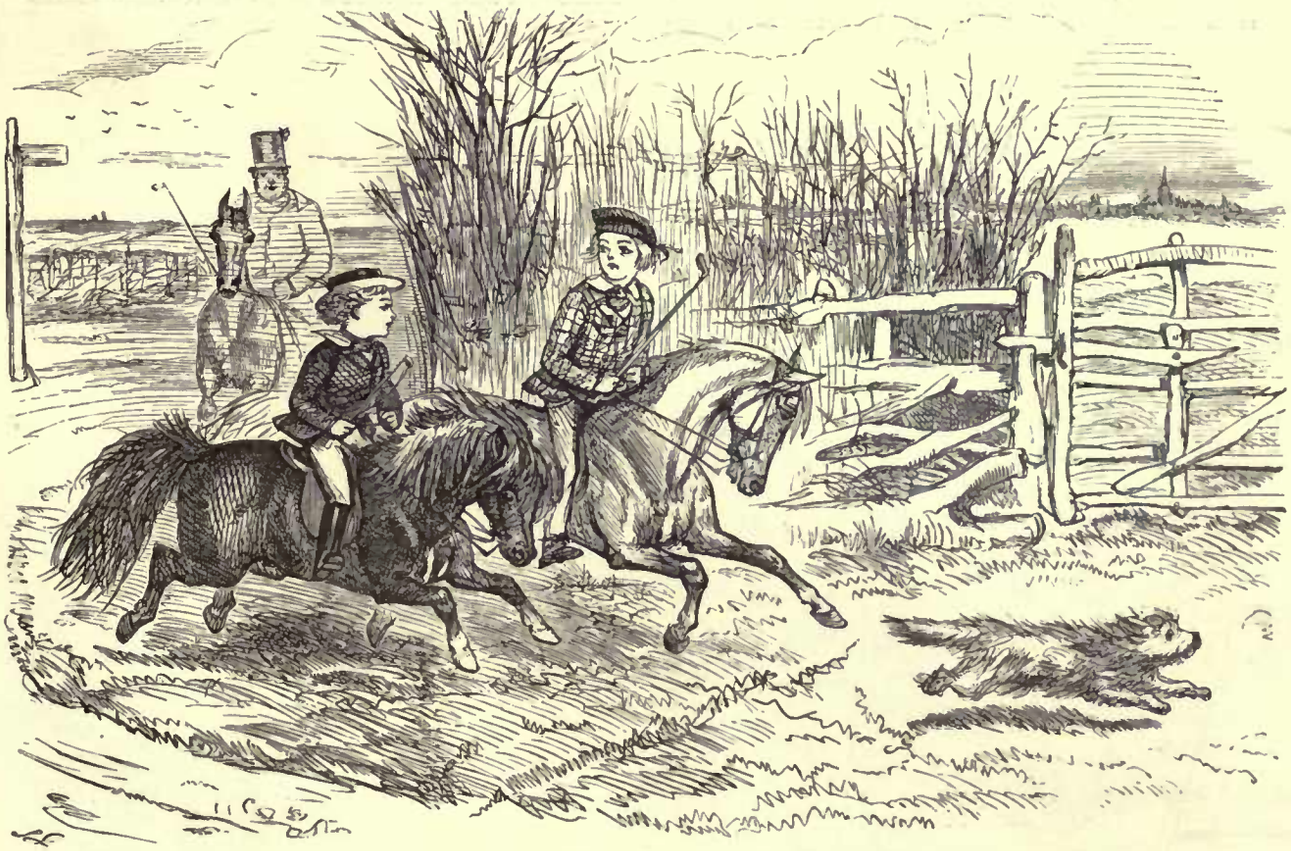
Florence. "——AND HOW OLD IS YOUR PONY, FRED?"

Fred. "WELL, I DON'T KNOW, EXACTLY—BUT ROBERT THINKS HE IS ABOUT FOURTEEN YEARS!"

Florence. "OH!—THEN I SUPPOSE HE WILL VERY SOON BE A HORSE!"

SNOWED UP.

POOR FELLOWS! THEY CAN'T GET ANY HUNTING, AND ARE OBLIGED TO PLAY AT SCRATCH CRADLE WITH THEIR COUSINS.

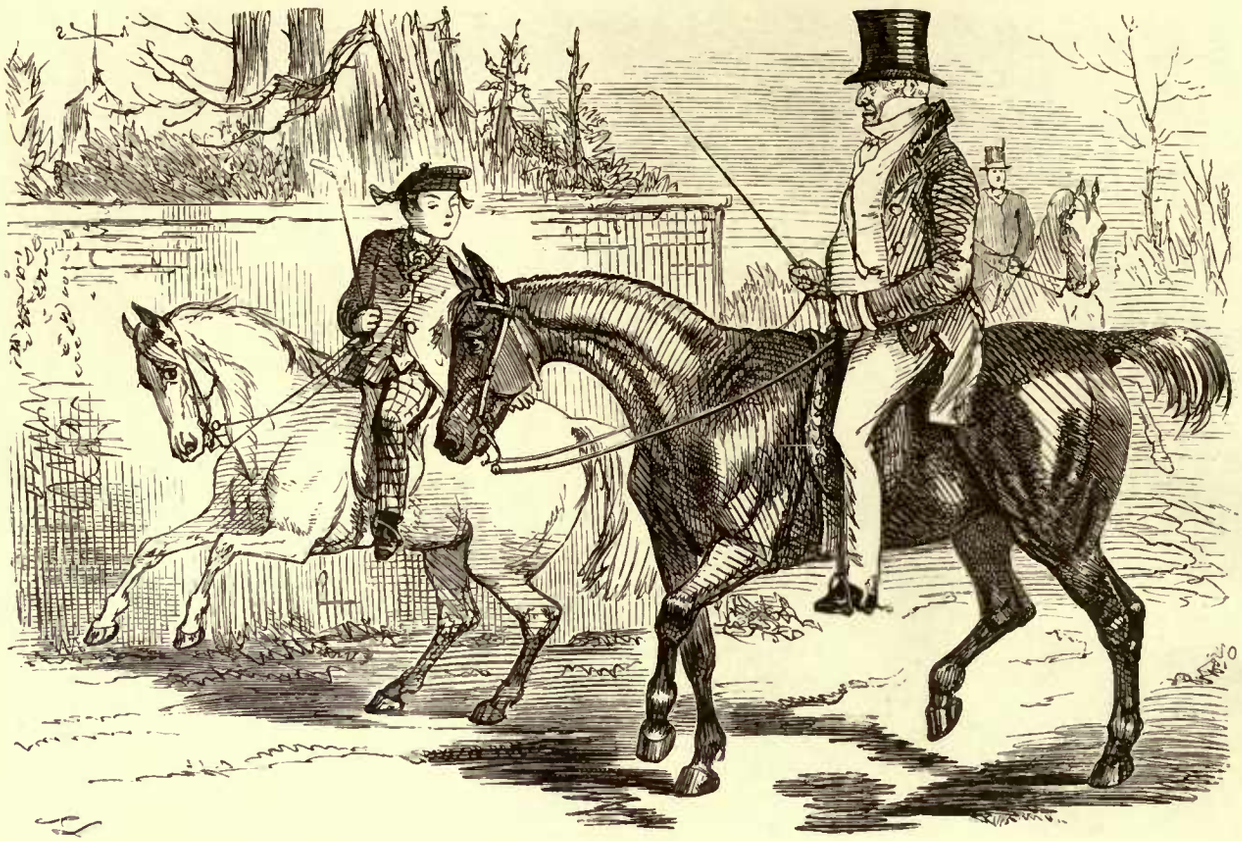


A WEIGHTY MATTER.

Frederic (a very big boy). "THAT'S A NICEISH PONY OF YOURS, CHARLEY.—BY THE BYE, HOW HEAVY ARE YOU?"

Charley. "WELL, WITHIN A POUND OF THREE STONE, I'M SORRY TO SAY."

Frederic. "OH, I CALL THAT A NICE WEIGHT. NOW, I'M OBLIGED TO HAVE VERY EXPENSIVE PONIES, FOR, WITH SADDLE AND BRIDLE, I DON'T RIDE LESS THAN FOUR STONE TWO!"



A GOOD LIVER.

Frank. "I SAY, GRANDPA! HAVEN'T YOU GOT SOME CHAPS COMING TO GRUB WITH YOU TO-DAY?"

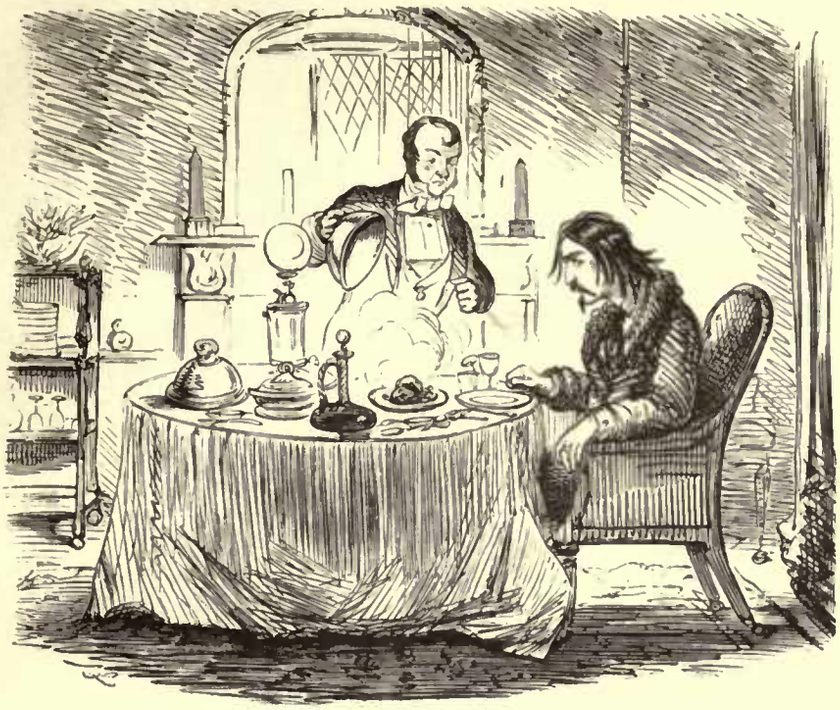
Grandpa. "EH! WHAT? SOME GENTLEMEN ARE COMING TO DINE WITH ME TO-DAY, SIR, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN!"

Frank. "HAH! SAME THING! WELL, LOOK HERE! YOUR COOK ISN'T A GREAT HAND AT A SALAD—NOW THAT'S A THING I FLATTER MYSELF I UNDERSTAND BETTER THAN MOST MEN—SO, IF YOU LIKE, I'LL MIX YOU ONE!"

THE OLD FOXHUNTER.

Flora. "WELL, RONALD! AND HOW DO YOU LIKE ROTTEN ROW?"

Ronald. "OH, PRETTY WELL; BUT IT'S RATHER SLOW WORK TO A MAN WHO HAS BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO GO ACROSS COUNTRY AS I HAVE ALL MY LIFE!"



MELANCHOLY.

Lord Eustace (a young Nobleman in love). "TELL ME, THOMPSON, ARE THOSE THE BIRDS?"
Thompson (his confidential Servant). "YES, MY LORD."
Eust. "THEY ARE YOUNG?" *Thomp.* "THEY ARE, MY LORD."
Eust. "AND THE WINE?" *Thomp.* "LAFITTE—44, MY LORD."
Eust. "YOU HAVE DRAWN THE CURTAINS?" *Thomp.* "EVEN SO, MY LORD."
Eust. "AND YOU HAVE PLACED SOME COALS UPON THE FIRE?"
Thomp. "MY LORD, THIS MOMENT I HAVE DONE SO."
Eust. "THEN—THEN—LEAVE ME!!"
(And his Lordship pegs away at the Birds, drinks a Bottle of Claret, and feels all the better.

OUT OF THE FASHION.

"WHY, FWED!—WHAWT'S THE MATTER WITH YOUR LEGS?"
"WHY, YOU SEE, PEG-TOP TROUSERS ARE GETTING SO COMMON, I'M GOING TO GIVE NATURE A CHANCE!"

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE.

ON THE MORNING AFTER THE DISPENSARY BALL, AS EMILY DEUXTEMPS AND CLARA POLKINGTON WERE SITTING IN THE PLANTATION, WHO SHOULD COME TO THE VERY SPOT BUT CAPTAIN FASTMAN AND YOUNG REGINALD FIPPS!

"BLESS YOU! BLESS YOU!"

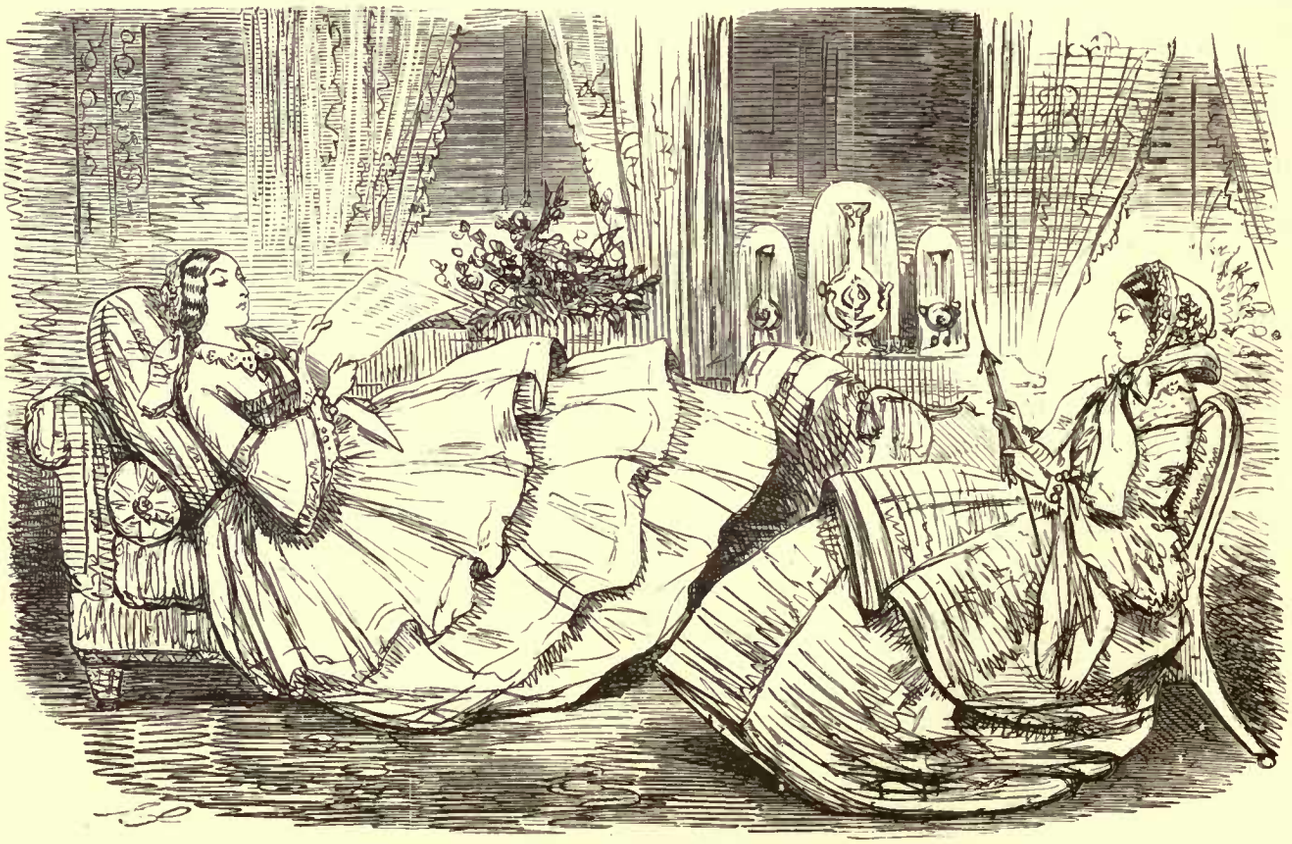
WHO WILL SERVE THE COUNTRY?

Recruiting Sergeant. "NOW, BRAVE BOYS, WITH THOSE WHISKERS AND SHOULDERS, YOU SHOULD BE WITH US, AND—I'M SURE THE LADIES WOULD EXCUSE YOU!"

WE'LL SERVE THE SHOP!

SERVANTGALISM;

AND



FINELADYISM.

First Elegant Mamma. "HOW SHOCKING THIS IS!—THE WAY NURSERYMAIDS NEGLECT THE CHILDREN!"

Second Do. "YES, DEAR! AND I DON'T SEE THAT ANYTHING CAN BE DONE. FOR WHAT WITH PARTIES, AND THE TIME ONE NATURALLY DEVOTES TO DRESSING, AND THE NUMEROUS CALLS ONE HAS TO MAKE, ONE CAN'T LOOK AFTER ONE'S OWN CHILDREN, YOU KNOW!"

THE ADVENT OF SPRING.

"THE DEAR GIRLS REALLY MUST HAVE SOME NEW BONNETS, FOR THEY CANNOT POSSIBLY WEAR THOSE NASTY, SHABBY, DIRTY, OLD WINTER THINGS ANY LONGER."

THE VALENTINE.

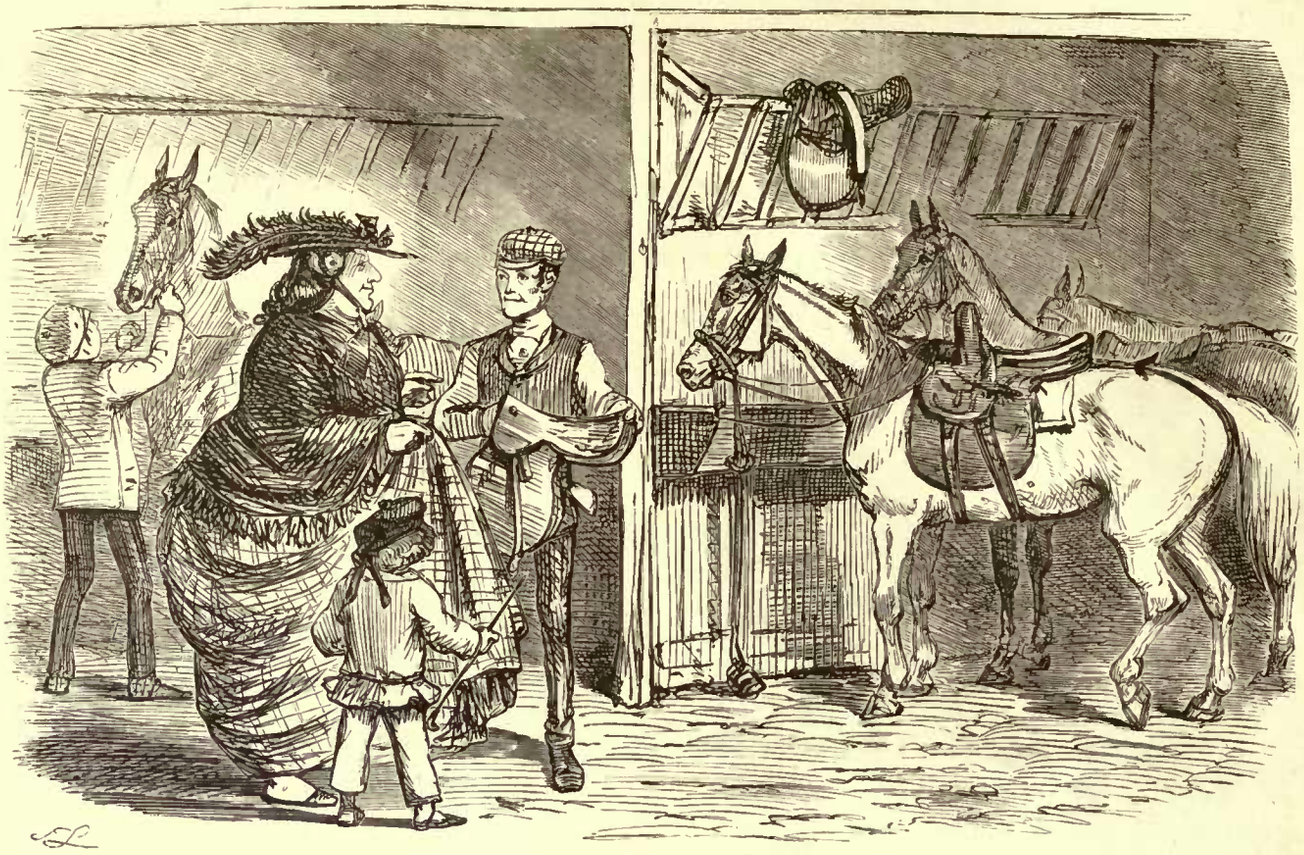
Little Foot Page. "I SAY, MARIA, WHAT'S A RHYME TO CUPID?"
Maria. "WHY, STUPID RHYMES TO CUPID—DON'T IT, STUPID?"

TASTE.

Shop-girl (who has been expected to possess TENNYSON'S *"Miller's Daughter").* "NO, MISS! WE'VE NOT GOT THE MILLER'S BUT HERE'S THE RATCATCHER'S DAUGHTER, JUST PUBLISHED!!"

INSULTING A REFUGEE.

Rude Boy. "OH CRIKEY, BILL, IF 'ERE AIN'T THE GREAT ORANGOUTANG BEEN TO A TAILOR, AND GOT RIGGED OUT AS A SWELL!"



A SKETCH FROM THE STAND AT SCARBORO'.

Fair Equestrian. "OH! I WANT TO RIDE ON THE SANDS WITH THIS LITTLE BOY.—HAVE YOU A HORSE DISENGAGED FOR HIM? ANY BIT OF A PONY THING, YOU KNOW, WILL DO FOR ME!"

A WHOLESOME CONCLUSION.

Lady Crinoline. "YES, LOVE—A VERY PRETTY CHURCH, BUT THE DOOR IS CERTAINLY VERY NARROW!"

INTERESTING GROUP POSED FOR A PHOTOGRAPH

BY A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.

OLD BOYS.

Old Boy (loq.). "OH, SHE'S A CHARMING GYUIRL, AND, UPON MY SAUL! I THINK SHE LIKES ME AMAZINGLY!"

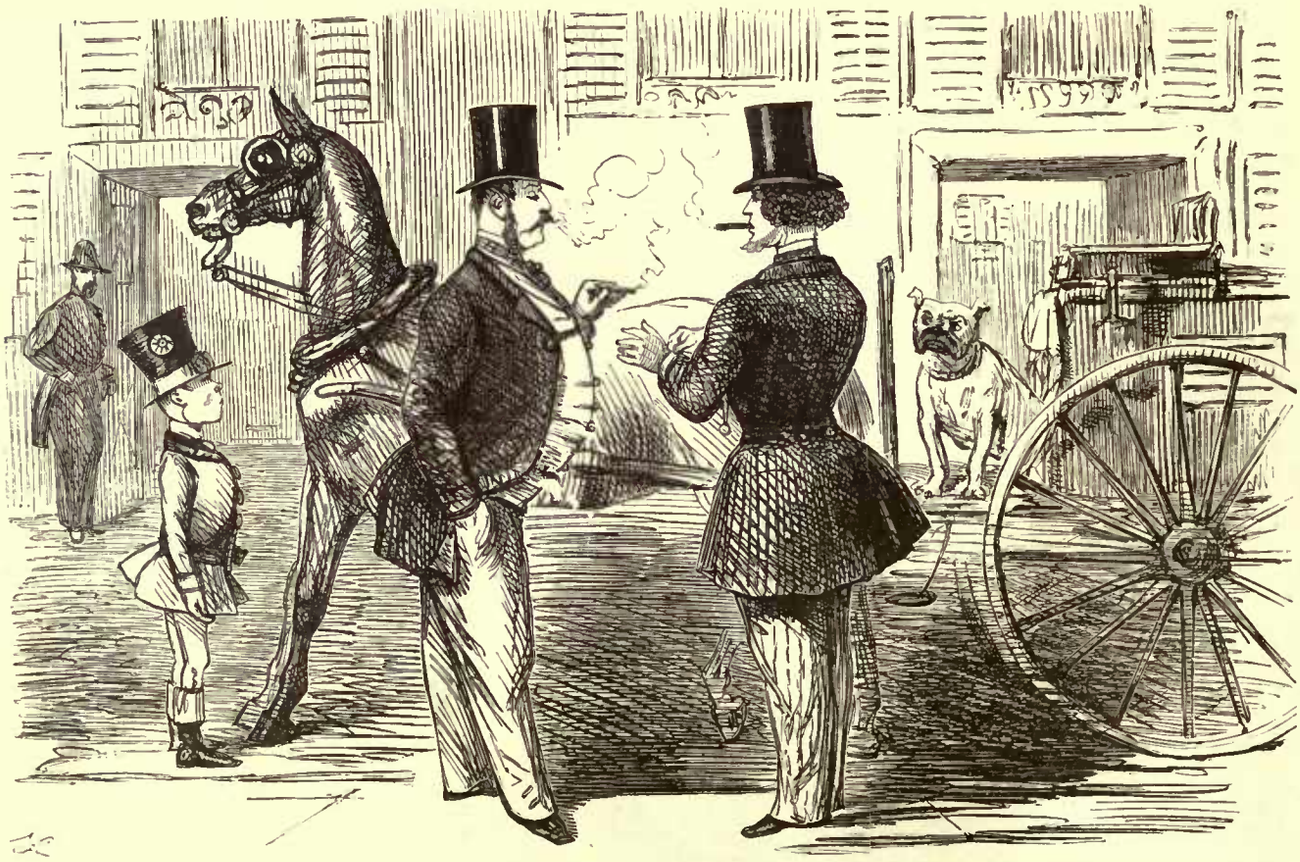
INTERESTING AND VALUABLE RESULT.

VERY ALARMING, INDEED.

Professional Man.—"AH! IT'S VERY LUCKY YOU CAME TO ME IN TIME.—YOU SEE, MA'AM, YOU HAVE HAD INFLAMMATION OF THE BRONCHIAL TUBES, WHICH, ACTING UPON THE FLEXOR LONGUS DIGITORUM PEDIS, HAS OCCASIONED AN ABRASION OF THE DIGASTRICUS, OR, AS SOME CALL IT, THE BIVENTER MAXILLÆ INFERIORIS; AND WHICH MIGHT HAVE ENDED IN CONFIRMED DELIRIUM TREMENS, OR EVEN PREMATURE ELEPHANTIASIS. HOWEVER, I DARESAY, &c., &c., &c.

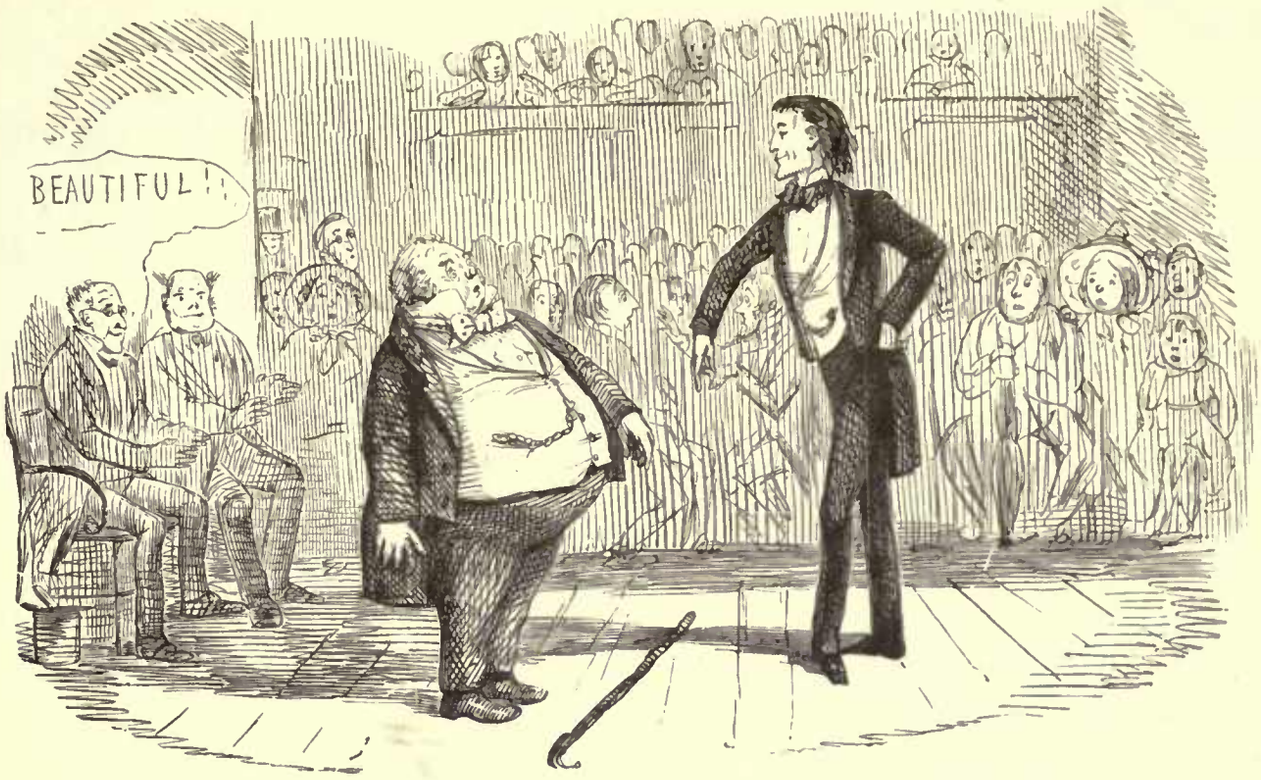
[Old Lady gasps for breath.

POLITENESS AS IN PARIS.
(A Perfidious Misrepresentation, of course.)



IMITATION IS THE SINCEREST FLATTERY.

Ju'es (who affects English manners and customs). 'GOOD—A—BY, OLE BOY! I GO TO MAKE A PROMENADE IN MY TO-CAR
(Which being interpreted means that Jules is going for a drive in his Dog-Cart.)

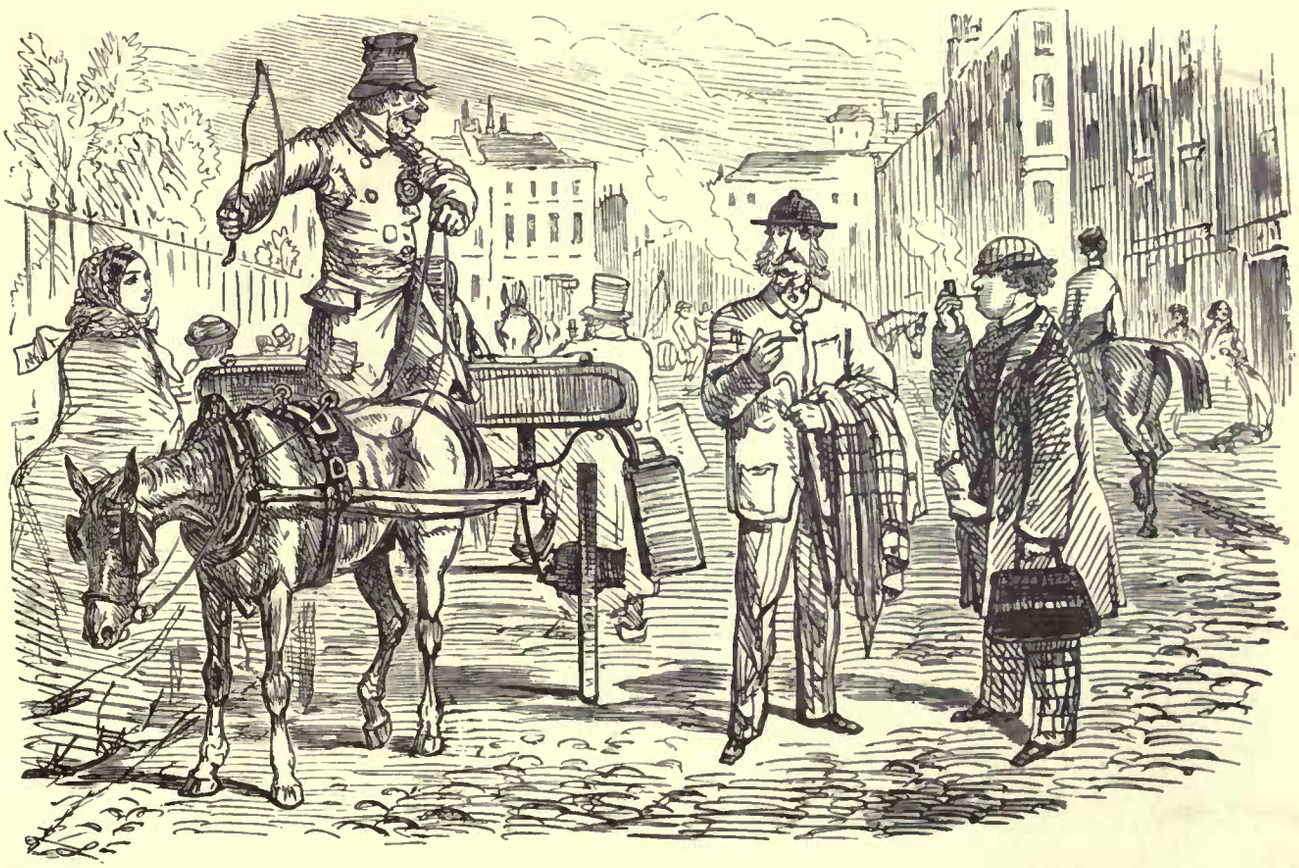


VERY ODD!

Lecturer on Electro-Biology. "NOW, SIR! YOU CAN'T JUMP OVER THAT STICK! AHEM!"

Subject. "JUMP? EH! UGH! LOR BLESS ME, JUMP! NO, I KNOW I CAN'T—NEVER COULD JUMP—UGH!"

[Thunders of applause from the Gentlemen in the cane-bottom chairs—(i.e. believers).



A TENDER POINT.

Irish Jarvie (with much excitement). "NOT FAST ENOUGH! IS IT? OH THIN, YER 'ONOR, JIST JUMP UP, TILL I TIRRIFY YE THE WAY I'LL ROWL ALONG!"

STUMPED OUT.

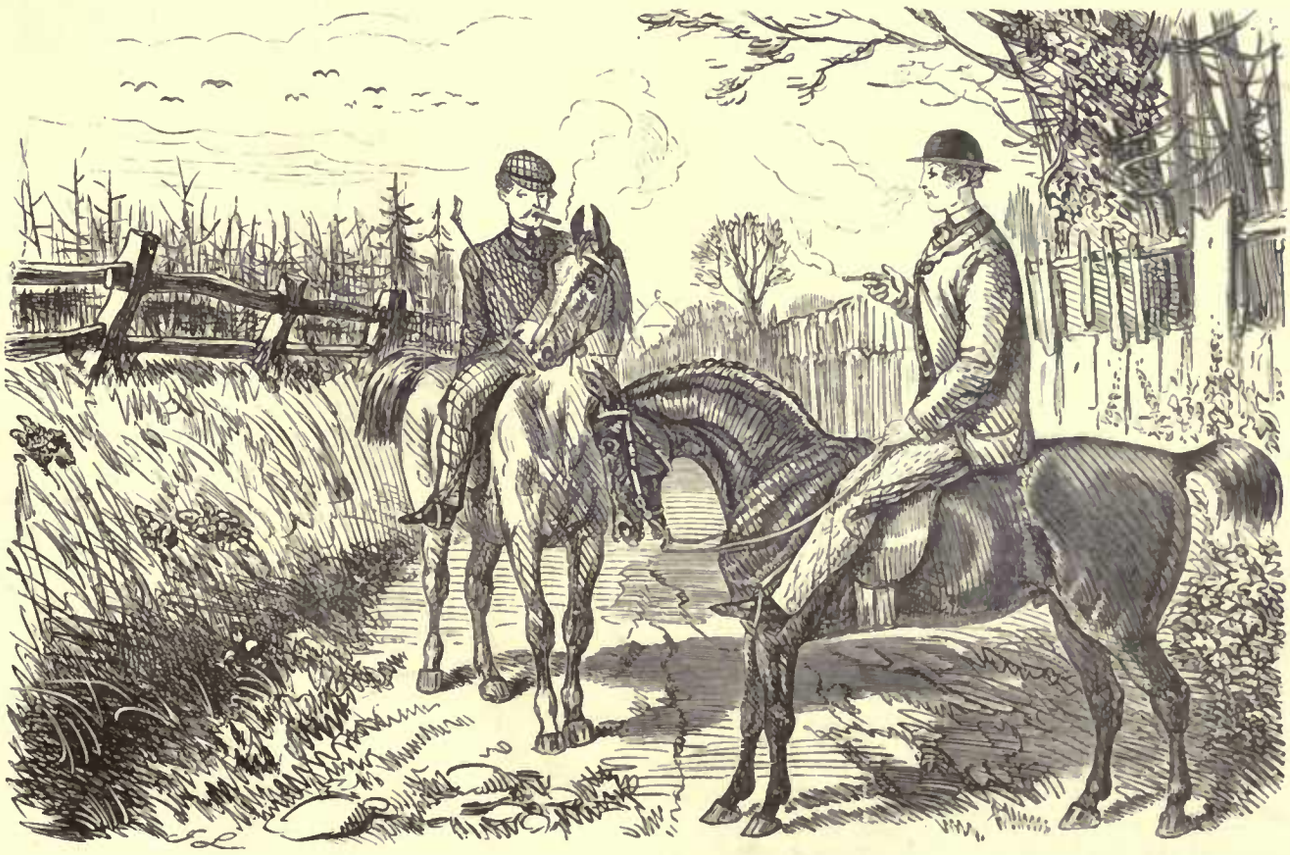
Apothecary's Boy (to party rather proud of his Horsemanship). "I SAY, MISTER, MIND WHAT YOU'RE AT, OR YOU'LL BE OFF THE *SHOPBOARD!*"

A GENEROUS OFFER.

Small Sweeper (to Crimean Hero). "NOW, CAPTAIN, GIVE US A COPPER, AND I'LL SEE YER SAFE OVER THE CROSSING!"

NOT A BAD IDEA FOR WARM WEATHER.

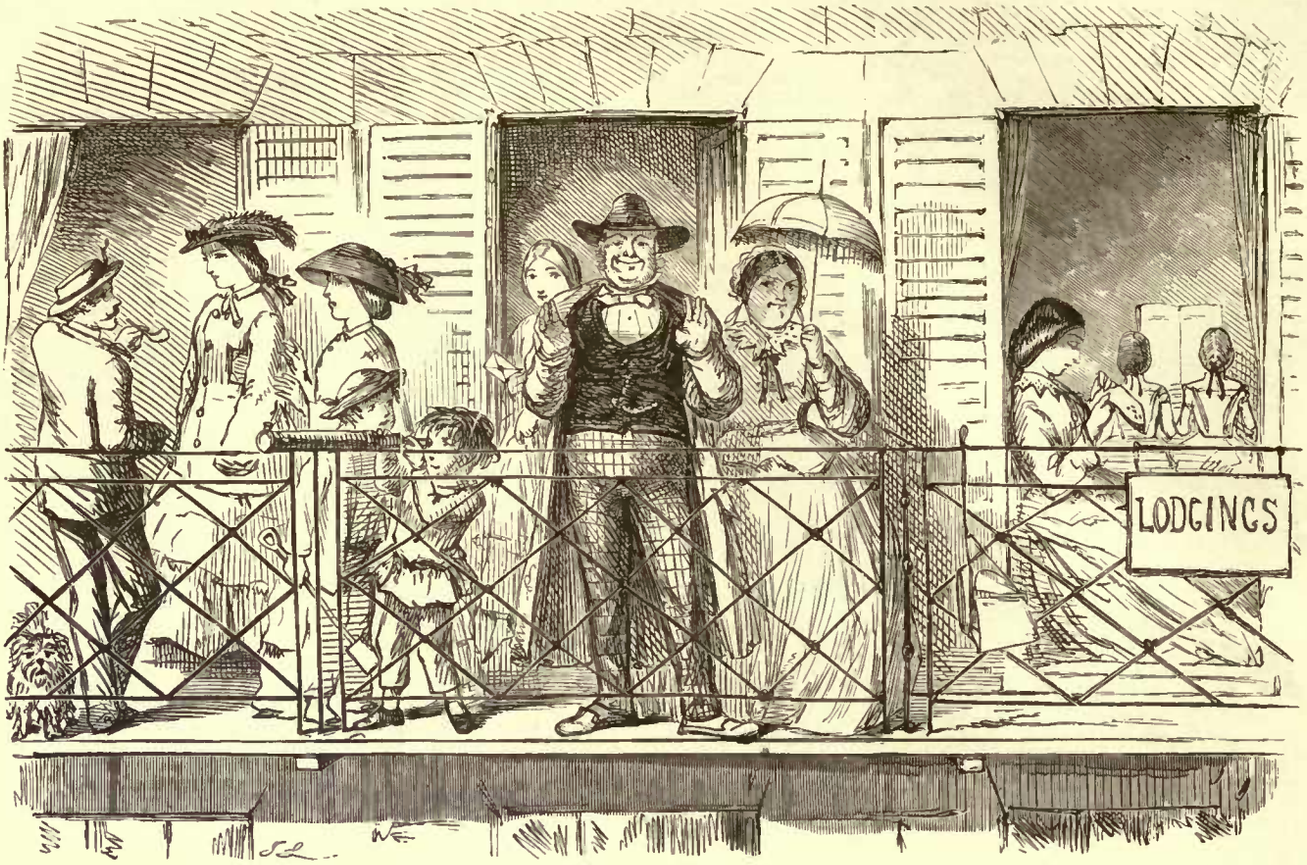
Frederick. "NOW, GIRLS, PULL AWAY—DON'T BE IDLE!"



A QUIET LOOK AT THE COUNTRY.

Frank. "THERE, CHARLEY! WE HAVE A GOOD MANY OF THOSE LITTLE DOUBLES HERE; BUT, BLESS YOU! OUR HORSES THINK NOTHING OF 'EM!"

Charley (who is not to be beaten). "HA, I SEE!—NICE CLEAN JUMPING! NOW, IN OUR COUNTRY THE FENCES ARE BIG AND CRAMPED!"



PATERFAMILIAS HAS HIS HOLIDAY AT THE SEA-SIDE— — — — — ☞

PLEASING DELUSION. IN RE THE ROUND HATS.

Female. "WELL! THERE CAN BE NO QUESTION ABOUT ONE THING!—THEY CERTAINLY DO MAKE YOU LOOK YOUNGER!"

THE ROUND HAT AGAIN.

Mrs. Popps. "WELL, WHAT I SAY IS, THEY ARE VERY BECOMING—AND UNCOMMON COMFORTABLE?"

— — WHILE A RESPECTABLE ELDERLY FEMALE TAKES CARE OF THE HOUSE IN TOWN.

OH! WHAT A HUMBUG!

Amelia. "MAMMA, DEAR! HERE'S A NOTE FROM DEAR WILLIAM, WITH A BOX FOR THE OPERA, I SHOULDN'T WONDER." *(Reads):—"My darling Amelia, Circumstances over which I have no control will take me as far as Greenwich. I have left my Latch-key—please to get it from the Waistcoat I took off, and send it by the Bearer to your ever-affectionate Kidums."*

A PEACE CONFERENCE.

Flora. "OH, I AM SO GLAD—DEAR HARRIET—THERE IS A CHANCE OF PEACE—I AM MAKING THESE SLIPPERS AGAINST DEAR ALFRED COMES BACK!"

Cousin Tom. "NAH, WELL!—I AIN'T QUITE SO ANXIOUS ABOUT PEACE—FOR, YOU SEE, SINCE THOSE SOLDIER CHAPS HAVE BEEN ABROAD, WE CIVILIANS HAVE HAD IT PRETTY MUCH OUR OWN WAY WITH THE GIRLS!"

A POSER.

Darling. "OH, MAMMA, DEAR! WHAT SPLENDID FLOWERS!"
Mamma. "YES, DEAR, PUT IT DOWN. THAT IS MY WREATH. I'M GOING TO THE OPERA!"
Darling. "OH! AND WHEN I GROW A BIG LADY, MAY I WEAR A WREATH, AND GO TO THE OPERA?"
Mamma. "WELL, DEAR, I HOPE SO!"
Darling. "WHAT, AND TAKE MY BEAUTIFUL VELVET AND GOLD CHURCH SERVICE UNCLE CHARLES GAVE ME?"

THE PICNIC.—OVERTAKEN BY THE TIDE.

AN OBJECT OF ATTRACTION.

EOWKER, WHO IS FOND OF NICE THINGS FOR BREAKFAST, AND SOMETIMES MARKETS FOR HIMSELF, BECOMES AN OBJECT OF INTEREST FROM HAVING LAID IN A FEW BLOATERS, AND HALF-A-POUND OF FRESH CAMBRIDGE SAUSAGES, FROM BOND STREET—AND WHICH SAUSAGES AND BLOATERS ARE IN HIS COAT-POCKET.

A STRONG-BACKED CAR. SCENE—IRELAND.

Tourist. "WELL, BUT MY GOOD FELLOW, YOU CAN'T CARRY US, AND ALL OUR LUGGAGE!"
Car Driver. "OGH, NIVER FEAR, YER 'ONOUR, SHURE I'D CARRY *TWICED* AS MUCH!"

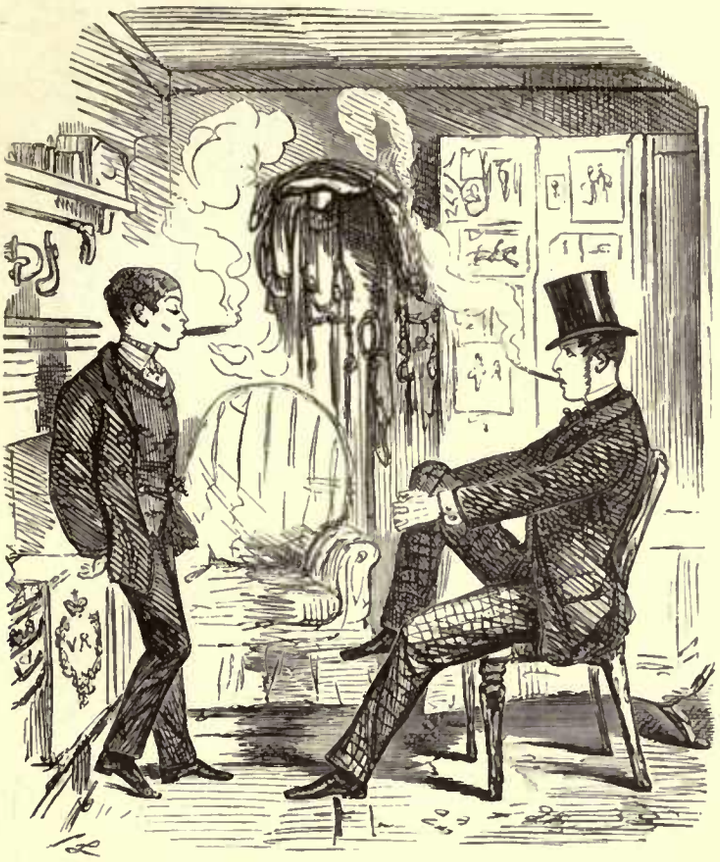
THE NEW PURCHASE.

Mr. Muff. "BUT—THEY SAID HE WAS WELL KNOWN IN THIS HUNT!"

Farmer. "OH, YES—AND SO HE IS VERY WELL KNOWN. HE'S BROKE MORE COLLAR BONES THAN ALL THE 'OSSES IN ENGLAND"

AQUATIC MANŒUVRES.

BY MUCH THE PLEASANTEST WAY OF SEA-BATHING IS TO TAKE A BOAT, AND HAVE A GOOD SWIM IN THE CLEAR BLUE WATER—AND ISN'T IT NICE SCRAMBLING INTO THE BOAT AGAIN! EH?



A PAINFUL SUBJECT.

Lieutenant Fopson (of the 121st, to his Elder Brother, who is home for the Holidays).—"A-SAY, OLD FELLAH!—DON'T YOU WISH YOU HAD LEFT SCHOOL?—IT MUST BE SUCH A HORRID BAW TO BE FLOGGED FOR SMOKING!"

THE NEW REGULATION MESS.

Swell Soldier. "WHAT, DINE OFF WOAST AND BOILED, JUST LIKE SNOBS—NO!—BY JOVE!—I SHALL CUT THE ARMY, AND GO INTO THE CHURCH!"

THE GREAT TOBACCO CONTROVERSY.

Clara (emphatically). "I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU SAY, FRANK—I SHALL ALWAYS THINK IT A *NASTY, ODIOUS, DIRTY, FILTHY, DISGUSTING,* AND *MOST OBJECTIONABLE* HABIT!"

Frank. "HAW!—NOW, I'M REALLY SURPRISED, CLARA, TO HEAR SUCH A CLEVER GIRL AS YOU ARE RUNNING DOWN SMOKING IN SUCH STRONG LANGUAGE—FOR IT'S ADMITTED, BY ALL SENSIBLE PEOPLE, YOU KNOW, THAT IT'S THE *ABUSE OF TOBACCO* THAT'S WRONG!"

[*Which little bit of sophistry completely vanquishes* CLARA.

AT PARIS.

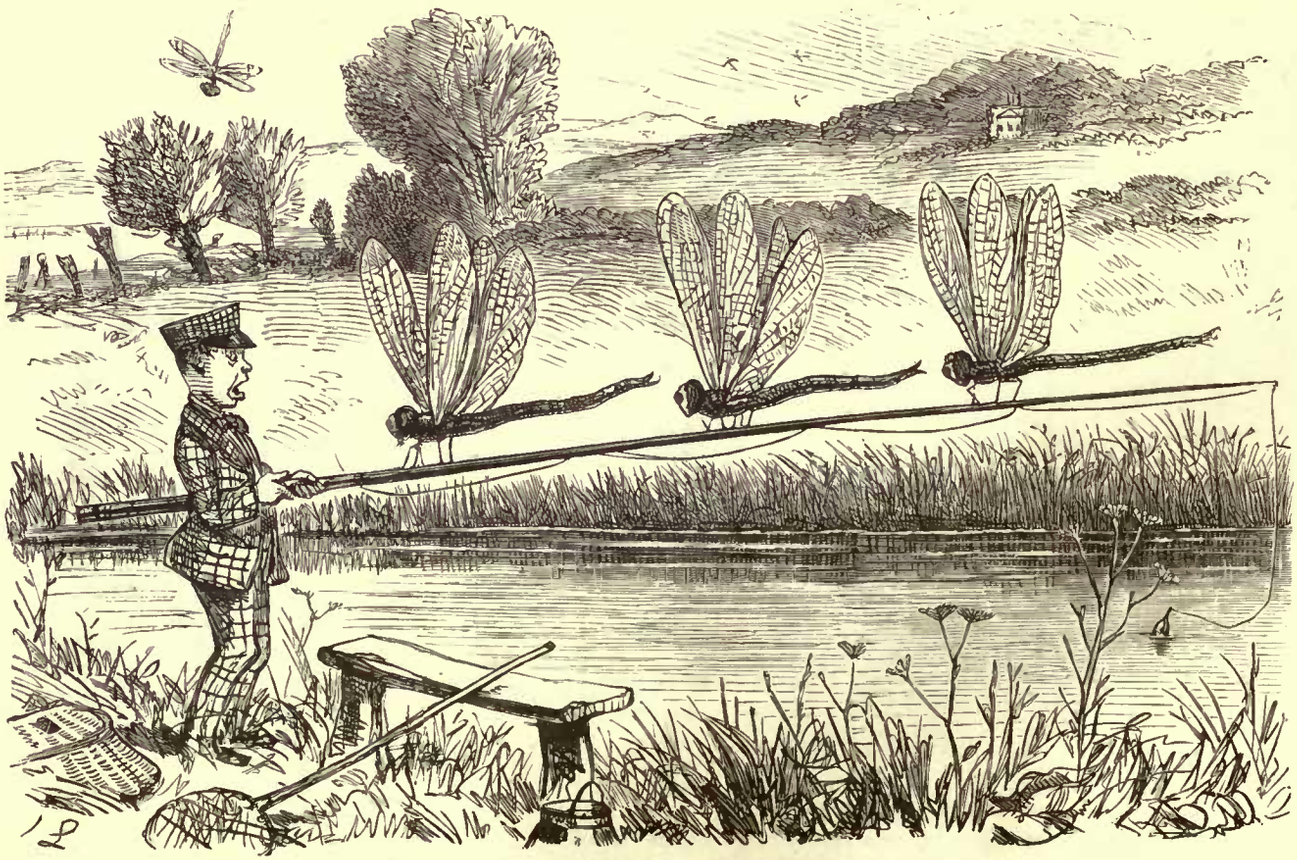
A SKETCH FROM THE BOULEVARD

A YOUTHFUL SAGE.

Studious Boy. "JOHNNY!—I ADVISE YOU NOT TO BE A GOOD BOY!"
Johnny. "WHY?"
Studious Boy. "BECAUSE IN BOOKS ALL GOOD BOYS DIE, YOU KNOW!"

ASTONISHING A YOUNG ONE.

Dick (to little Brother). "HAH! THIS IS ONE OF THE DISAGREEABLES IN BEING GROWN UP. WHY, BLESS YOU, IF I DIDN'T SHAVE TWICE A DAY THIS WARM WEATHER, I SHOULD NOT BE FIT TO BE SEEN!"

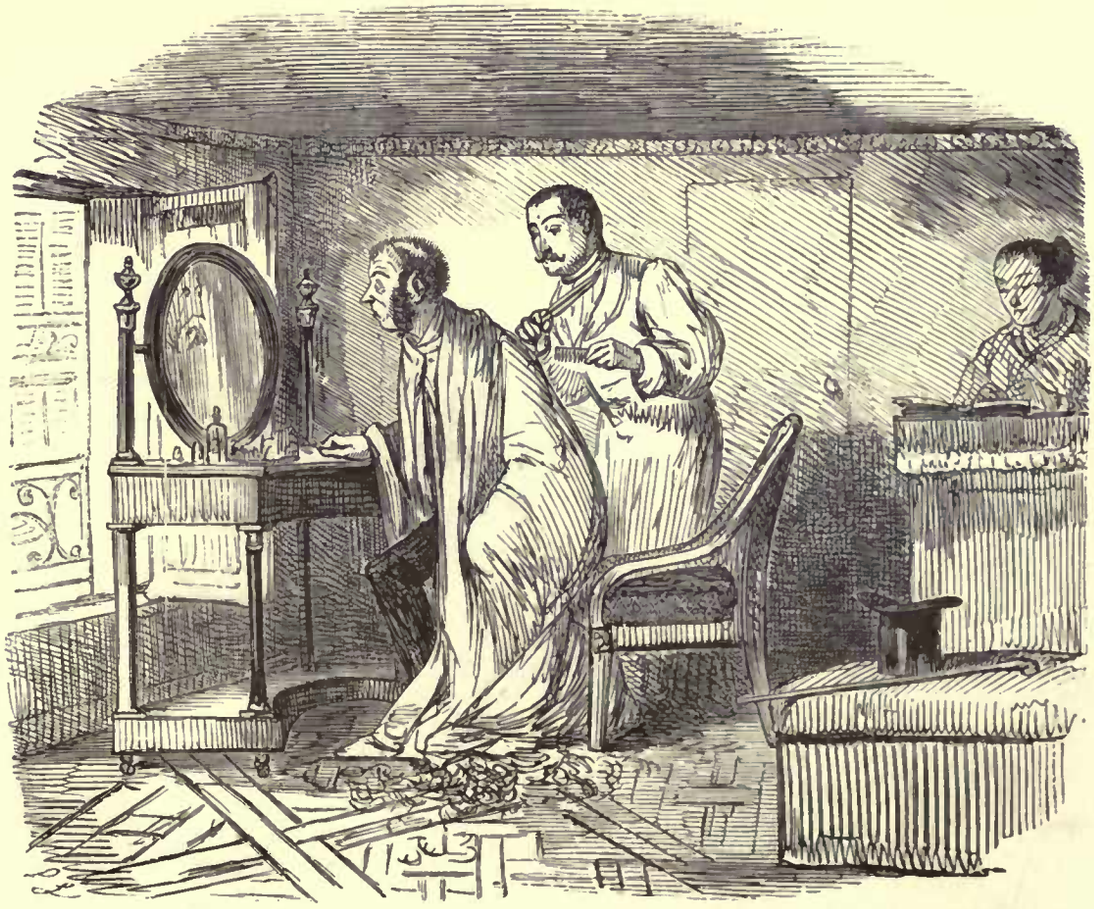


MONSTERS OF THE POOL.

MASTER GEORGE AND THE DRAGON-FLIES. AS THEY APPEARED TO HIS EXCITED IMAGINATION WHEN HE WAS OUT FISHING THE OTHER DAY.

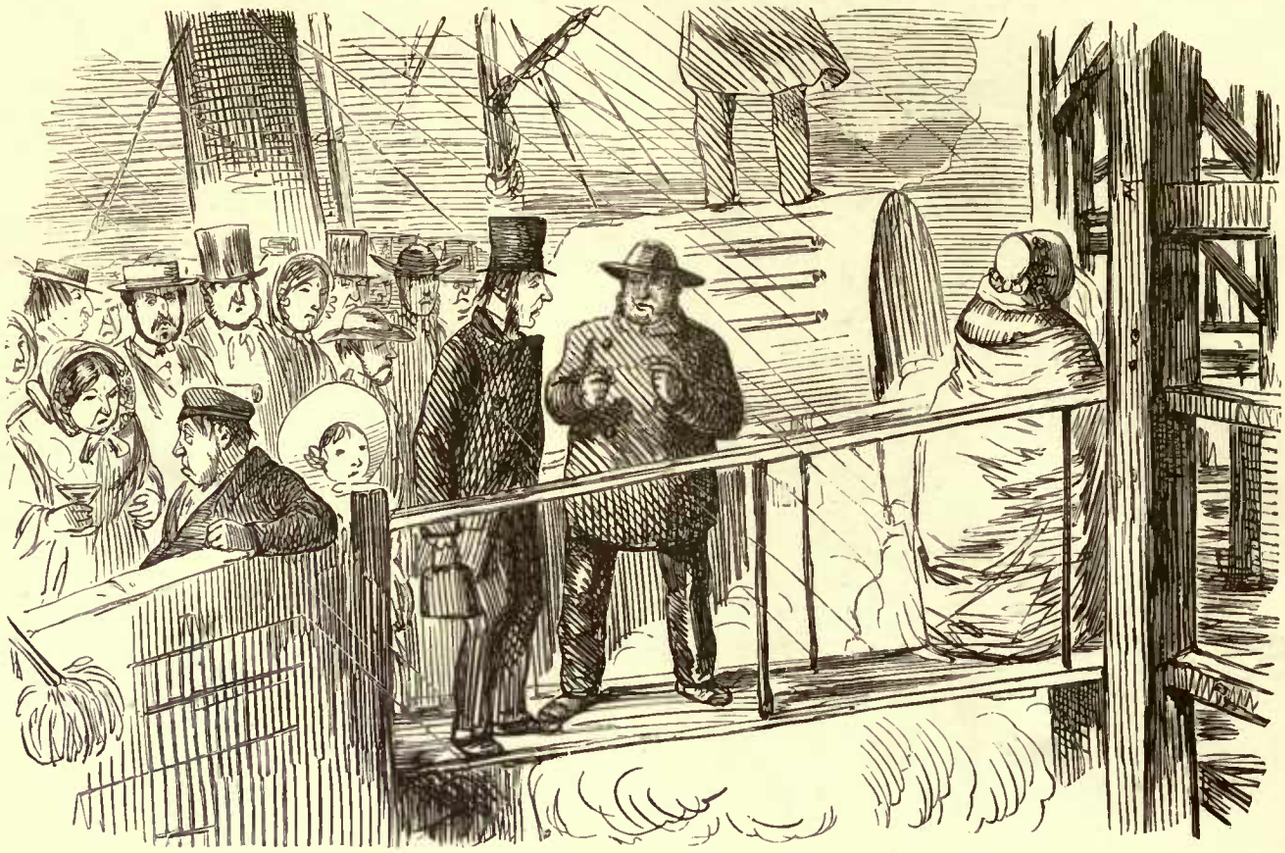
THE HUMOURS OF THE STREET.

Delightful Boy. "OH! LOOK 'ERE, JIM! HERE'S A SWELL—LET'S FRIGHTEN 'IS 'ORSE!"



CAUTION TO TRAVELLERS.

NEVER GO TO SLEEP WHILE YOU ARE HAVING YOUR HAIR CUT IN PARIS, OR IT MAY BE CUT IN THE FIRST STYLE OF FASHION!



EXCURSION BOAT, AFTER A RATHER BOISTEROUS PASSAGE, ARRIVES AT 2·30 P.M.

Ticket Collector (without any feeling). "TICKETS, SIR! THANKYE, SIR! BOAT RETURNS AT 8!"

ADVENTURES OF MR. TOM NODDY.—No. IV.

OUR FRIEND HAS A DAY WITH THE BROOKSIDE HARRIERS.—WITH HIS USUAL PRUDENCE HE GETS A HORSE ACCUSTOMED TO THE HILLS.

"TICKLED WITH A STRAW."

Advertising Medium. "COME, NOW, YOU LEAVE ORF! OR I'LL CALL THE PERLICE!"

IMPERTINENT CURIOSITY.

Military Man. "WELL! WHAT ARE YER A STARIN' AT?—AIN'T YER NEVER SEED A SOOGER BEFORE?"

IN CAMP.

Juvenile (à propos of Highlander in sentry-box). "OH! MY WIG, OHARLEY, WHAT A JOLLY JACK-IN-THE-GREEN HE'D MAKE!"

SANITAS.

"HEY, COLIN! DINNA YE KEN THE WATTER'S FOR DRINK, AND NAE FOR BATHIN'?"

THE QUADRILLE IN HOT WEATHER.

Stout Party (who suffers much from heat, and has in vain attempted to conceal himself). "OH, I BELIEVE WE ARE ENGAGED FOR THIS DANCE· I'VE BEEN—THAT IS—I'VE—EH?—I'VE BEEN LOOKINQ FOR YOU—A—A—EVERYWHERE—PHEW!"

OH YES, OF COURSE.

Lizzie. "OH, MR. POFFLES, I FIND I HAVE MADE A MISTAKE—I SEE I WAS ENGAGEO FOR THIS OANCE."

FEMININE AMENITIES.

Sensitive Party. "WHO IS THAT GIRL WITH THE NEZ RETROUSSÉ?"

Amiable Party (who has rather a prominent beak). "NEZ RETROUSSÉ! DO YOU MEAN THAT GIRL WITH THE PUQ NOSE?"

A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR MUGGINS.

"LARK! I SAY! WHAT'LL MY OLD MAN THINK WHEN HE SEE ME IN THIS 'ERE 'AT?"

HUSBAND-TAMING.

RESULT OF ALLOWING LADIES TO WITNESS RAREY'S HORSE-TAMING EXHIBITION.

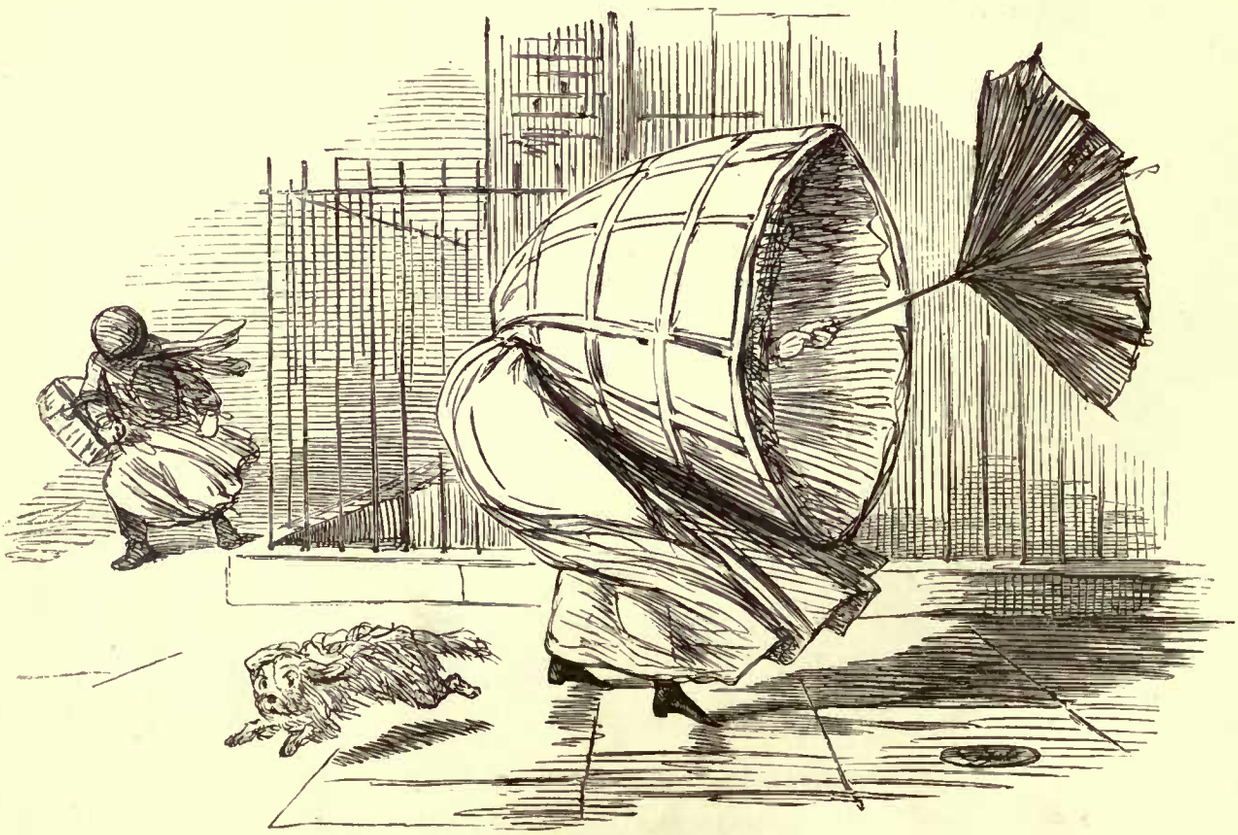
Mrs. Blanch. "I ASSURE YOU, MY LOVE, HE IS COMPLETELY UNDER MY CONTROL. HE NEVER TALKS NOW OF SUCH A THING AS GOING TO HIS CLUB OR DINING AT GREENWICH WITH HIS BACHELOR FRIENDS, AND HE WILL READ TO ME WHILE I WORK FOR THE HOUR TOGETHER."

Mrs. Catherine. "OH, I MUST CERTAINLY LEARN THE ART. FOR MY AUGUSTUS IS REALLY DREADFUL!"

THE LOVERS' QUARREL.

Frederick. "BUT I ASSURE YOU, DEAREST——"

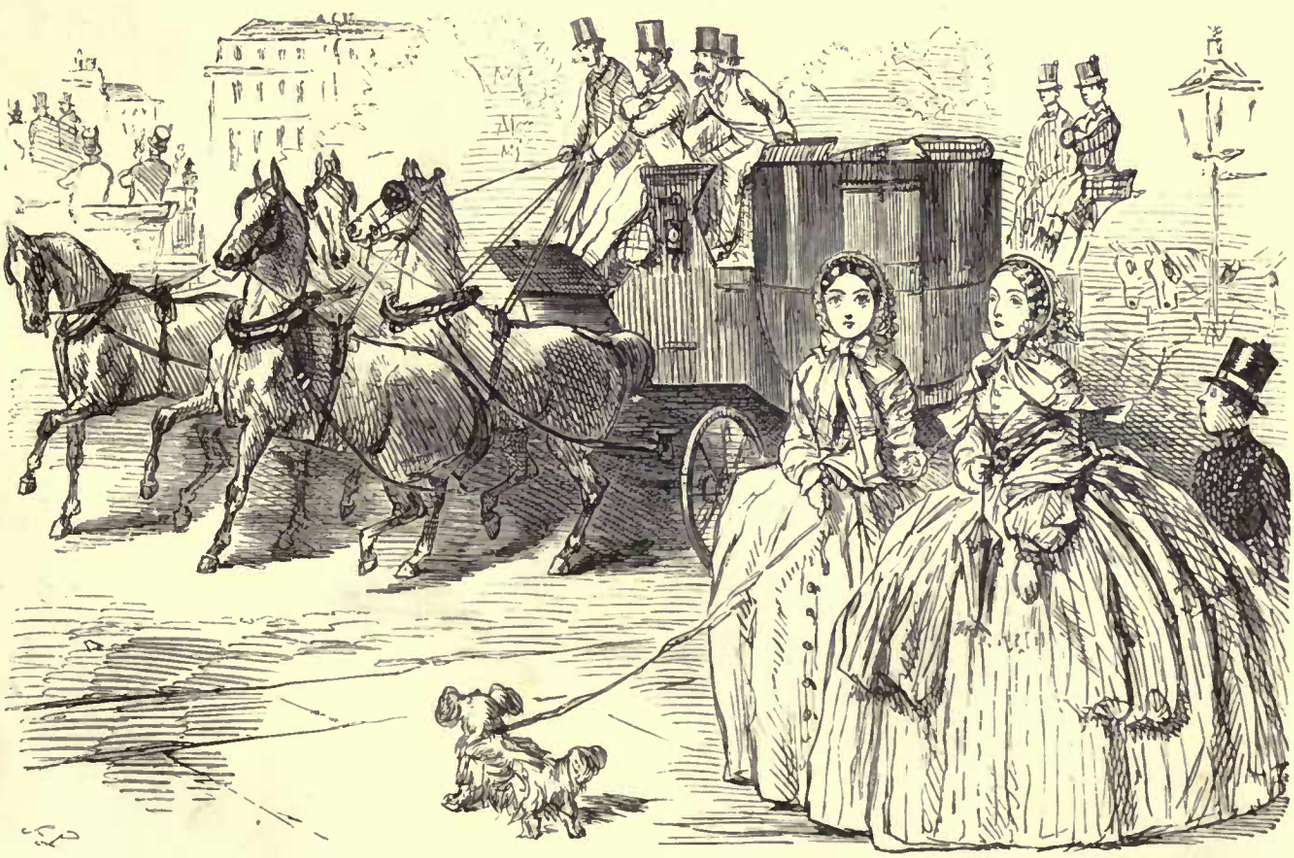
Emily. "OH, NONSENSE, FREDERICK!—DON'T TELL ME! I JUDGE BY DEEDS, NOT WORDS; AND I AM SURE YOU CANNOT REALLY LOVE ME, OR YOU NEVER WOULD HAVE GIVEN THAT HORRID MISS CLAPPERTON THE WING OF THE CHICKEN, AND ME THE LEG. BESIDES, YOU HANDED THE STRAWBERRIES FIRST TO FLORA GIGGLES, AND YOU KNOW HOW I HATE HER."



A SKETCH DURING THE RECENT GALE.

TERRIFIC ACCIDENT.

BURSTING OF OLD MRS. TWADDLE'S AQUA-VIVARIUM. THE OLD LADY MAY BE OBSERVED ENDEAVOURING TO PICK UP HER FAVOURITE EEL WITH THE TONGS, A WORK REQUIRING SOME ADDRESS.



THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

Lady Flora. "FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB, INDEED! FOR MY PART, I THINK YOUNG MEN OF FORTUNE MIGHT EMPLOY THEIR TIME MUCH BETTER THAN DRIVING HORSES TO GREENWICH! DON'T YOU, ALICE?" *Alice (with a tremendous sigh).* "OH, YES! DEAR!"

MR. PUNCH'S ADVICE TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

"IF YOU WANT A THING DONE, DO IT YOURSELF."—No. I.

FOR EXAMPLE:—BY GETTING UP AT DAY-BREAK, CLEANING OUT YOUR STABLE, AND TAKING THE HORSES OUT FOR EXERCISE, YOU WILL ACCOMPLISH YOUR OBJECT,

"IF YOU WANT A THING DONE, DO IT YOURSELF."—No. II.

AND——ENABLE THE GROOMS TO GET THEIR BREAKFAST COMFORTABLY, AND SO KEEP THEM IN GOOD HUMOUR FOR THE REST OF THE DAY.

"IF YOU WANT A THING DONE, DO IT YOURSELF."—No. III.

HAVING THOROUGHLY DRESSED AND FED THE HORSES, YOU HAD BETTER SET TO WORK UPON THE BOOTS OF THE ESTABLISHMENT. THE KNIVES, AS YOU HAVE A MACHINE, YOU MAY AS WELL DO. AND, WHILE YOUR HANDS ARE SOILED, YOU HAD BETTER HELP ALPHONSO TO CARRY UP SOME COALS.

"IF YOU WANT A THING DONE, DO IT YOURSELF."—No. IV.

THERE CAN BE NO REASON WHY THE GIRLS SHOULDN'T DRESS THEMSELVES, THAT PARKER THE MAID MAY GO TO HER DANCING.

"IF YOU WANT A THING DONE, DO IT YOURSELF."—No. V.

AS FOR JOHN THOMAS, THE BEST PLAN, OF COURSE, IS TO WAIT UPON *HIM*, AND THEN, PERHAPS (ALTHOUGH IT BY NO MEANS FOLLOWS), HE MAY BE SATISFIED!

[As most Domestics are fond of the Organ-grinders, you had better engage one of an evening for their amusement.

MR. PUNCH'S ADVICE TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

"IF YOU WANT A THING DONE, DO IT YOURSELF."—No. VI.

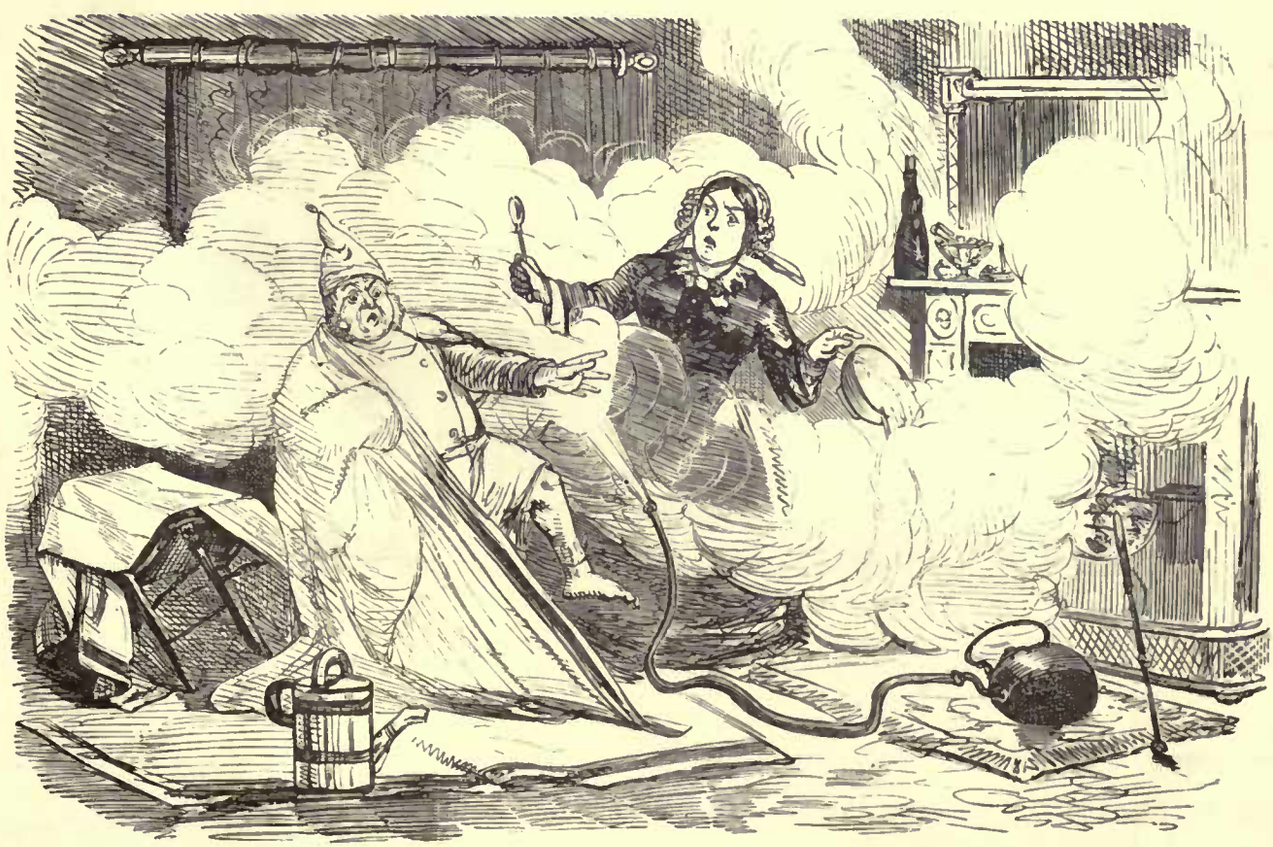
IT IS CERTAINLY BETTER TO MIND THE BROUGHAM YOURSELF, ESPECIALLY IN FOGGY WEATHER, AS, IN CONSEQUENCE OF ROBERT'S UNFORTUNATE PROPENSITY, YOUR FAMILY ARE ALWAYS MORE OR LESS IN DANGER WHEN RETURNING FROM THE THEATRE.

"IF YOU WANT A THING DONE, DO IT YOURSELF."—No. VII.

NEVER DISTURB THE MAIDS IN THE MORNING, BUT JUMP OUT OF BED THE MOMENT YOU HEAR THE SWEEP, AND LET HIM IN; IT ISN'T MUCH TROUBLE, AND SAVES A WORLD OF GRUMBLING.

DOMESTIC DOCTORING.

FOR A COLD IN THE HEAD THERE IS NOTHING LIKE A STEAM BATH, AND THIS CAN BE HAD IN YOUR OWN BEDROOM WITH THE GREATEST EASE—YOU HAVE ONLY TO——



TAKE CARE THAT YOU MANAGE THE APPARATUS PROPERLY.

"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS, 'TIS FOLLY TO BE WISE!"

(*New Version.*)

"I SAY, JIM, VOT'S A PANIC?"
"BLOW'D IF I KNOW; BUT THERE'S VON TO BE SEEN IN THE CITY."

A PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH.

Puseyite Parson. "WHAT! WANT TO LEAVE YOUR SITUATION! WHY, I THOUGHT YOU WERE PERFECTLY SATISFIED!"

Cook. "WELL, SIR, THE FACT IS, I AIN'T EQUAL TO THEM FAST DAYS; FOR WHAT WITH A HEGG HERE, AND A HEGG THERE, AND LITTLE BITS O' FISH FOR BREAKFASTES, AND LITTLE BITS O' FISH FOR OINNERS, AND THE SWEET OMELICKS, AND THE FRIED AND THE STEWED HOYSTERS, AND THE BASHAWED LOBSTERSES, AND ONE THINK AND THE HOTHER, THERE'S SO MUCH COOKING, THAT I AIN'T EVEN TIME TO MAKE UP A CAP!"

CATCHING A TARTAR.

Irritable Old Gentleman (giving Conductor a tremendous poke in the ribs). "HOLLO, THERE! STOP! WHAT THE D * * * * CONFOUND YOU, DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO STOP AT ACACIA VILLA?"

Extremely Civil Conductor. "DEAR ME, SO YOU DID, SIR—BEG YOUR PARDON, I'M SURE, SIR, BUT I REALLY QUITE FORGOT IT."

Irritable Old Gentleman. "D-D-DON'T BEG MY PARDON, YOU IMPUDENT SCOUNDREL! —IF YOU GIVE ME ANY OF YOUR BAD LANGUAGE, I'LL HAVE YOU UP AS SURE AS YOU'RE BORN."

TOUCHING.

Groom (to Old Coachman). "WHY, GUV'NR, WHAT HEVER'S THE MATTER?"

Old Coachman (sobbing). "AH, WILLIAM! MOST AFFECTIN' SIGHT! I'VE JUST SEEN THE FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB GOING DOWN TO GREENWICH! TEN ON 'EM! BEAUTIFUL TEAMS! AND DRIVEN BY REG'LAR TIP-TOP SWELLS! IT'S BIN A'MOST TOO MUCH FOR ME!" *[Is relieved by tears.*

FLUNKEIANA.

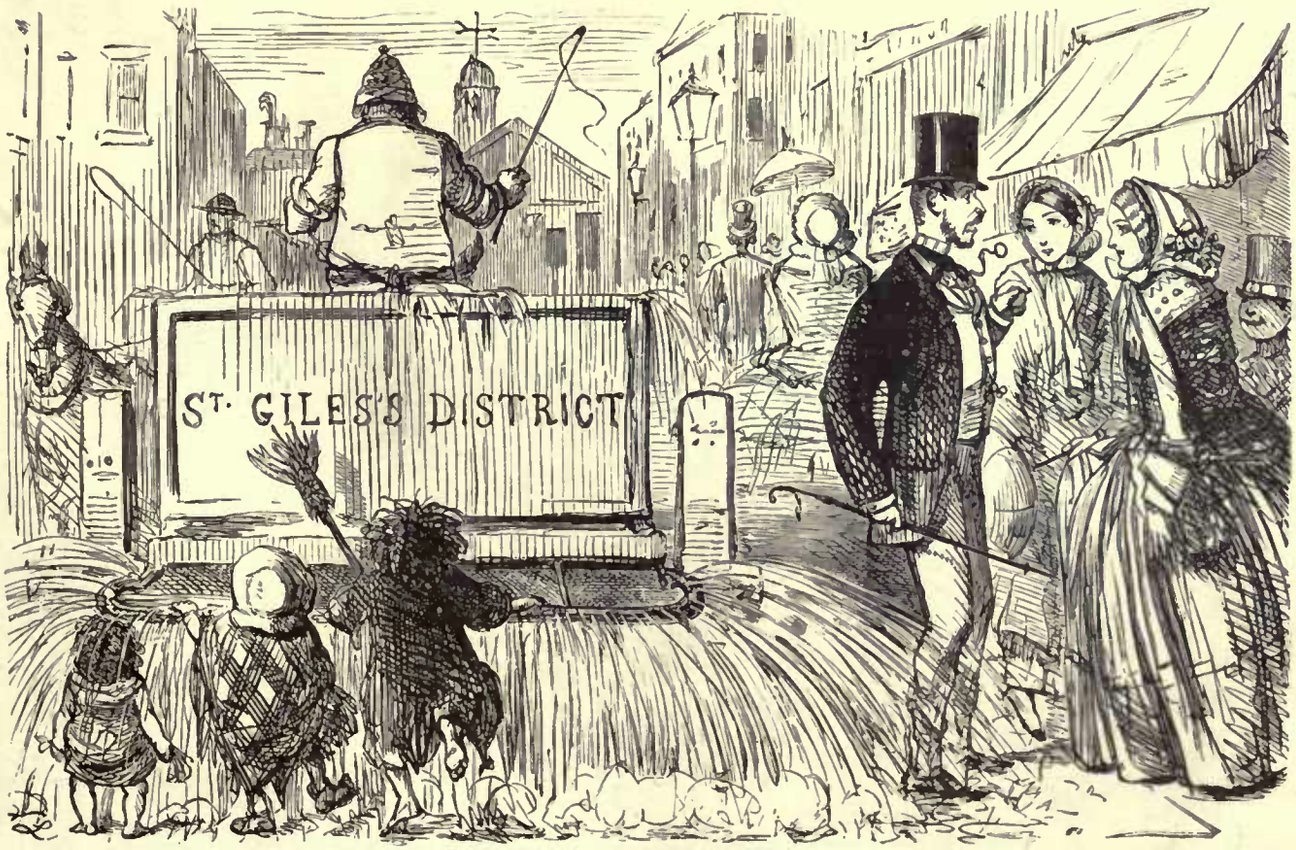
John Thomas. "YES, I MUST LEAVE. YOU SEE, MARY, MY DEAR—THERE'S TOO MUCH RED IN THE LIVERY, AND THAT DON'T SUIT MY COMPLEXION—NEVER DID!"

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

"THIS IS ABOUT THE MARK, I THINK."

IMITATION IS THE SINCEREST FLATTERY.

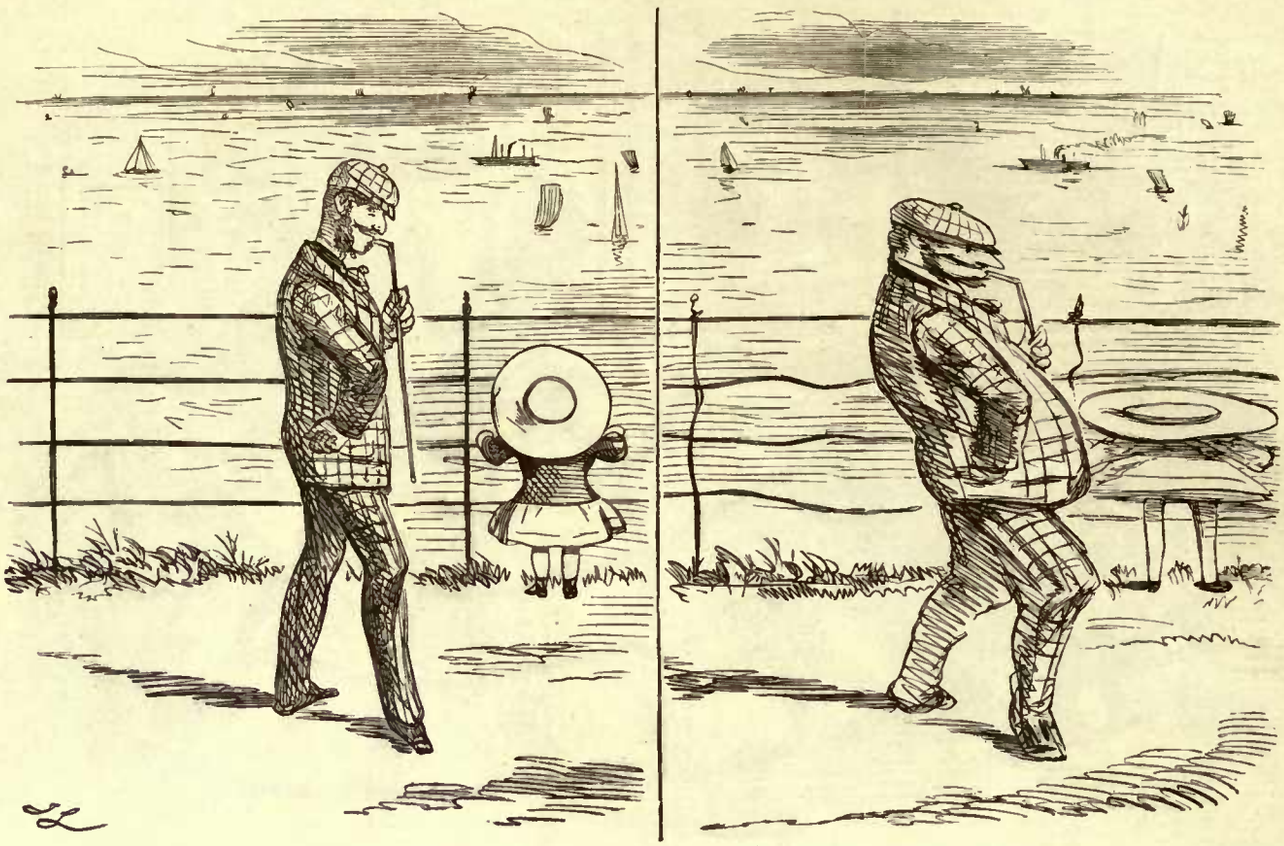
Sarah Jane to Betsy Ann. "OH, YES! IF IT COMES TO THAT, YOU KNOW, PEOPLE CAN STICK OUT AS MUCH AS OTHER PEOPLE—I ALWAYS WEARS ONE O' MOTHER'S OLD CLOTHES-BASKETS."



MALAPROPOS.

Swell (loq.). "IN FACT, I'M QUITE USED UP—AND IF I DON'T VERY SOON GET TO SOME WATERING PLACE, I SHALL BE A—A—"

[Cartman pulls string—Grand display of the whole system of Fountains.



"AN ART THAT DOTH DISFIGURE NATURE."

MR. BELVILLE DE COURCY WALKS ON THE ESPLANADE, UNDER THE IDEA THAT HE IS CREATING NO END OF SENSATION IN A CERTAIN DRAWING-ROOM.

ALAS! HE LITTLE KNOWS, THAT OWING TO THE VERY INFERIOR QUALITY OF THE GLASS IN THAT DRAWING-ROOM WINDOW, HIS SPLENDID FIGURE IS DISTORTED AS ABOVE.

ON THE JETTY.

YES, MY DEARS; I KNOW THE SEA-BREEZE AFTER BATHING IS BENEFICIAL TO THE BACK HAIR;—BUT CONSIDER THE HEART OF YOUR TOO SUSCEPTIBLE PUNCH!

A WATER ABSTAINER.

Disgusting Boy. "I SAY, CLARA!—I'M SO JOLLY GLAD, I AM. DO YOU KNOW, ALL THE PIPES ARE FROZE, AND WE SHAN'T BE ABLE TO HAVE ANY OF THAT NORRID WASHING THESE COLD MORNINGS!—AIN'T IT PRIME!" [*Sensation.*

A MORAL LESSON FROM THE NURSERY.

Arthur. "DO YOU KNOW, FREDDY, THAT WE ARE ONLY MADE OF DUST!"

Freddy. "ARE WE? THEN I'M SURE WE OUGHT TO BE VERY CAREFUL HOW WE PITCH INTO EACH OTHER SO, FOR FEAR WE MIGHT CRUMBLE EACH OTHER ALL TO PIECES!"

THE DISAPPOINTED ONE.

Lover. "WHAT A BORE, JUST AS I WAS GOING TO POP THE QUESTION TO JENNY JONES, HERE'S MY NURSE COME FOR ME!"

BROTHERS IN ARMS.

ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

NOBBS HAVING COME WITH HIS FAMILY TO THE SEA-SIDE FOR A LITTLE CHANGE OF SCENE, COMPLAINS THAT THEY HAVE BEEN TERRIBLY BITTEN BY—(BUT NO, WE WILL NOT MENTION THE HORRID CREATURES)—AND IS ADDRESSED THUS BY THE LODGING-HOUSE KEEPER: "THEN HALL I CAN SAY, SIR, HIS—THAT IF YOU'VE BEEN HILL-CONWENIENCED BY 'EM, YOU MUST 'A BROUGHT 'EM DOWN WITH YOU IN YOUR PORTMANTEL!"

A BIT OF A BREEZE

MR. WIGGINS HAS A FINE OPPORTUNITY OF DISPLAYING HIS POLITENESS AND ACTIVITY

HORRIBLE QUESTION AFTER A GREENWICH DINNER.

Foot-Boy. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, COOK TOLD ME TO ASK YOU WHAT FISH YOU'D LIKE TO-DAY?"

AWKWARD PREDICAMENT.

Young Sparrow. "OH, I'M SORRY TO TROUBLE YOU, UNCLE—BUT COULD YOU LEND ME A RAZOR? MY CONFOUNDED FELLOW HASN'T PACKED UP MY DRESSING-CASE!"

ALARMING PROPOSITION.

Oyster-Man (to Hairy Gents). "OYSTERS, SIR! YES, SIR! SHALL I TAKE YER BEARDS OFF?"

[*Gents have an uncomfortable idea that they are being chaffed.*

EPIGRAMMATIC.

Gentleman. "LET'S HAVE A BOILED MACKEREL."

Waiter. "BILED, SIR! BETTER HAVE 'EM BRILED, SIR IF THEY'RE BILED, THEY'RE SPILED, SIR!"

A SKETCH AT A RAILWAY STATION.

Respectable Citizen (reads Placard). "'The Public are cautioned against Card-Sharpers, Gamblers, and Pickpockets.' * * * WHY, I THOUGHT SUCH PEOPLE WAS ALL DONE AWAY WITH. DIDN'T YOU, MO?"

HI ART.

Parent. "I SHOULD LIKE YOU TO BE VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT HIS HAIR."

Photographic Artist (1). "OH, MUM, THE 'AIR IS HEASY ENOUGH! IT'S THE HI'S WHERE WE FIND THE DIFFICULTY."

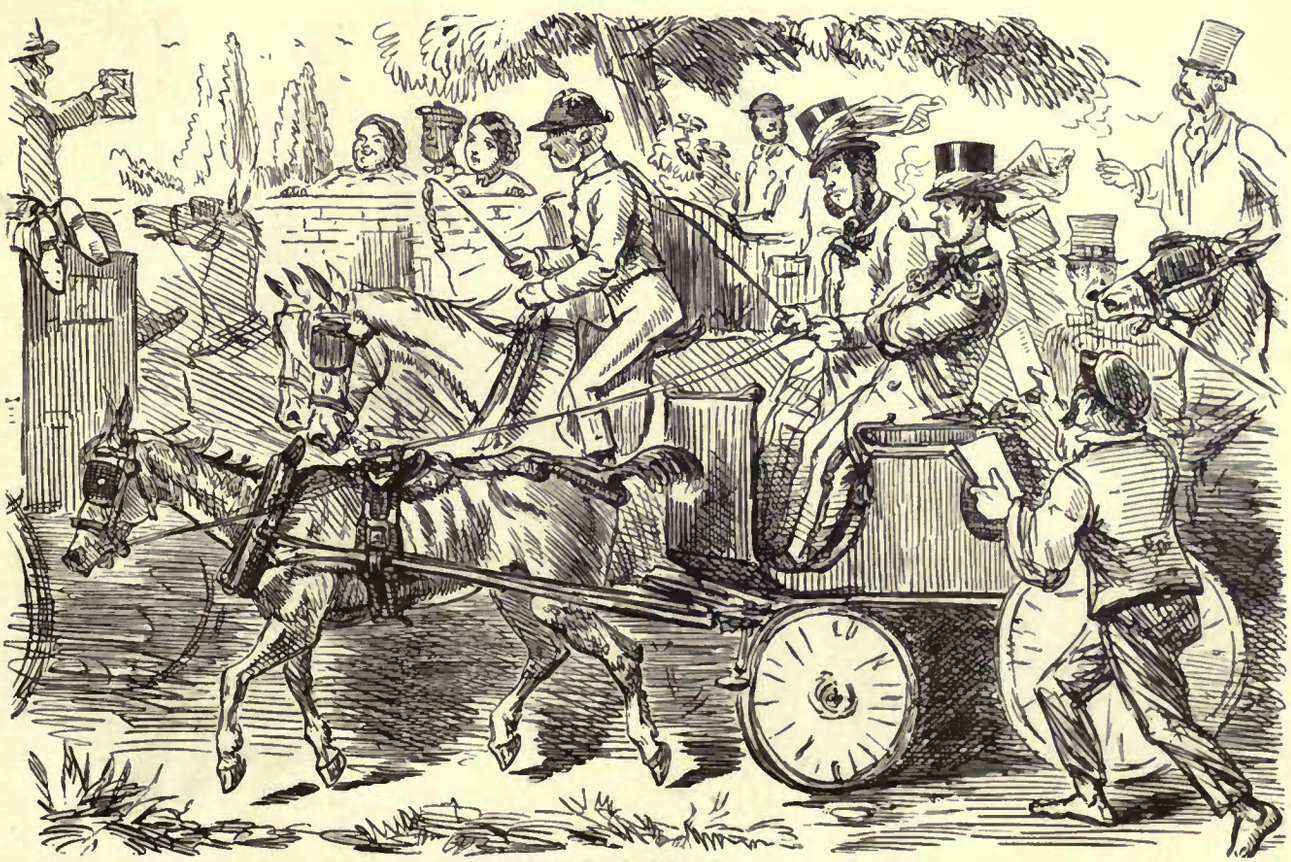
OUR LAZY CONTRIBUTOR.

"THE VERY IDEA OF WORK THIS BEAUTIFUL WEATHER IS REPUGNANT TO MY FEELINGS."

*[Extract from our Young Friend * * *'a Letter.*

GOING OUT OF TOWN.

Mary. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, MISSUS SAY YOU MUST FIND ROOM FOR THIS IN YOUR PORTMANTEL."

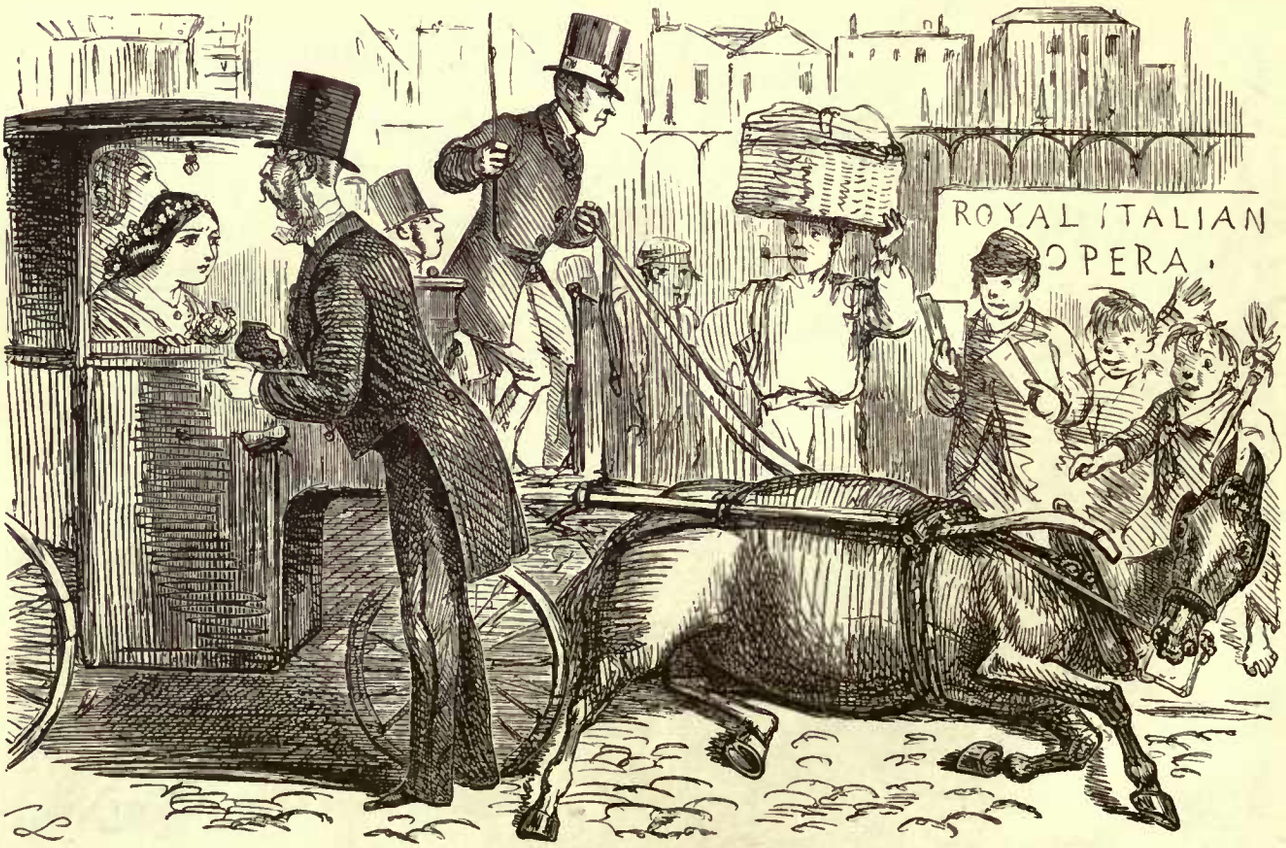


THE ROAD.

Gent (with much pride). "THERE'S ONE THING, 'ARRY, AS ALWAYS STRIKES ME A GOING DOWN TO THE DARBY, AND THAT IS HOW THE NUMBER OF SPLENDID EQUIPAGES MUST ASTONISH THE FOREIGNER!"

SERIOUS THING FOR BROWN,

WHO RATHER PRIDES HIMSELF UPON THE ELEGANT MANNER IN WHICH HE TAKES OFF HIS HAT. THIS TIME, HOWEVER, ALTHOUGH THE HAT IS REMOVED, THE LINING STICKS.



BEAUTY IN DISTRESS.

Gallant Swell (who of course comes to the rescue). "HAW! CAN I BE OF ANY SERVICE?"

Beauty. "OH, YES! IF YOU WOULD SIT UPON THE HORSE'S HEAD, I SHOULD BE *SO* MUCH OBLIGED."

COMMON OBJECTS AT THE SEA-SIDE—GENERALLY FOUND UPON THE ROCKS AT LOW WATER.

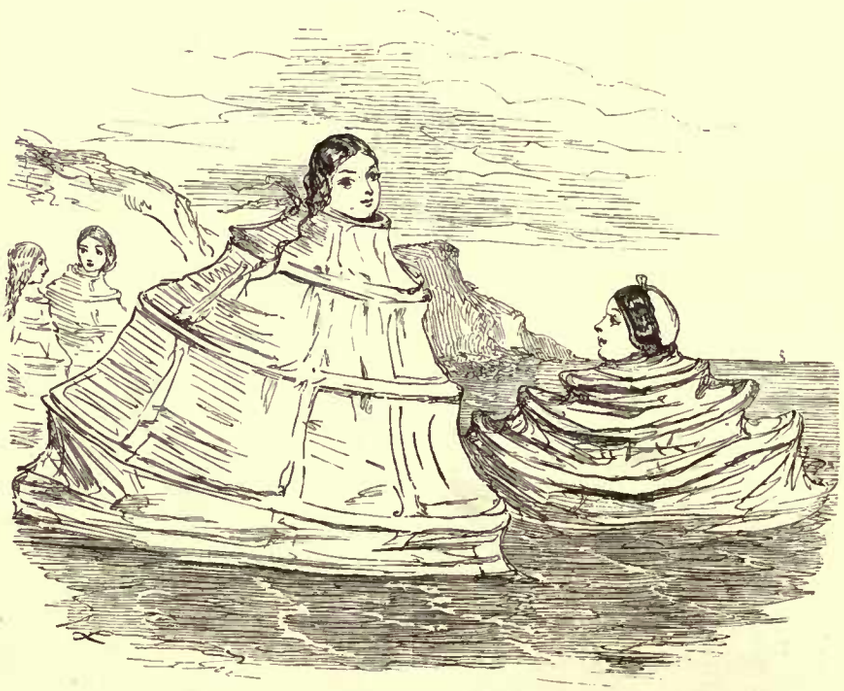
THE ARTISTIC (!) STUDIO.

A Stereoscopic Scene from Fashionable Life.

"*Love, Pride, Revenge.*"—THE GROUP REPRESENTS A YOUNG MINSTREL OF HUMBLE ORIGIN, DECLARING HIS PASSION TO A LADY OF NOBLE PARENTAGE. HER HAUGHTY BROTHER, AS MAY BE SEEN FROM HIS MENACING ATTITUDE, IS ABOUT TO AVENGE THE INSULT OFFERED TO HIS FAMILY!

A TRYING THING FOR TOOTLES,

WHO SEES THE OBJECT OF HIS ADMIRATION FLY OVER A HOG-BACKED STILE, HE HAVING THE GREATEST AVERSION TO TIMBER



CRINOLINE FOR EVER!—NO BATHING-MACHINE REQUIRED.

A HINT FOR THE SEA-SIDE.

NAUTICAL STYLE.

ALWAYS BE POLITE WHEN TRAVELLING.

Affable Young Gent (who is never distant to Strangers). "WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE *Bell's Life*, SIR? THERE'S AN OUT-AND-OUT STUNNING MILL BETWEEN CONKEY JIM AND THE PORKY ONE!"

A YOUNG SPORTSMAN

Lucy. "WELL, REGINALD, AND WHEN DO YOU GO BACK TO SCHOOL?"

Reginald. "OH! THE DAY AFTER TO-MORROW!—AND AIN'T IT A BORE, JUST AS ONE'S HUNTERS ARE IN SUCH SPLENDID CONDITION?"

QUITE A CHEAP TRIP.

DURING SOME OF THE WINTER MONTHS, WITH A NICE BRACING NORTH-EAST WIND BLOWING, YOU MAY GO TO MANCHESTER AND BACK FOR 5s.—AN OPPORTUNITY NOT TO BE LOST—OH DEAR, NO!

'ARRY AND 'ARRIET.

MALICIOUS.

Flora. "CAN YOU STILL SEE THE STEAMER, LUCY, DEAR?"

Lucy. "OH, YES, QUITE PLAINLY!"

Flora. "AND DEAR, DEAR WILLIAM, TOO?" *Lucy.* "OH, YES!"

Flora. "DOES HE SEEM UNHAPPY, NOW HE IS AWAY FROM ME?"

Lucy. "EVIDENTLY, I SHOULD SAY, DEAR; FOR HE IS SMOKING A CIGAR, AND DRINKING SOMETHING OUT OF A TUMBLER TO CHEER HIM, POOR FELLOW!"

DISGUSTING FOR AUGUSTUS.

Augustus (who was rapidly coming to the point). "THEN, EMILY! OH, MAY I CALL YOU EMILY?—SWEETEST!—BEST!—SAY THAT YOU WILL NOT GO—WITHOUT——"

Fish-woman (cuts in). "ANY FEESH TO-DAY, MARM?—ANY MACKEREEL, SOLES, OR WHITING?"

QUITE A SEDUCTIVE SON OF MARS.

Lady. "AND SO, CAPTAIN—THEY SAY YOU ARE GOING TO TURN BENEDICK?"

Adonis. "WHY, YA-AS—AW—I DIDN'T WISH TO—BUT—AW—IN FACT, LADY MARY'S ATTENTIONS BECAME SO MARKED—THAT—AW—THE THING AW—WAS INEVITABLE—AW."

PLEASURES OF TRAVEL.

Chambermaid. "VERY SORRY, BUT YOUR LUGGAGE HAS GONE ON TO LONDON, SIR."

CRINOLINE ON THE WATER.

Waterman. "YOU'VE NO CALL TO BE AFEARD, MISS; WE'RE LICENSED TO CARRY SIX!"

GOING TO CHURCH—SCARBOROUGH.

A DAY VERY LATE IN THE SEASON.—SAY, THE FIRST OF APRIL.

THE O.P.Q. HOUNDS HAVE A RATTLING HOUR AND TEN MINUTES AFTER A GOOD STOUT BUTTERFLY, OVER A SPLENDID PRIMROSE AND VIOLET COUNTRY.—— *Huntsman (loq).* "SHALL I GIVE THE WINGS TO THE LADY, SIR?"

SENSIBLE RIDING COSTUME FOR WARM WEATHER.

IT MUST BE ALL RIGHT!

Mamma. "I WONDER WHERE THAT CHILD, ARTHUR, IS—HE IS VERY QUIET. I HOPE HE IS NOT IN MISCHIEF."

Child. "OH, NO, MAMMA, DEAR! HE'S NOT IN MISCHIEF, FOR HE IS IN THE LIBRARY, PLAYING WITH THE PENS AND INK."

AN ASTONISHING REQUEST.

Fast Young Lady (to Old Gent). "HAVE YOU SUCH A THING AS A LUCIFER ABOUT YOU, FOR I'VE LEFT MY CIGAR-LIGHTS AT HOME!"

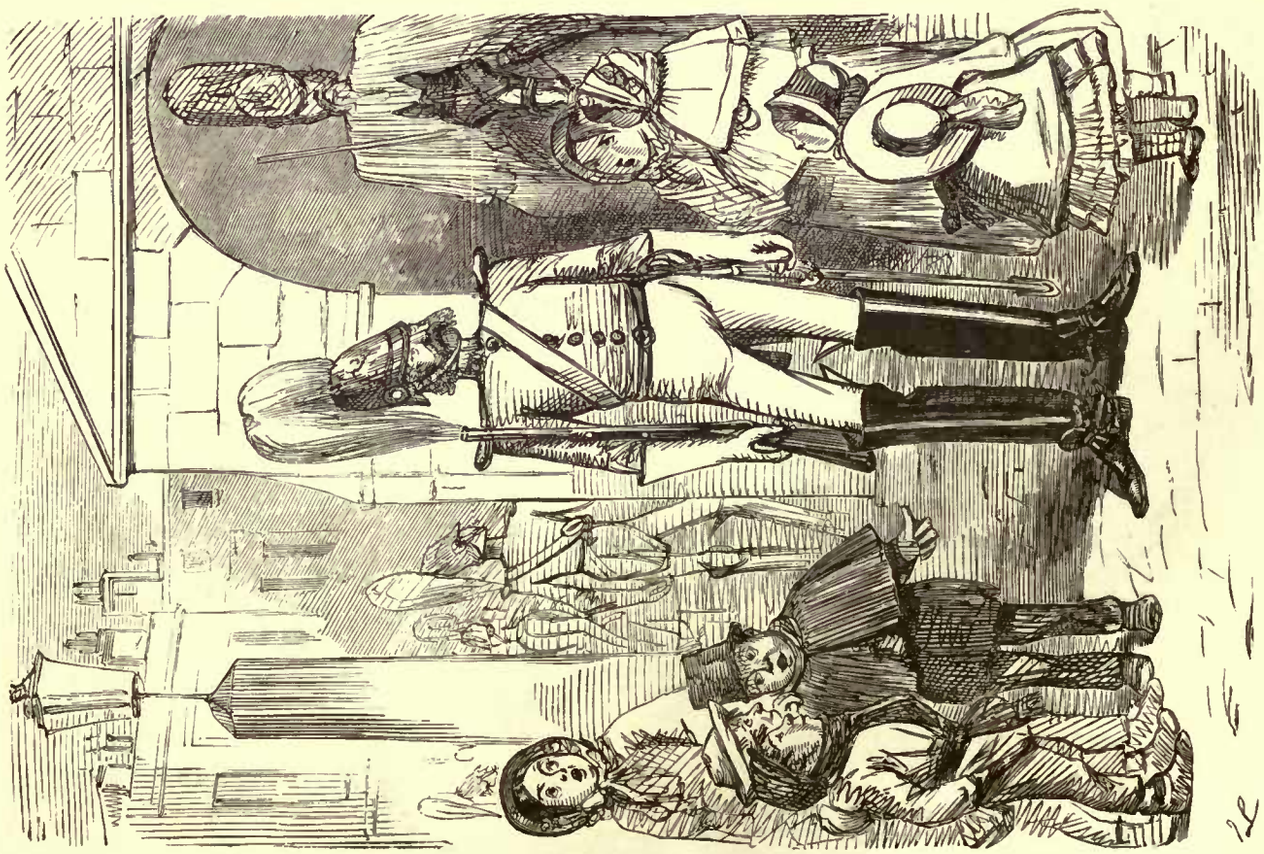
THE UNEXPECTED ALWAYS HAPPENS.

DISMAY OF TOOTLES AT HEARING A STRANGER COMMENCE "THE STANDARD BEARER"—A SONG WHICH HE (TOOTLES) HAS BEEN PRACTISING FOR MONTHS, WITH THE VIEW OF CREATING A SENSATION AT MRS. BLOWER'S MUSICAL EVENING.—UNFORTUNATELY, TOO, FOR TOOTLES, "THE STANDARD BEARER" IS HIS ONLY SONG!

A MASTER OF THE ART.

BATTLE OF THE HYDE PARK.

GALLANT AND DARING ACT OF PRIVATE LOBBS (OF THE CRUSHERS), WHO, BY HIMSELF, STORMED AN OLD TREE, AND VERY NEARLY CAPTURED THREE SMALL BOYS.



THE LAST ALTERATION.

Small Boy. "OH, AIN'T IT A SHAME! THEY'RE A-GOING TO TAKE OFF THEM POOR COVES' BOOTS AND COATS, AND PUT 'EM ON FROCKS AND TROWSERS."

BLIND WITH RAGE.

Huntsman (riding furiously over a fence to a Scarecrow). "* * * * * * *—YOU GREAT FOOL, WHAT THE DEUCE DO YOU STAND POINTING THERE FOR?—WHY DON'T YOU HOLLER OUT WHICH WAY THE FOX BE GONE? BLOWED IF I DON'T CUT YOU INTO BITS!"

A NOTION OF PLEASURE.

Boy. "OH, COME HERE, TOMMY!—HERE'S SUCH A LOT O' GRAINS BIN SHOT DOWN HERE! LET'S TURN 'EAD OVER 'EELS IN 'EM!"

PRECOCITY.

Youth. "HERE'S A NUISANCE, NOW! BLOWED IF I AIN'T LEFT MY CIGAR-CASE ON MY DRESSING-ROOM TABLE, AND THAT YOUNG BROTHER OF MINE WILL HAVE ALL MY BEST REGALIAS!"

PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

Grandmamma. "WELL, CHARLEY, AND WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN LEARNING TO-DAY?"

Charley. "PNEUMATICS, GRAN'MA!—AND I CAN TELL YOU SUCH A DODGE!—IF I WAS TO PUT YOU UNDER A GLASS RECEIVER, AND EXHAUST THE AIR, ALL YOUR WRINKLES WOULD COME OUT AS SMOOTH AS GRANDPAPA'S HEAD!"

AN INDISCRETION.

Fascinating Gent (to precocious Little Girl). "YOU ARE A VERY NICE LITTLE GIRL; YOU SHALL BE MY WIFEY WHEN YOU GROW UP!"——

Little Girl. "NO, THANK YOU; I DON'T WANT TO HAVE A HUSBAND; BUT AUNT BESSY DOES· I HEARD HER SAY SO!" *[Sensation on the part of Aunt Bessy.*

ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

Schoolboy (to Farmer who has come out to protect his fields). "NOW THEN, OLD TURNIP-TOPS! *WARE WHEAT!*"

THE COURSE OF TRUE, &c., NEVER OIO, &c.

HERE'S POOR YOUNG WIGGLES ANXIOUS TO MEET THE BEING HE ADORES, BUT CANNOT DO SO, BECAUSE THE NEWLY-PITCHED BOAT UPON WHICH HE HAS BEEN SITTING, HAS CAUGHT HIM ALIVE, O!

THE EXPANSE OF FASHION.

Chair Proprietor. "WOULD YOU PLEASE TO PAY FOR THE CHEERS, MUM?" *Lady.* "HOW MUCH?"
Chair Proprietor. "WELL, MUM—HOW MANY MIGHT YOU BE A SITTIN' ON?"

IN THE WITCHING TIME OF LIFE.

SOME LIKE ONE THING, AND SOME ANOTHER—FOR EXAMPLE, JACK LIKES A BLOW ON THE NORTH CLIFF——

WHILE CHARLES PREFERS A QUIET CORNER OUT OF THE WIND.

SISTERLY LOVE.

Papa. "THERE, THERE! MY LITTLE POPPET! DON'T CRY! DON'T CRY!—IF YOU ARE GOING TO HAVE THE MEASLES, YOU WILL SOON BE WELL AGAIN, I HOPE. THERE, THERE!"

Blanche (sobbing violently). "I—I—I—I'M NOT CRYING, PAPA, BECAUSE I'M GOING TO HAVE THE MEASLES; BUT BECAUSE I—I—I—THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO RIDE MARY'S PONY ALL THE TIME SHE WAS ILL, AND NOW I SHAN'T!"

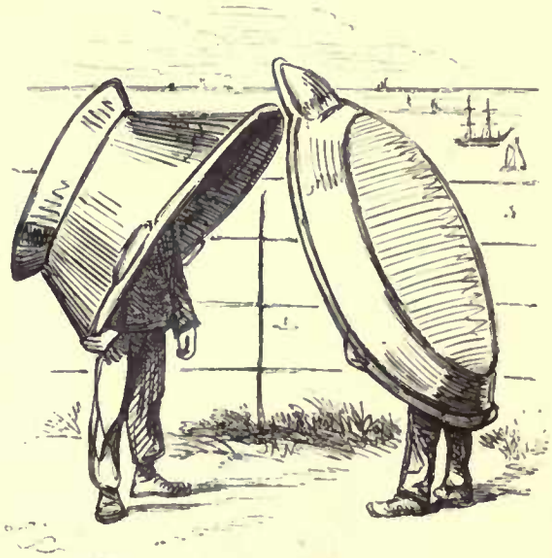
A DOMESTIC EXTRAVAGANZA.

Mamma. "WHY, GOOD GRACIOUS, NURSE! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ADOLPHUS! HE LOOKS VERY ODD!"

Nurse. "AND WELL HE MAY, MUM! FOR HE THOUGHT THE COLOURED BALLS IN MISS CHARLOTTE'S NEW GAME OF SOLITAIRE WAS BULL'S EYES, AND HE'S SWALLOWED EVER SO MANY OF 'EM."

A HINT TO RAILWAY TRAVELLERS.

BY BREATHING ON THE GLASS—AND HOLDING A SPEAKING DOLL BY WAY OF BABY TO THE WINDOW—YOU MAY GENERALLY KEEP YOUR COMPARTMENT SELECT.



A SEA-SIDE DIALOGUE.

"HOLLO, JIMMY!—WHERE ARE YOU A-GOING WITH YOURN?"

"HESPLANADE!—WHERE BE YOU?"

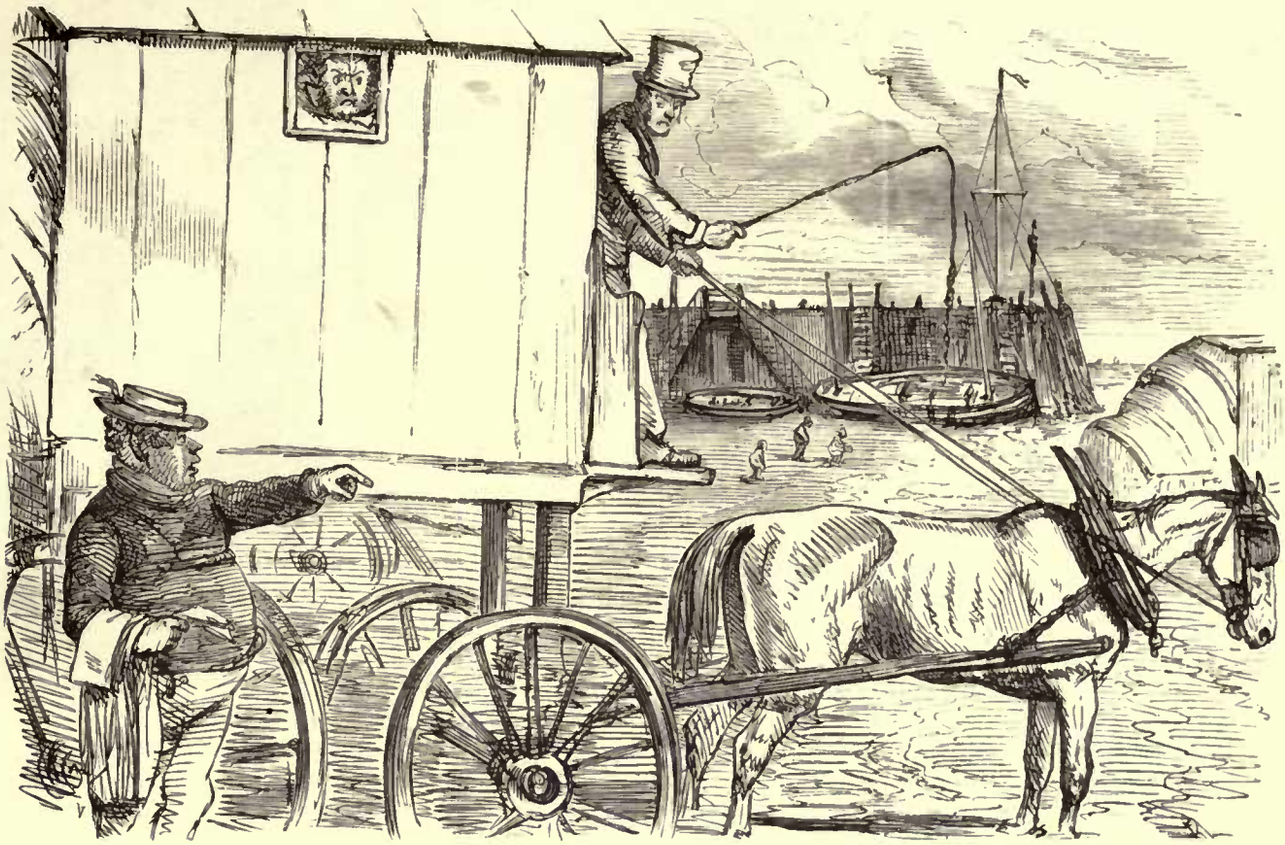
"PROSPEC PLACE!" [*Exit Companions of the Bath.*

A QUID PRO QUO.

Small Boy (to prodigious Swell). "I SAY, MISTER KETCH MY DONKEY, THAT'S A GOOD CHAP—I'LL DO THE SAME FOR YOU ANOTHER TIME!"

TOUCHING APPEAL.

Testy Old Gent (wearied by the importunities of the Brighton Boatmen). "CONFOUND IT, MAN! DO I *LOOK* AS IF I WANTED A BOAT?"



A DELICIOUS DIP.

Bathing Attendant. "HERE, BILL! THE GENT WANTS TO BE TOOK OUT DEEP—TAKE 'IM *INTO THE DRAIN!*"

A CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

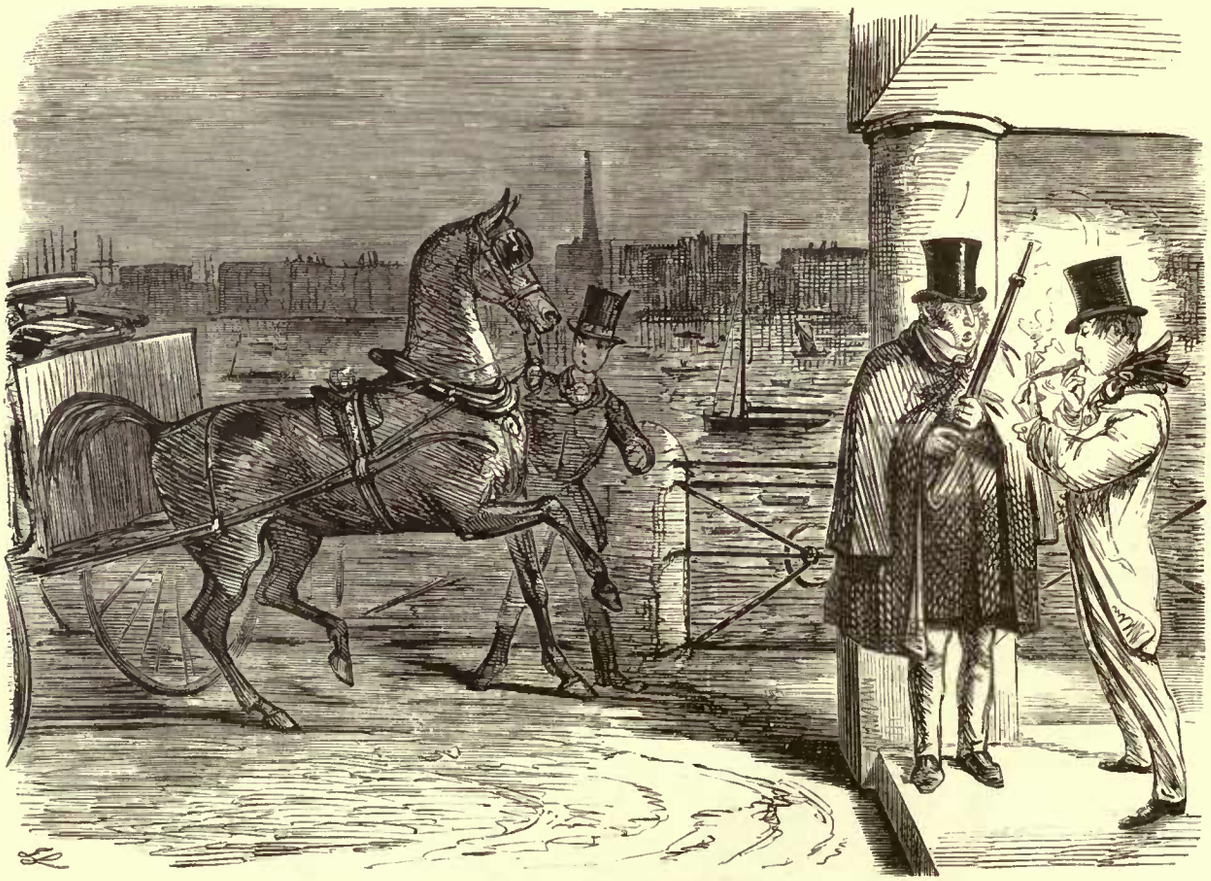
OLD DIPPS DECLARES THEY MANAGE SEA-BATHING BETTER IN FRANCE, AND THAT WHEN HE IS AT BO-LONG, HE DOES AS BO-LONG DOES—WELL! THAT'S A MATTER OF TASTE!

MISPLACED INTELLIGENCE.

Mamma. "WHY, TOM! WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT NASTY DUST-PAN AND BROOM?"

Tom. "BROTHER FRED TOLD ME TO BRING IT IN AND SWEEP UP ALL THE H'S MRS. MOPUS HAD DROPPED ABOUT!" [*N.B. Great Expectations from Mrs. M.*

KNIGHTS OF THE BATH.



SCENE: GREENWICH.

Senior Party. "DOG CART! GOOD GRACIOUS! BUT *YOU* ARE NEVER GOING TO DRIVE?"

Junior Party. "NOT GOING A—DWIVE? WHY NOT GOING A—DWIVE? JUS—AIN'T I, THO'?"

[*The last train has gone, and the Senior Party under the impression that the vehicle was a brougham, has accepted the offer of a lift to town.*

SHOCKING RESULT OF WEARING INDIA-RUBBER GOLOSHES.

YOUNG JACK ROBINSON SEES WHAT HE IMAGINES TO BE THE IMPRESSION OF HIS DARLING'S FOOT—HE MENTALLY EJACULATES, *"BEETLE-CRUSHER, BY JOVE!"* AND FLIES TO OTHER CLIMES.

A HAVEN OF REFUGE.

THINGS ARE SO BAD IN THE CITY, THAT MR. SNAFFLE AND MR. FLUKER GO TO BOULOGNE FOR CHANGE AND AIR

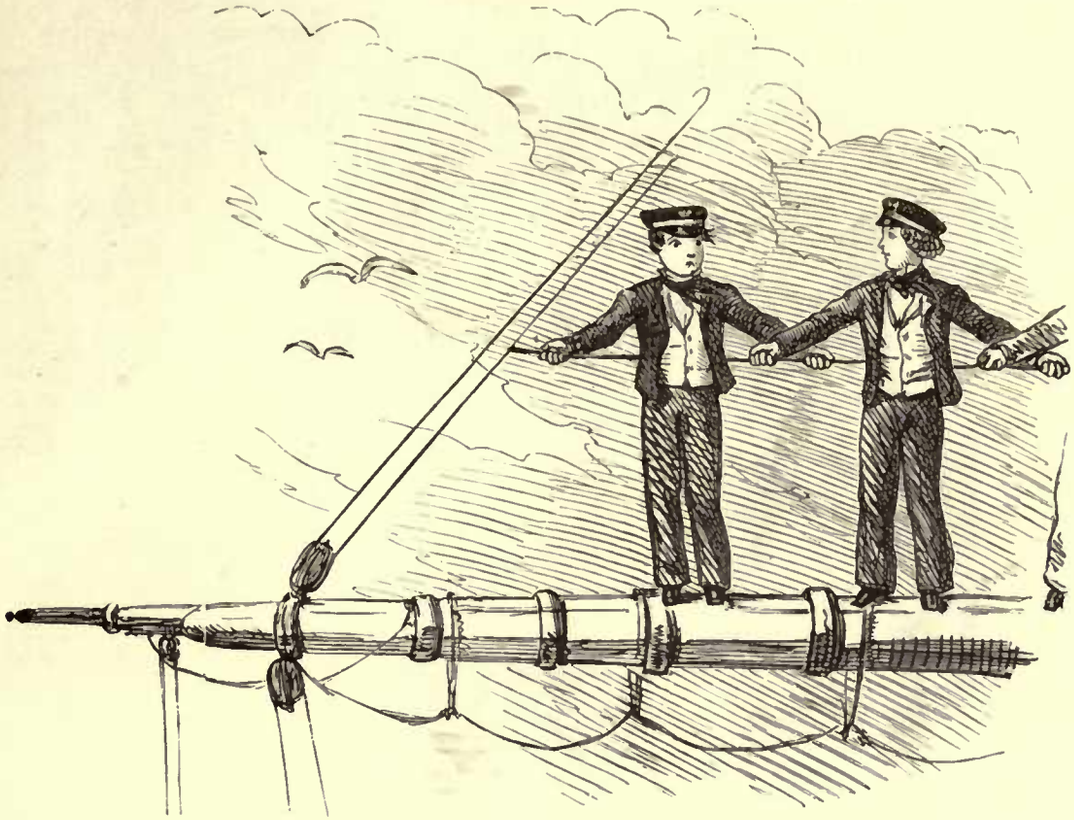
TOO BAD, BY JOVE!

Heavy Swell. "DEUCED STUPID—THESE NEWSPAPERS!"

Lady (with keen perception of the ludicrous). "YES, CHARLES!—ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY SAY THAT A DISMOUNTED DRAGOON IS ABOUT AS EFFECTIVE AS A SWAN ON A TURNPIKE ROAD!"

HEARTLESS PRACTICAL JOKE.

Charlotte. "HERE THEY COME, BLANCHE. LET US PRETEND WE DON'T RECOLLECT THEM."



SCENE ON BOARD H.M.S. ——

"I SAY, WHY AM I LIKE THE QUEEN'S CHIEF COOK? DO YOU GIVE IT UP?" "YES."
"BECAUSE I AM IN A HIGH COOL-AND-AIRY *(culinary)* POSITION." *[Astonished Cadet nearly falls from the yard.*

A BYE-DAY AT EASTER.

Youth (quite at home for the holidays). "NOW, LOOK HERE, OLD BOY; IF THE FOX BREAKS AT THIS CORNER, DON'T YOU HOLLER TILL HE GETS WELL AWAY!"—*(N.B. The old Nimrod is the* MASTER *himself.)*

A GREAT PLAGUE IN LIFE.

PATERFAMILIAS, WHOSE PET AVERSION IS STREET MUSIC, GOES TO THE SEA-SIDE, HOPING TO ESCAPE FROM THE NUISANCE, HE IS AT BREAKFAST,—BEAUTIFUL VIEW, NEW-LAID EGG, &c., &c.—WHEN——

OH, HORROR!

DREADFUL FOR YOUNG OXFORD.

Lady. "ARE YOU AT ETON?"

Young Oxford. "AW, NO!—I'M AT OXFORD!"

Lady. "OXFORD! RATHER A NICE PLACE, IS IT NOT?"

Young Oxford. "HUM!—HAW! PRETTY WELL, BUT THEN I CAN'T GET ON WITHOUT FEMALE SOCIETY!"

Lady. "DEAR! DEAR! PITY YOU DON'T GO TO A GIRLS' SCHOOL, THEN!"

WONDERFUL INTELLIGENT CHILD.

—— "ROSE, WILL YOU HAVE SOME DINNER?"

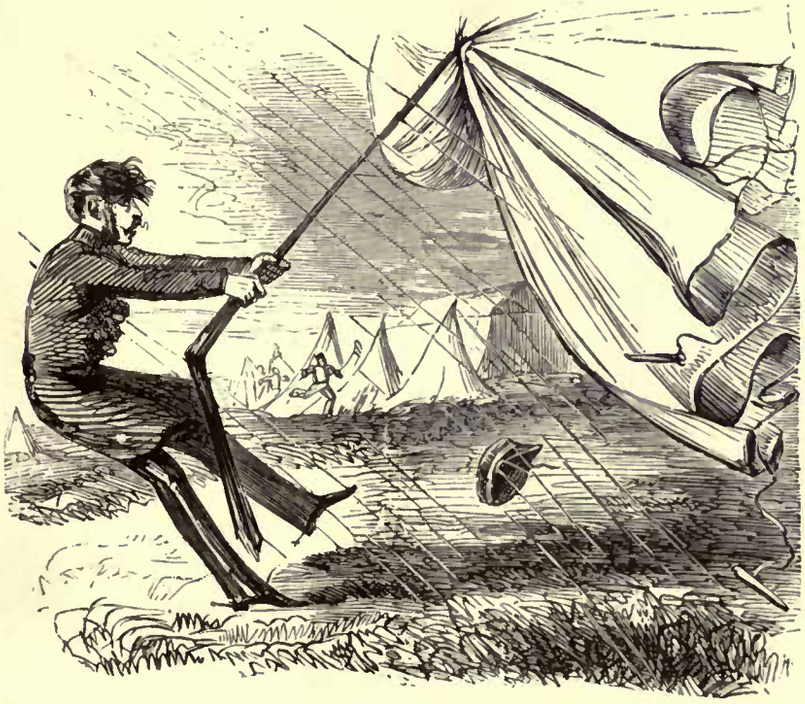
Rose. "HAVE HAD MY DINNER."

—— "WHAT HAVE YOU HAD FOR YOUR DINNER?"

Rose. "SOMETHING THAT BEGINS WITH AN S!"

—— "AND WHAT BEGINS WITH AN S?"

Rose. "COLD BEEF!"



AN INCIDENT OF CAMP LIFE.

Captain Holster. "HERE! HI! SOME ONE!—STOP MY *BED-ROOM!*—HI!"

MAL DE MER.

A FOREIGN NOBLEMAN IN DIFFICULTY.

SUNDAY AT THE CLUB.

JUST A SANDWICH AND A NICE GLASS OF HOCK AND SELTZER WATER.

AT THE ROADSIDE INN.

A MOUTHFUL OF DUST AND A PULL AT THE PUMP.

AN INJURED INDIVIDUAL.

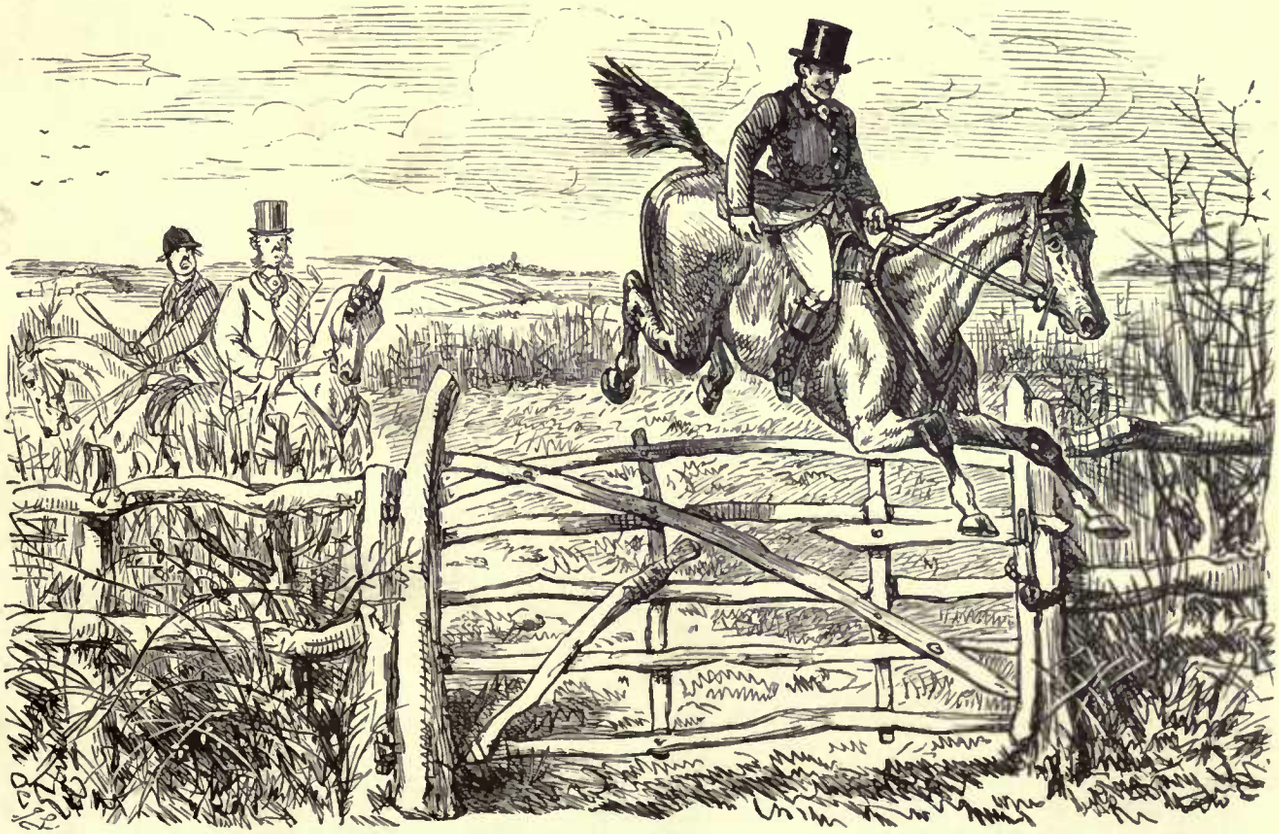
Simkins (who has missed his bird, but peppered WILKINS). "THERE, NOW, I'VE A DOOCED GOOD MIND TO SAY THAT I'LL NEVER COME OUT SHOOTING WITH YOU AGAIN—YOU'RE ALWAYS GETTING IN THE WAY!"

THE MOORS. GRATIFYING—VERY!!

ON ARRIVING AT THE BEST PART OF YOUR SHOOTING, YOU FIND THOSE AMIABLE TOURISTS, THE NOBBS'S, HAVE BEEN OVER THE GROUND A GOOD DEAL. AS THE BIRDS ARE WILD, YOUR SPORT IS NOT MUCH IMPROVED THEREBY. NOBBS, JUNIOR, MAY BE OBSERVED TAKING IN THE "OBJECTS OF INTEREST" WITH HIS TELESCOPE.

FRIENDLY BADINAGE.

Cabby. "NOW, JOHN! WHEN YOU'VE DONE CLEANING THEM KNIVES BEHIND, JUST CLEAN THAT OLD SPOON ON THE BOX, AND LET'S COME BY!"



THE NOBLE SCIENCE.

TOMKINS AND HIS FRIEND (WHO HAVE BEEN THROWN OUT) CONGRATULATE THEMSELVES ON FALLING IN WITH THE SQUIRE'S SECOND HORSEMAN, WHO IS SURE TO BRING THEM BY A LINE OF GATES TO THE HOUNDS AGAIN—AND SO HE DOES, ONLY—THE LAST OF THE GATES IS LOCKED, AND OVER WHICH HE "HOPS LIKE A BIRD!"

THE VERY THING.

Dealer. "I THINK I KNOW EXACTLY THE OSS YOU WANT, SIR—ABOUT FIFTEEN-TWO—GOOD SHOULDER, LIGHT HEAD AND NECK—WELL RIBBED UP—TAIL WELL SET ON, GOOD FLAT LEGS--PLENTY OF BONE——"

Gent (delighted). "YA-AS——"

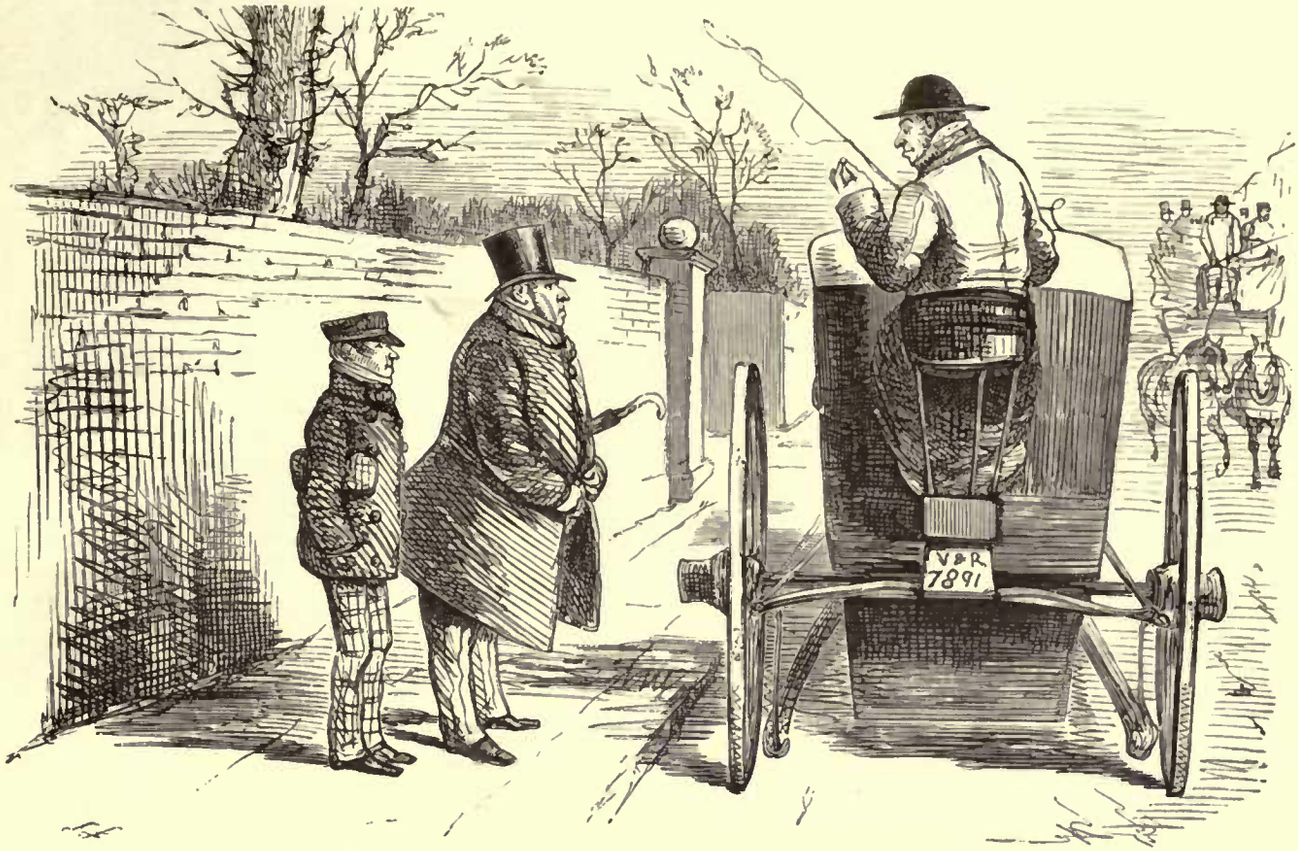
Dealer. "NO SHY ABOUT HIM. A GOOD GOER, HIGH COURAGED, BUT TEMPERATE—TO CARRY HIS OWN HEAD, NICE MOUTH, AND SWEET TEMPER—FOR ABOUT FIVE-AND-TWENTY PUND!"

Gent (in ecstacy). "THE VERY THING." [GENT *subsides.*

Dealer. "HAH! THEN DON'T YOU WISH YOU MAY GET IT?"

PLEASURES OF SPORT.

THE NEXT BEST THING TO KEEPING YOUR OWN HUNTERS, IS, TO HIRE "MADE HORSES," THAT THOROUGHLY KNOW THEIR BUSINESS.

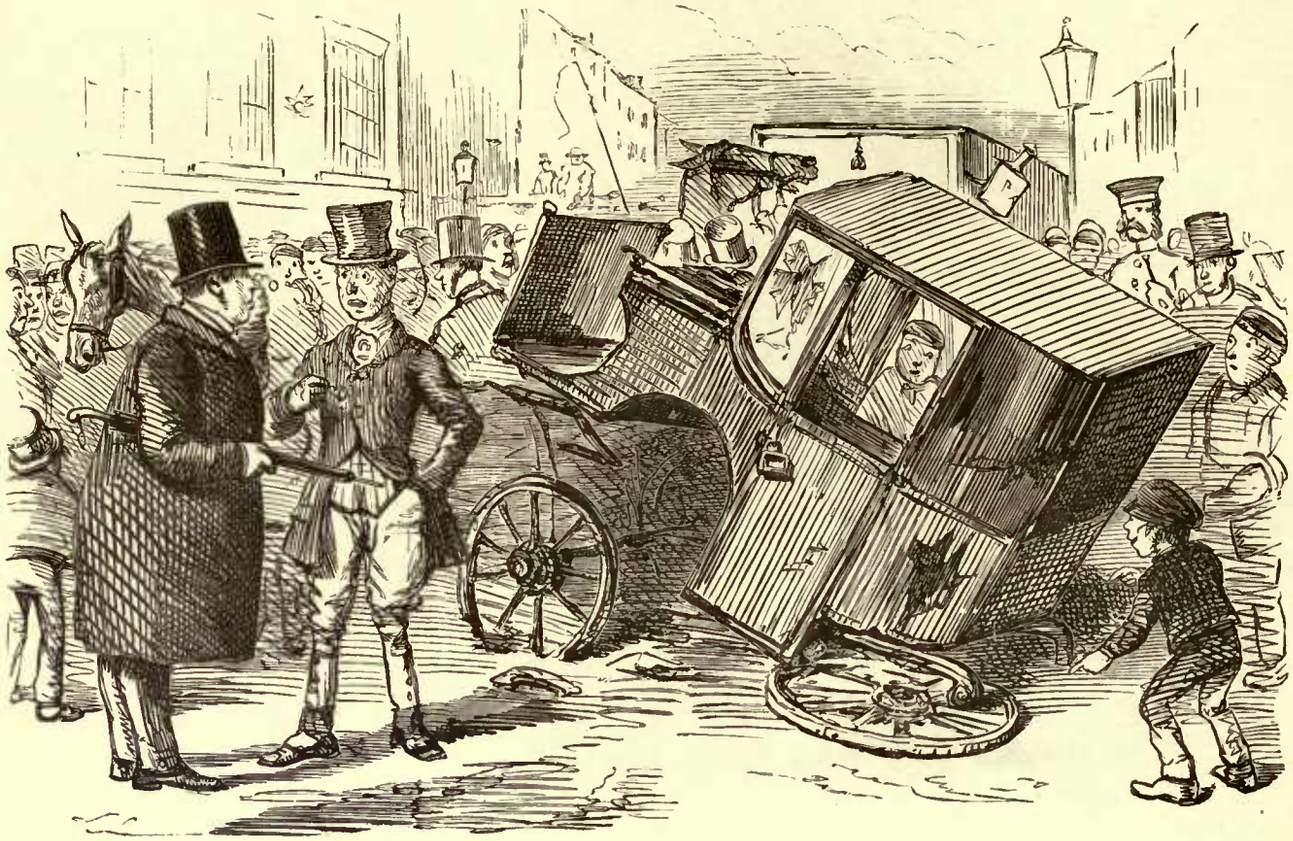


THE OLD GENTLEMAN HAS HAD A LONG MILE, AND TENDERS THE LEGAL FARE—SIXPENCE.

Cabby (with feigned surprise and delight). "WHAT, ALL—THIS—AT ONCE!!"

VERY ATTENTIVE.

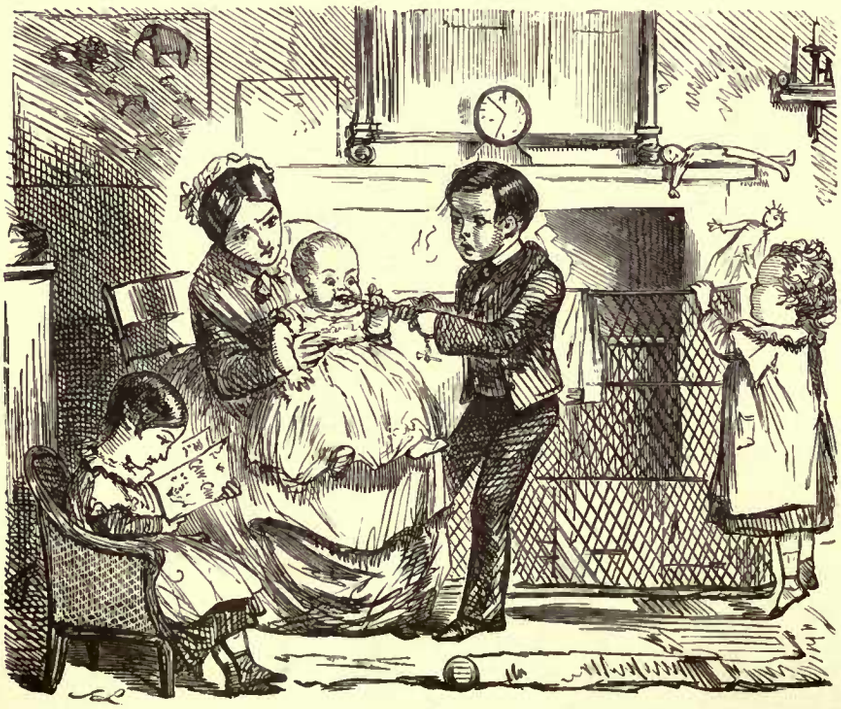
Hard-riding Cornet (to Old Party, who is rather bothered by a Brook). "DON'T MOVE, SIR! PRAY DON'T MOVE AND I'LL TAKE YOU OVER WITH ME!"



NOTHING TO SPEAK OF!

Old Gent. "PRAY, MY GODD MAN, WHAT IS THE MATTER?"

Confused Individual. "MATTER, SIR! GENLMN'S OSS RUN AWAY WITH A BROOM, SIR! NIVER SEE ANYTHINK LIKE IT IN ALL MY BORN DAYS! DOWN HE COMES THE 'ILL WITH THE SHARVES A-DANGLING ALL ABOUT HIS LEGS—KNOCKS A BUTCHER'S CART INTO A LINENDRAPER'S SHOP—BANGS AGIN A CARRIDGE AND PAIR, AND SMASHES THE PANEL ALL TO BITS—UPSETS A FEAYTON, AND IF HE 'ADN'T A-RUN UP AGIN THIS HERE CAB AND DASHED IT RIGHT OVER, AND STOPPED HISSELF, BLOWED IF I DON'T THINK THERE'D A *BIN SOME ACCIDENT!*"



THRILLING DOMESTIC INCIDENT.

Master Alfred. "DON'T, BABY!—YOU'LL SPOIL IT. LEAVE GO, SIR! HERE, NURSE! HE'S SWALLOWING MY NEW WATCH!"

AFTERNOON TEA.

THE FAIR TOXOPHILITES.

Constance. "OH, MAMMA! I'M SO DELIGHTED! I HAVE JUST MADE THE BEST GOLD, AND WON THE BEAUTIFUL BRACELET GIVEN BY CAPTAIN RIFLES."

Lucy (disappointed). "WELL, CONSTANCE, I THINK YOU HAD BETTER NOT SAY MUCH ABOUT IT. YOU KNOW IT WAS A FLUKE! FOR YOU TOLD ME YOU ALWAYS SHOT WITH YOUR EYES SHUT, AS YOU FEEL SO VERY NERVOUS!"

HINT TO GENTLEMEN RIDING HOME AFTER DINNER.

NEVER CARRY "PATENT VESUVIENNES," 2*d.* A BOX, IN YOUR COAT-TAIL POCKET!

MR. BRIGGS, HAVING BECOME AN ADEPT IN THE ART OF HORSE-TAMING, OPERATES UPON A COLT HE HAS BRED HIMSELF, AND

WITH COMPLETE SUCCESS!

AN UNINVITING PROSPECT.

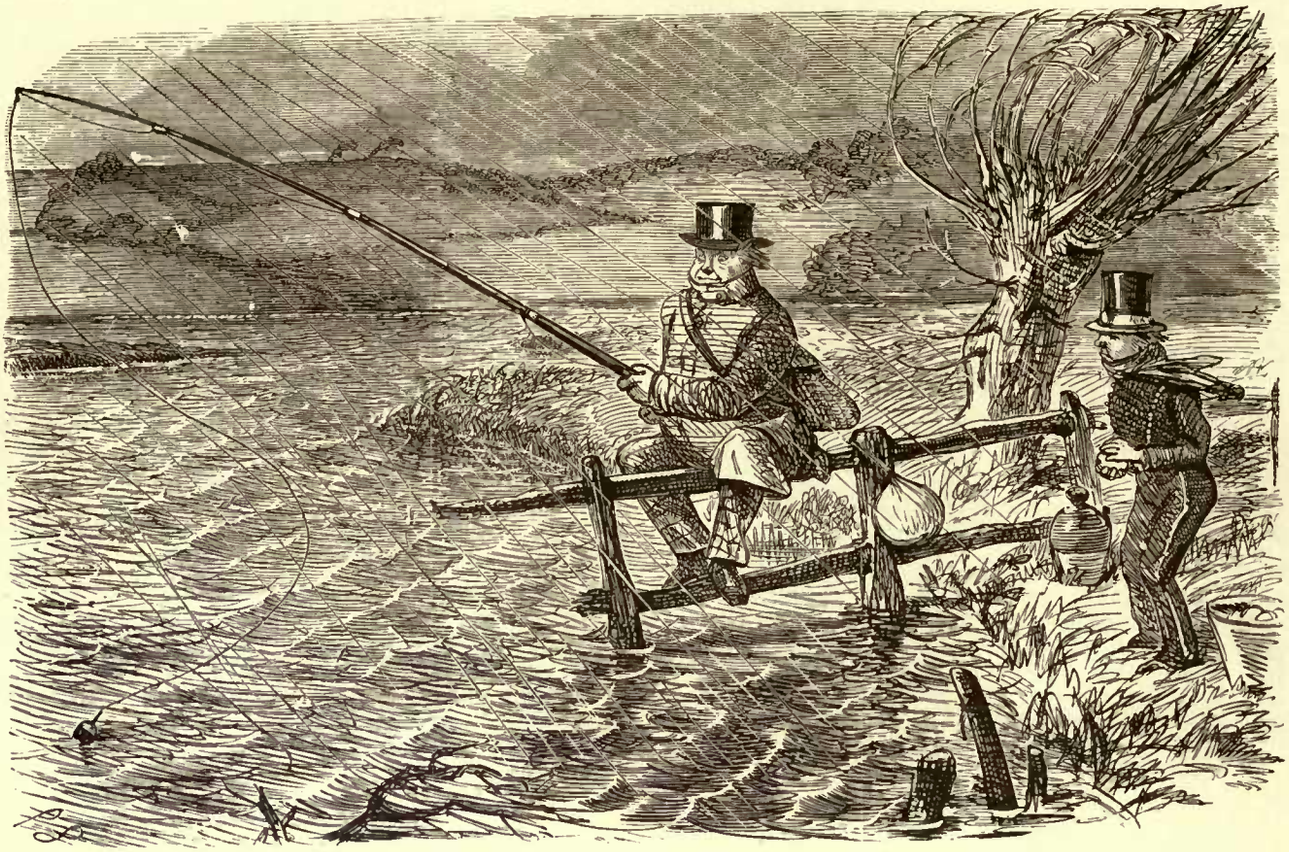
A FRENCH FRIEND PAYS HIS FIRST VISIT TO ENGLAND, AND IS SHOWN THE GREAT METROPOLIS. HE IS PROFOUNDLY IMPRESSED BY OUR NOBLE REGENT STREET

THE DEMON OF THE STREET.

THE FRIGHTFUL FIGURE THAT NEARLY TERRIFIED OLD FOGEY AND HIS WIFE OUT OF THEIR WITS—AND WHICH PROVED, AFTER ALL, TO BE ONLY AN ORDINARY MORTAL CARRYING ROASTED CHESTNUTS!

FOXHUNTING IN A FOG.

Wild Huntsman (in the distance). "ALL RIGHT, JACK! COME ALONG! CAN HEAR 'EM IN THE NEXT FIELD!"



IT'S THE EARLY BIRD THAT PICKS UP THE WORM.

Piscator. "THERE, THOMAS, YOU NOW SEE THE ADVANTAGE OF EARLY RISING. I HAVE GOT THE VERY BEST PLACE ON THE WATER, AND I'LL BE BOUND TO SAY THE OTHER SUBSCRIBERS ARE NOT OUT OF BED YET!"

F. M. PUNCH SYMPATHISES WITH THE POOR(!) ITALIAN ORGAN-GRINDER.

F. M. P. "THERE, MY MAN, IT'S A PITY A GREAT HULKING FELLOW LIKE YOU SHOULD TURN A HANDLE TO MAKE SUCH A NASTY NOISE! HERE'S AN INSTRUMENT FOR YOU! GO AND PLAY UPON IT IN YOUR OWN COUNTRY!"

DELICATE TEST.

Elevated Party. "A NEVER THINK A FL'EAR'S HAD T'MUSH WINE S'LONG AS A WINDSUP-ISH WASH!" *[Proceeds to perform that operation with corkscrew.*

A WAKE IN THE MINING DISTRICTS.

J'moimer Ann. "HAS THEE FOWGHTEN, BILL?"

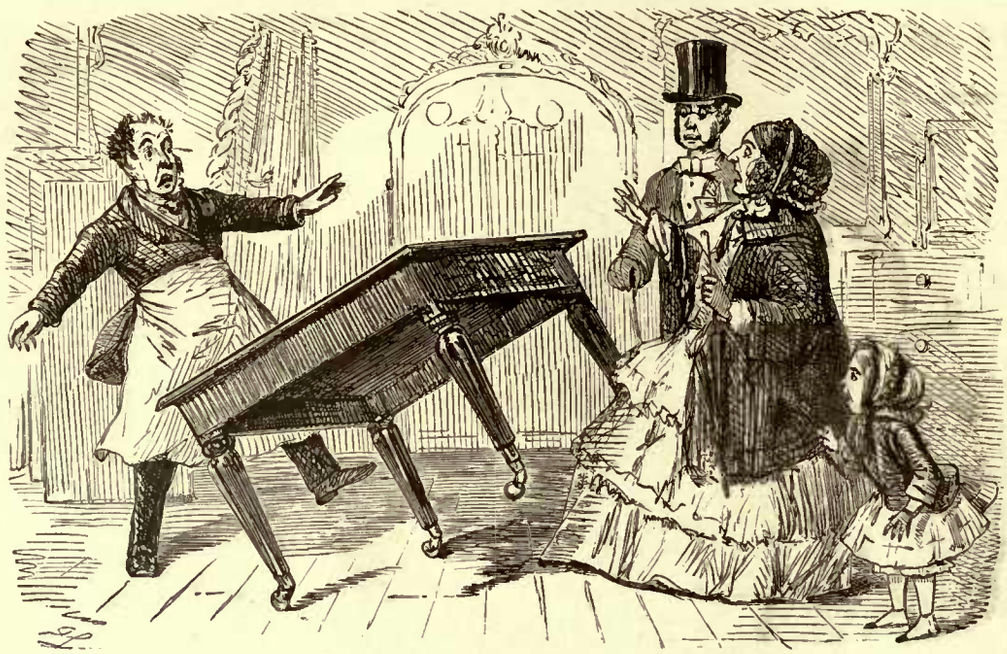
Bill. "NOOAH!"

J'moimer Ann. "THEN GET THEE FOWGHTEN, AND COOM WUM. DADDY GOT HIS'N DONE BY FOWER O'CLOCK!"

A BAD TIME FOR JOHN THOMAS.

Rude Boy. "I SAY, JACK, AIN'T HE A FINE UN?—D'YE THINK HE'S REAL, OR ONLY STUFFED?"

THE COMING COLLISION.



REMARKABLE CASE OF TABLE-TALKING.

Table (loquitur). "OON'T YOU BELIEVE HIM, MUM—I'M NOT MAHOGANY, BUT I'M VENEERED AND SECOND-HAND."
[Table dances about on its legs for a considerable time, and vanishes in a blue flame.

THE FOUR-IN-HAND MANIA.

Hearse Driver (to Swell, who has just started a Team). "BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT HEARING AS YOU HAD STARTED FOUR 'OSSES, I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT WANT A YOUNG MAN AS COULD BRING YOUR COACH UP TO THE DOOR AS IT 'AD OUGHT TO BE!"

TOUCHING.

Friend. "——AND WHAT BECOME OF HER?"

Buss Driver (with emotion). "WELL!—SHE WAS TOOK AWAY FROM ME—AND GOT INTO BAD HANDS, YER SEE—AND SOON WENT ALL TO PIECES.—DEAR! DEAR!—SHE WOS WERRY BEAUTIFUL!—SUCH A SHAPE! AND SUCH A LOVELY COLOUR! *(Sighing.)* HAH! I SHALL NEVER, NEVER, SEE—SUCH—ANOTHER—BUSS AGIN!"

SIX OF ONE AND HALF-A-DOZEN OF THE OTHER.

Miss Matilda to Miss Priscilla. "WELL, I'M SURE!—THE CREATURE NEEDN'T SIT THERE IN THAT DISGUSTING MANNER!"

AN EQUESTRIAN DIFFICULTY.

Mr. Sprat. "DON'T YOU THINK, MY LOVE, THAT THE GROOM, WHO UNDERSTANDS THESE THINGS, HAD BETTER PUT YOU UP?"

Mrs. Sprat (with indignation). "THE GROOM, MR. S.! THE GROOM PUT ME UP! NO, SIR! PUT ME UP YOURSELF. A PRETTY HUSBAND *YOU* ARE! GROOM, INDEED!"

THE RACE FOR A BATHING MACHINE.

ALICE FIRST, CLARA SECOND, MISS TODDLES A BAD THIRD; AND THE REST NOWHERE!

RIVER FROLICS.

WHAT CAPITAL FUN IT IS SETTING TRIMMERS FOR JACK, AND ROWING AFTER THEM UNDER A BURNING SUN!—BUT WHY DOES NOT TOM HAUL UP THE ANCHOR?

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

MRS. POTTLES SEES NO REASON WHY SHE SHOULDN'T GO OUT ON THE ROOF OF HER HOUSE TO SEE THE FIREWORKS.

PREJUDICE.

Boy. "OH! LOOK 'ERE, BILL! 'ERE'S A BLOATED HARISTOCRAT. THERE'S NO ONE LOOKING. LET'S PUNCH HIS 'ED!"

THE COMET.

Master Tom. "I SAY, GRAN'MA, THIS IS A BAD JOB ABOUT THE COMET!

Gran'ma. "GOOD GRACIOUS! WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

Master Tom. "WHY, HERE'S A LETTER IN THE PAPER SAYS,—'*The particles of the tail, if thrown out from the head, having only, as before, the same rate of orbital motion as the head, and having larger and larger orbits to describe, the further they are removed from the head, will necessarily fall further and further behind as they recede from the comet, and thus form a curve independently of a resisting medium;*' AND THAT, '*the panic-allaying doctrine of the tenuity of cometic nuclei cannot be maintained from the mere fact of their translucency.*'"

VIVE LE SPORT!

English Friend (to Foreigner of distinction). "THE FOX HAS BROKE, AND *GONE AWAY!*"

Foreigner of distinction (who has been galloping about the rides to his immense satisfaction). "AHA! HE IS BROKEN, AND *GONE AWAY!* WHAT A PITY! ZEN I SUPPOSE IT IS ALL OVARE AND WE MUST GO HOME!"

TAKING FIRST PLACE.

Boy from School. "GATE NAILED, OLD BOY! NEVER MIND! I'LL MAKE A GAP FOR YOU!"

CANDID.

Cook. "FINE DAY, MR. CHALKS!"

Mr. Chalks. "YES, COOKEY, IT'S A VERY FINE DAY! BUT IF WE HAVEN'T SOME RAIN SOON, I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE SHALL DO FOR MILK!"

FORTUNATE FELLOWS.

Stalwart Briton. "I TELL YER WHAT, BILL! WE OUGHT TO BE VERY THANKFUL WE'RE ENGLISHMEN, FOR WHETHER IT'S THE CLIMATE, OR WHETHER IT'S THEIR HABITS, JUST SEE HOW THOSE AMERICANS ARE DEGENERATING!"

NOT A PERSONAL ALLUSION.

Stout Gent. "DEAR! DEAR! SO HE HAS FORMED AN ATTACHMENT THAT YOU DON'T APPROVE OF! AH! WELL, THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING. DEPEND UPON IT, MA'AM, THERE'S A *SKELETON SOMEWHERE IN EVERY HOUSE!*"

RETURNING FROM THE DERBY.

"AT LENGTH HE PRESENTED HIMSELF BUT IN SUCH A STATE THAT WE WERE OBLIGED TO TIE HIM ON THE BOX, AND I HAD TO RIDE HOME."—
Extract from Letter to particular Friend.

AT EPSOM.

Excited Gentleman. "THEY'RE OFF!—THEY'RE OFF!"
Quiet Lady. "ARE THEY, DEAR? WON'T YOU HAVE SOME PIE?"

AN ABSENTEE.

"WHY ARE YOU ON THE CROSSING, JAMES? IS YOUR FATHER ILL?"

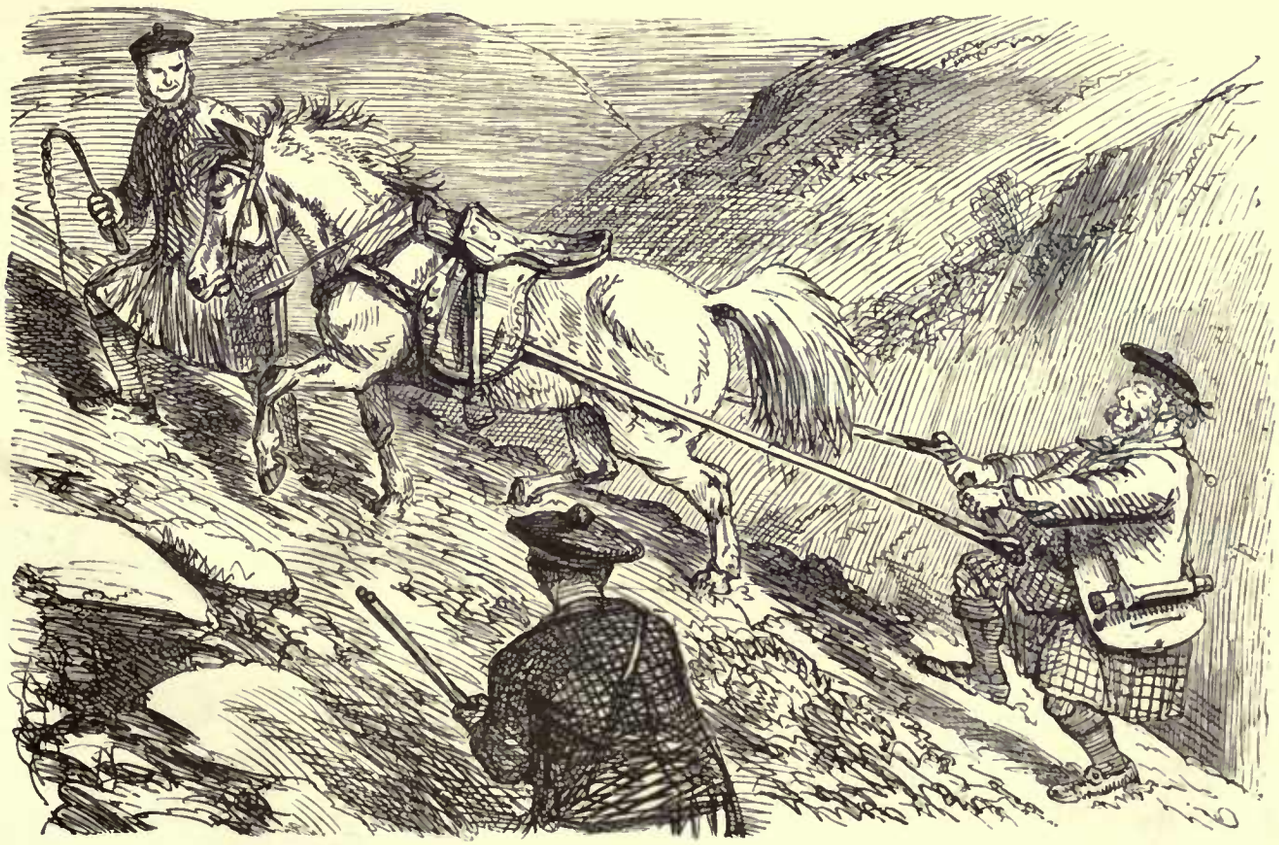
"NO. HE'S DROVE MOTHER DOWN TO HASCOT."

SELF-EXAMINATION.

Party (slightly influenced). "QUESHION ISH! AM I FIT TO GO INTODRAWINGROOM? LETSH SHEE!—I CAN SHAY GLORIUSH CONSHYSHUSN!—HAVE SEEN BRISH INSHYCHUSION—ALL THAT SORTOTHING—THATLEDO—HERE GOSH!"

THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

Old Mr. What's-his-name. "EGAD, I DON'T WONDER AT MOUSTACHES COMING INTO FASHION, FOR—EH! WHAT! BY JOVE, IT DOES IMPROVE ONE'S APPEARANCE!"



DEER-STALKING MADE EASY. A HINT TO LUSTY SPORTSMEN.

A FACT FROM THE NURSERY.

Nurse. "MY GOODNESS GRACIOUS, MISS CHARLOTTE, YOU MUSTN'T PLAY WITH THOSE SOISSORS!"
Miss Charlotte. "I'M NOT PLAYING WITH 'EM, NURSE DEAR—I'M CUTTING 'ITTLE BRUDDER'S NAILS!"

RETIREMENT.

GRAND CHARGE OF PERAMBULATORS, AND DEFEAT OF THE SWELLS.

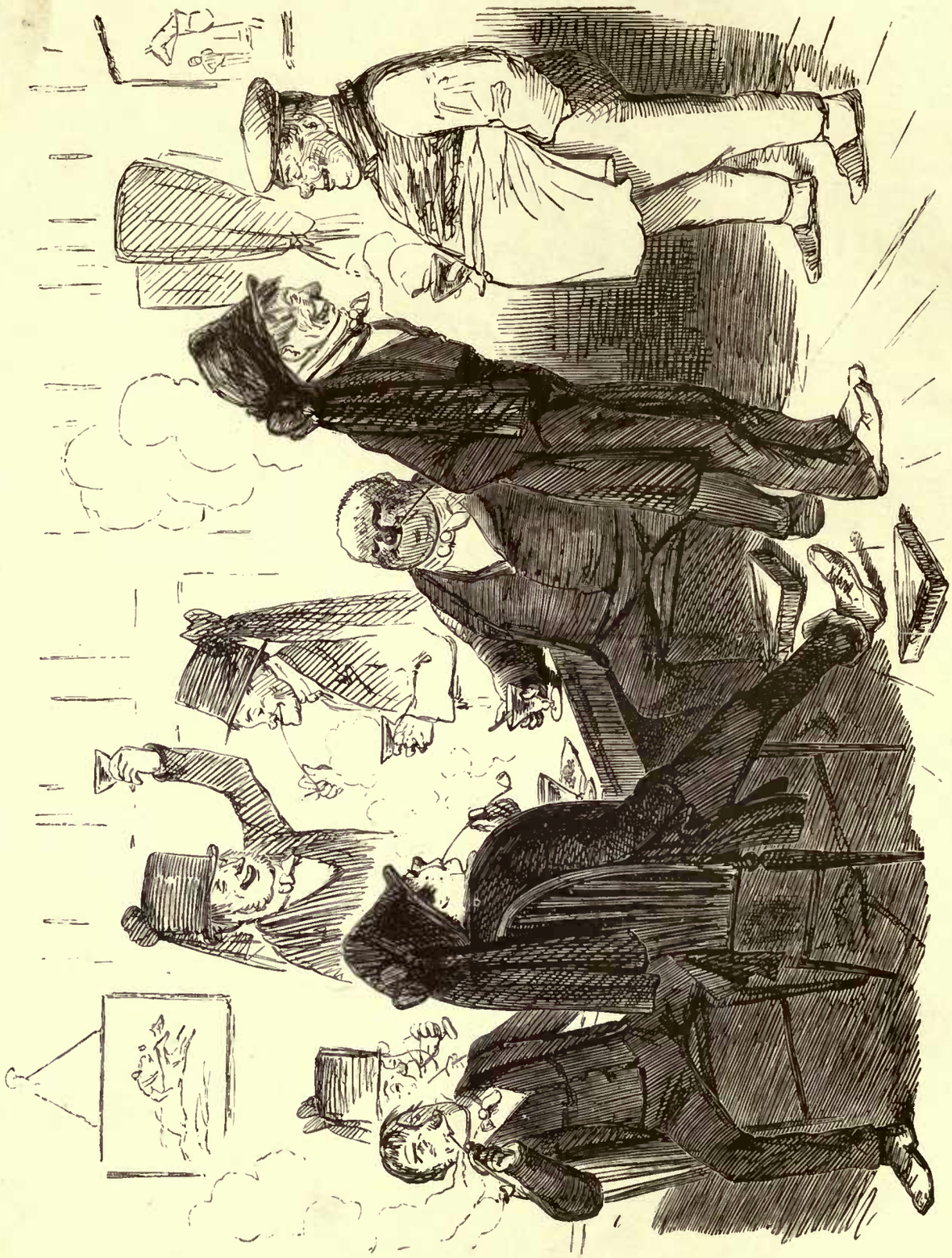
A SUBURBAN DELIGHT.

Dark Party (with a ticket-of-leave, of course). "AX YER PARDON, SIR!—BUT IF YOU WAS A-GOING DOWN THIS DARK LANE, P'RAPS YOU'D ALLOW ME AND THIS HERE YOUNG MAN TO GO ALONG WITH YER—'COS YER SEE THERE AIN'T NO PERLICE ABOUT—AND WE'RE SO PRECIOUS FEARED O' BEIN' GAROTTED!"

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

AS, FOR EXAMPLE, WHEN YOU GET THE ASPARAGUS SHOT OVER YOUR FAVOURITE DRESS COAT WITH THE SILK FACINGS.

GOING TO THE BALL—THE FINISHING TOUCH.



"PERFORMERS," AFTER A RESPECTABLE FUNERAL.

THE BRITISH JURYMAN PREPARING FOR THE WORST.

Wife of his Bussum. "THERE, MY LOVE, I THINK WITH WHAT YOU'VE HAD, AND THIS BOX OF CONCENTRATED LUNCHEON, YOU MAY HOLD OUT AGAINST ANY OF 'EM!"

A DISTRESSED AGRICULTURIST.

Landlord. "WELL, MR. SPRINGWHEAT, ACCORDING TO THE PAPERS, THERE SEEMS TO BE A PROBABILITY OF A CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES."

Tenant (who strongly approves of War prices). "GOODNESS GRACIOUS! WHY, YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY THAT THERE'S ANY DANGER OF PEACE!"

SOMETHING LIKE A HORSE-TAMER.

Stout Party (who weighs about ten sacks of flour and a cartload of bricks). "REALLY, NOW, AND SO YOU HAVE BEEN INITIATED, AND IT'S ALL RIGHT, EH? WELL, I CERTAINLY MUST TAKE SOME LESSONS, AND BECOME A HORSE-TAMER MYSELF!"

SPACIOUS ACCOMMODATION.

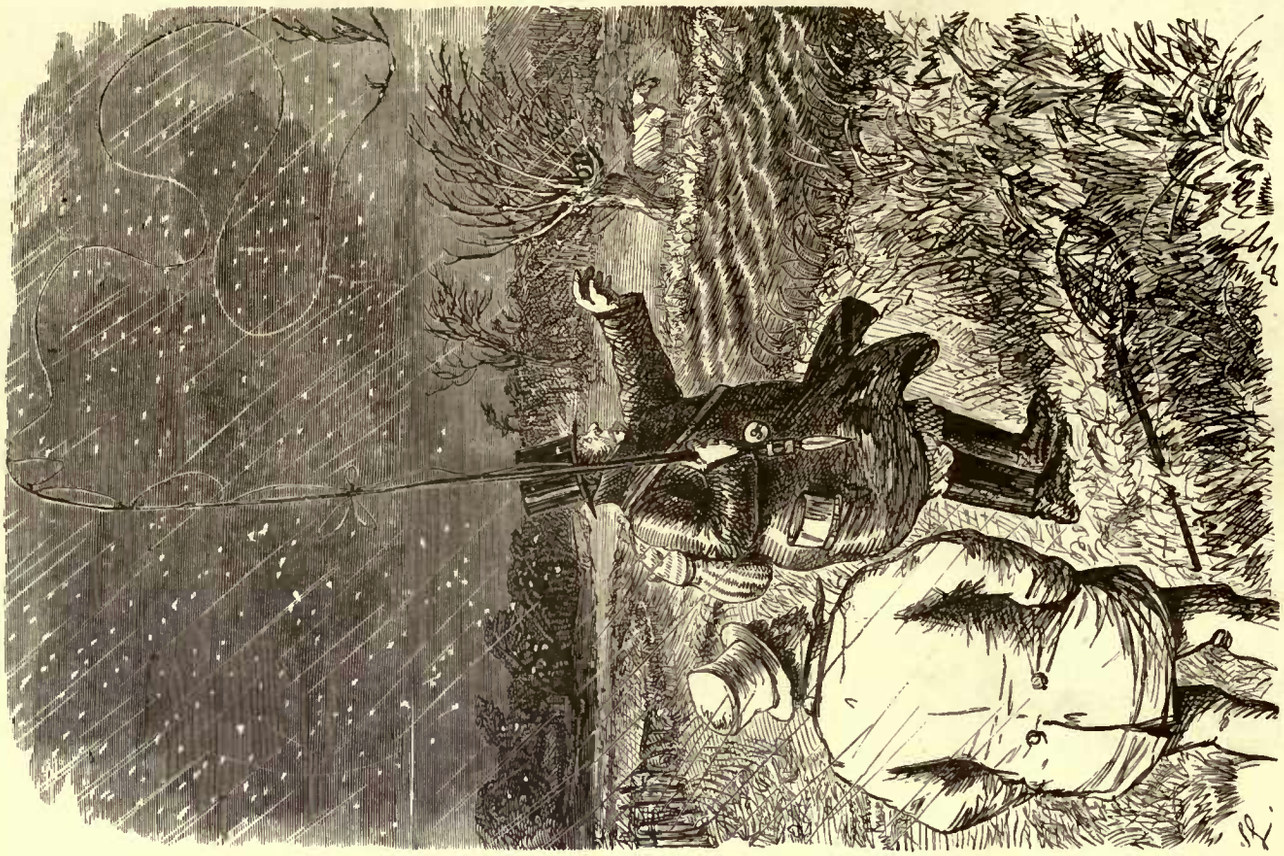
"THE WERRY FIRST THING AS EVER I DOES WHEN I GOES TO THE CHRISTIAL PALIS, IS GIT A CHEER!"

EASIER SAID THAN DONE.

Master of the House. "OH, FRED, MY BOY—WHEN DINNER IS READY, YOU TAKE MRS. FURBELOW DOWNSTAIRS!"

A DOUBLE GAME.

GREAT CHESS MATCH (UPON THE MORPHY SYSTEM) BETWEEN MR. AND MRS. CASTLETOP AGAINST THEIR DAUGHTER BLANCHE AND HER INTENDED, YOUNG CHARLEY ROOKTON.



THANK GOODNESS! FLY-FISHING HAS BEGUN!

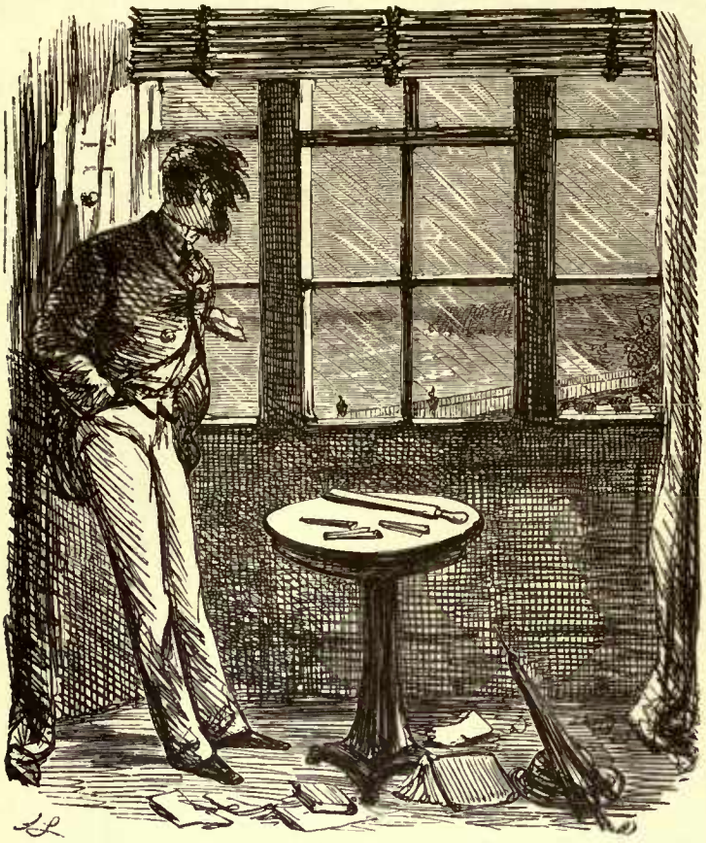
Miller. "DON'T THEY, REALLY! PERHAPS THEY'LL RISE BETTER TOWARDS THE COOL OF THE EVENING. THEY MOSTLY DO!"

THE CIVIL CABMAN.

Cabby (to Old Party, who has been to the Crystal Palace). "WANT A CAB, SIR!—SORRY I'M ENGAGED, SIR!—WERRY 'APPY TO TAKE YOU NEXT WEEK!"

A CAVALIER.

Adolphus. "NOW, GIRLS!—IF YOU'RE GAME FOR A RIDE ON THE SANDS—I'M YOUR MAN."



WET DAY AT THE SEA-SIDE.

PARTY IN THE TABLEAU THINKS, THAT PERHAPS STROPPING HIS RAZORS MIGHT AMUSE HIM.

SCIENCE STUDENTS.

SO FOND OF ASTRONOMY, THAT THEY ARE ALWAYS ON THE BALCONY, LOOKING FOR THE COMET!

A SPECIMEN OF PLUCK.

Rugglee. "HOLD HARD, MASTER GEORGE. IT'S TOO WIDE, AND UNCOMMON DEEP!"

Master George. "ALL RIGHT, RUGOLES! WE CAN BOTH *SWIM!*"

A FACT.

Short-sighted Officer. "SERGEANT! GET THAT MAN'S HAIR CUT IMMEDIATELY!"

MATTER OF OPINION.

Miss Matilda. "GO ON, FIDO!—THERE'S ONE GREAT DRAWBACK TO THESE HATS—THEY MAKE ONE LOOK LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE." *(Ahem!)*

OUR LITTLE FRIEND TOM NODDY DETERMINES TO HAVE A DAY'S HUNTING IN A FRESH COUNTRY.

T. N. (loq.). "WELL NOW, OLD FELLOW, WHAT SORT O' COUNTRY IS IT WHERE WE ARE GOING TO-MORROW?"

His Friend. "OH, BEAUTIFUL!—VERY EASY. BIGGISH BULLFINCHERS WITH A DITCH ON ONE SIDE. TIMBER OF COURSE, SUCH AS POSTS AND RAILS, AND THAT SORT OF THING; AND IF WE GO TO MUDBURY, NOTHING BUT RAZOR-BACKED BANKS AND—WATER!"

THE SWIMMERS.

Georgina. "NOW, CLARA, THAT'S NOT FAIR—YOU KNOW YOU HAVE ONE FOOT ON THE GROUND."

A MODERN ANTIQUE.

FRENCH AS IT IS SPOKEN.

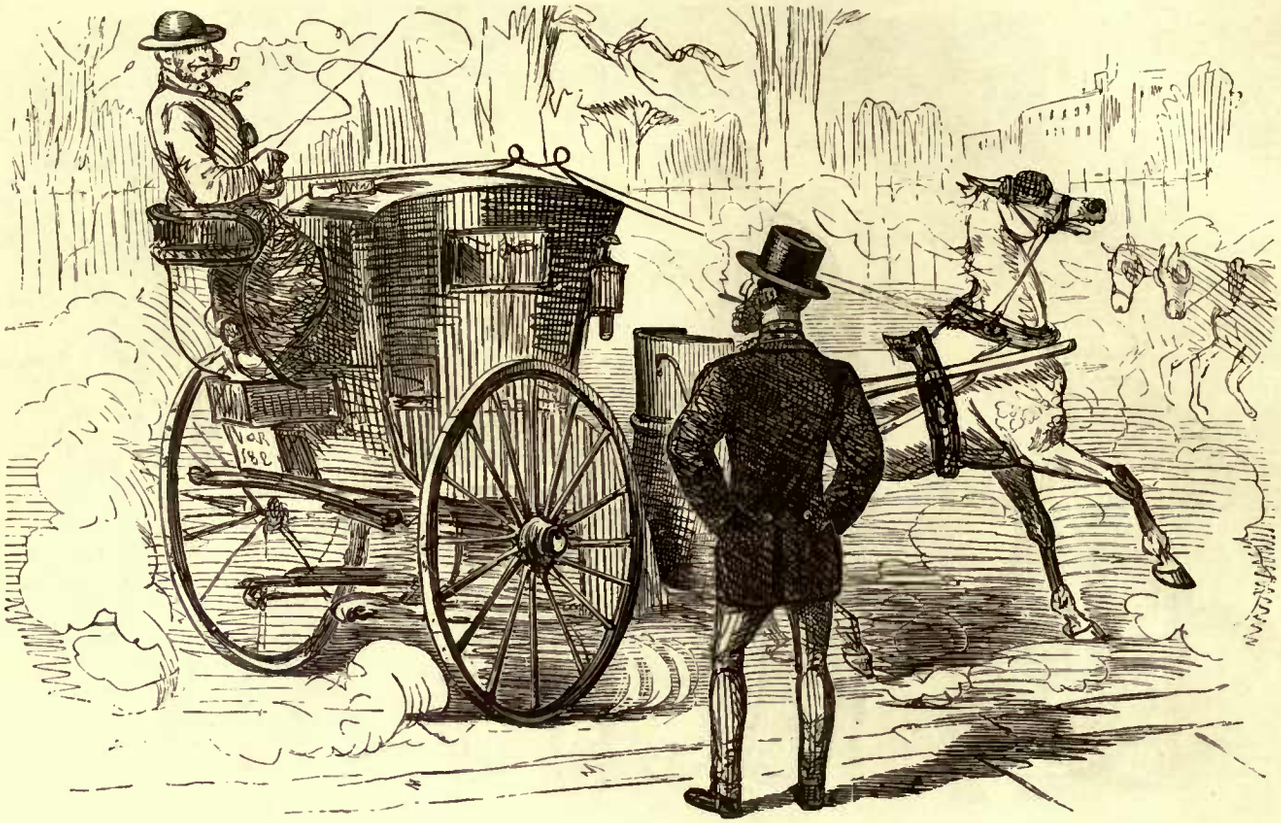
Scene. Paris, a Table d'Hôte.—Old Lady at Breakfast.—The Garçon has been ordered to bring some fruit to Old Lady.

Garçon. "VOILÀ, MADAME!"—*Old Lady (who, in her Daughter's absence, will let off her French).* "OH! TRES BYANO, TRES BYANO, GARÇON; BONG! MARECEY, MARECEY, MAIS—THESE ARE CURRANTS—BYANO NAMPORT! CET EGAL—ONLY—JE N'AIME PAS SO WELL AS GOOSEBERRIES, YOU KNOW!"

[Instructive rather!

A GOOD CATCH.

FLY-FISHING. A NICE RIPPLE ON THE WATER.—"*NOW FOR A BIG ONE!*"



FELLOW FEELING.

Cabby. "NOT GOT NO MONEY?—NEVER MIND, SIR,—JUMP IN! I CAN'T STAND SUCH AN OSSEY-LOOKING GENT AS YOU TO GO ABOUT A-WALKING!"

THE FARM-YARD.

Country Friend (to London Friend who is dressed within an inch of his life). "THERE, MY BOY—COME AND SEE THIS LOVELY PIG, AND THEN WE'LL GO AND LOOK AT THE REST OF THE STOCK."

DELICATE WAY OF PUTTING IT.

Tailor (measuring). "TRIFLE WIDER ROUND THE *CHEST*, SIR, THAN YOU WAS."

TABLE-TURNING EXPERIMENT AT GREENWICH.

"THERE, OLD FELLA! HOPE YOU'RE SATISFIED IT GOES ROUND NOW."
"OH YESH! THERE'S NO MISTAKE!"

A COOL REQUEST.

Boy. "I SAY, SIR—HEAVE US UP TO HAVE A LOOK AT THEM PICTURES!"

FASHION OF THE PERIOD.

THE RAREY ZEBRA PATTERN—A SWEET THING FOR THE SEA-SIDE.

OFFENDED DIGNITY.

Small Boy (to Ex-Cook, who has come about a place). "IS THERE A FOOTMAN KEP? WHY, O' COURSE THERE IS—I'M THE FOOTMAN!"

A HINT TO THE ENTERPRISING.

Boy. "HERE YOU ARE, SIR. BLACK YER BOOTS, AND TAKE YER LIKENESS, FOR THE SMALL CHARGE OF THREEPENCE!"

THE ROYAL KNICKERBOCKER ARCHERS.

INVASION, INDEED! WHY, HERE IS A CORPS OF VOLUNTEERS, WHO HAVE NEVER EVEN BEEN THOUGHT OF—WHAT WITH THE GLANCES AND THE ARROWS THEY WOULD SHOOT, AN ENEMY WOULD BE WORRIED TO DEATH IN NO TIME!

SERVANTGALISM.—No. XI.

Mistress. "NOT GOING TO REMAIN IN A SITUATION ANY LONGER! WHY, YOU FOOLISH THINGS, WHAT *ARE* YOU GOING TO DO, THEN?"

Eliza. "WHY, MA'AM, YOU SEE OUR *FORTUNE-TELLER* SAY THAT TWO YOUNG NOBLEMEN IS A-GOING TO MARRY US—SO THERE'S NO CALL TO REMAIN IN NO SITUATIONS NO MORE!"

A MONSTROUS LIBERTY.

Flunkey. "HALLO, WILLIAM, WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

Groom. "MATTER?—WHY, I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHAT NEXT?—HERE'S MASTER, WITHOUT SAYING NOTHUN TO ME, 'AS BIN AND LENT *MY* 'OSS TO A FRIEND—AND I'M DONE OUT OF MY AFTERNOON'S RIDE!"

SERVANTGALISM.—No. XII.

Mistress. "I THINK, COOK, WE MUST PART THIS DAY MONTH."

Cook (in astonishment). "WHY, MA'AM? I AM SURE I'VE LET YOU HAVE YOUR OWN WAY IN 'MOST EVERYTHINK!"

THE SKELETON IN THE CUPBOARD.

FRIENDLY SYMPATHY.

First Party (who is hard hit, and sentimental). "THIS IS THE VERY SPOT WHERE I LAST SAW THE DARLING CREATURE. I ASSURE YOU, FRANK, SHE IS THE LOVELIEST, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL, THE—THE—TH'—IN FACT——"

Second Party (who has heard the same thing for the last two hours). "H'M! HA! DESSAY! YES. I SAY, OLD FELLAH, HAVE A WEED!"

MEN OF TASTE.

Alphonso. "YOU FIND YOUR MOOSTARCHERS A GREAT COMFORT, DON'T YOU, TOM?"

Tom. "WELL!—YES!—BUT I'M AFRAID I MUST CUT 'EM, FOR ONE'S OBLIGED TO DRESS SO DEUCED EXPENSIVE TO MAKE EVERYTHING ACCORD!"

CAUTION TO GENTLEMEN WALKING TO EVENING PARTIES.

DON'T FORGET TO TAKE OFF YOUR GOLOSHES AND TURN DOWN YOUR TROUSERS BEFORE ENTERING THE ROOM.

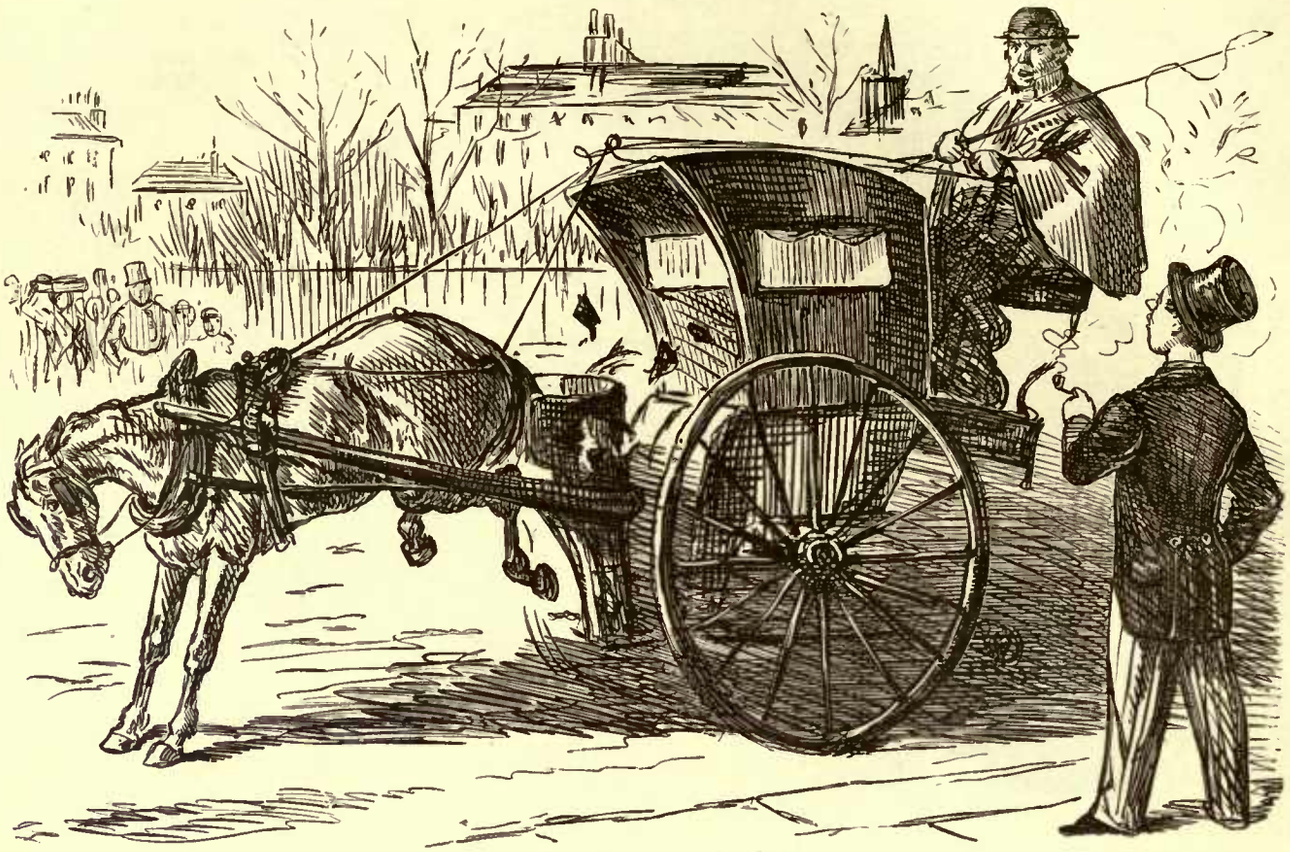
HUMILITY.

A DAY AT THE CAMP.

Sentinel. "WHO COMES THERE?"
Sentinel. "ADVANCE, FRIEND!"
Ebriosus. "FRIEND!"
Ebriosus. "ADVANSH; COME, THATSH A GOOD UN!"

RUSTIC PLEASANTRY.

Gent. on Horseback. "GET OUT OF THE WAY, BOY!—GET OUT OF THE WAY!—MY HORSE DON'T LIKE DONKEYS!"
Boy. "DOAN'T HE?—THEN WHY DOAN'T HE KICK THEE ORF?"



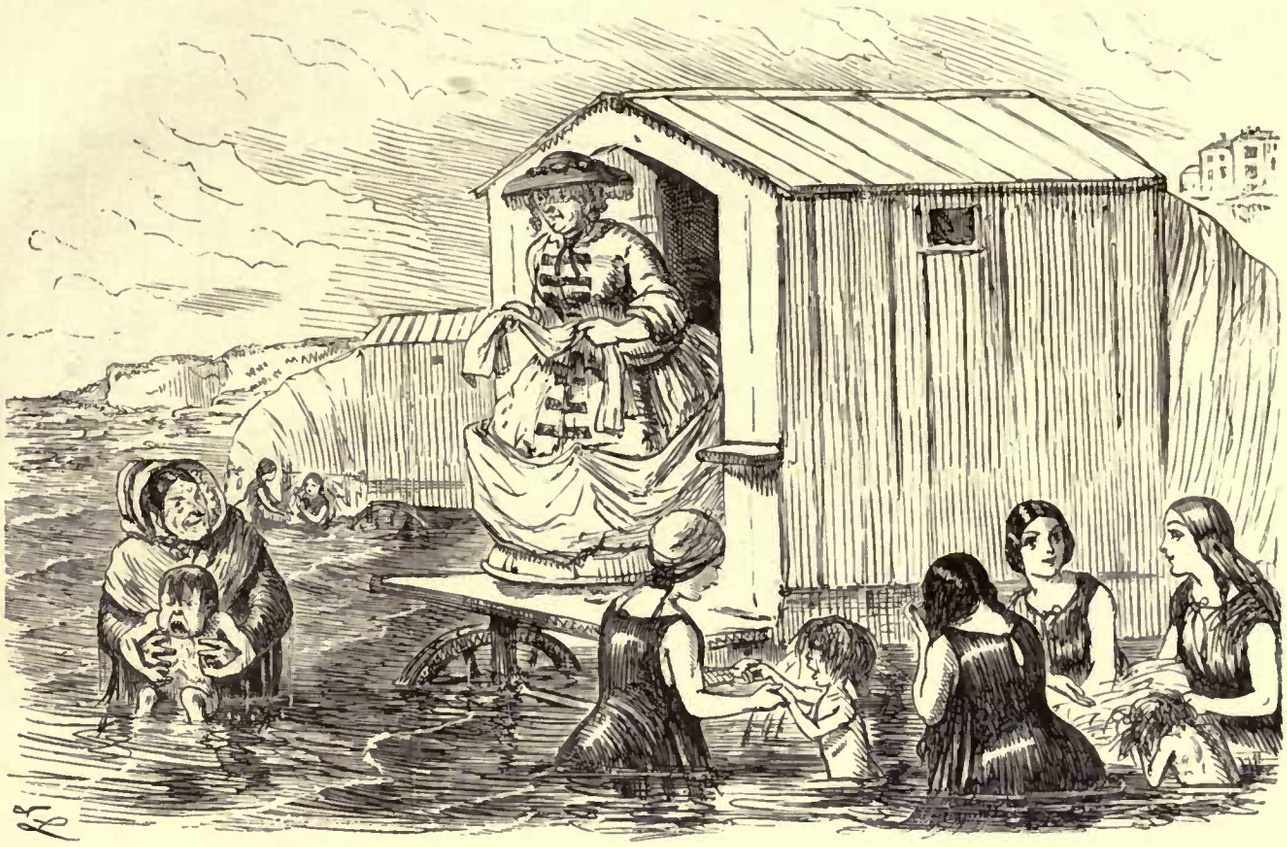
MUCH TOO CURIOUS.

Officious Little Gent. "HOLLO, CABBY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOUR 'ORSE?"

Cabby. "WELL—THAT'S JUST WHAT I DON'T KNOW, AND I BRED HIM. YOU'RE ALWAYS WANTING TO BE BEHIND THE SCENES, YOU ARE! SUPPOSE YOU GET INSIDE AND SEE!"

THE PLEASURE OF LE SPORT.

Foreigner of Distinction (about to charge an obstacle). "TAKE NOTICE, MES AMIS! ZAT I LEAVE EVERY SING TO MY VIFE!"



A JUDGE BY APPEARANCE.

Bathing Guide. "BLESS 'IS 'ART! I KNOW'D HE'D TAKE TO IT KINDLY—BY THE WERRY LOOKS ON 'IM!"

A VERY NATURAL MISTAKE.

Young Lady (who is in Hat and Coat of the Period). "CAN I HAVE A MACHINE NOW?"

Bathing Woman. "NOT HERE, SIR!—GENTLEMEN'S BATHING A LITTLE FURTHER DOWN!"

COMMON OBJECTS AT THE SEA-SIDE.

"OH! LOOK HERE, MA! I'VE CAUGHT A FISH JUST LIKE THOSE THINGAMIES IN MY BED AT OUR LODGINGS!"

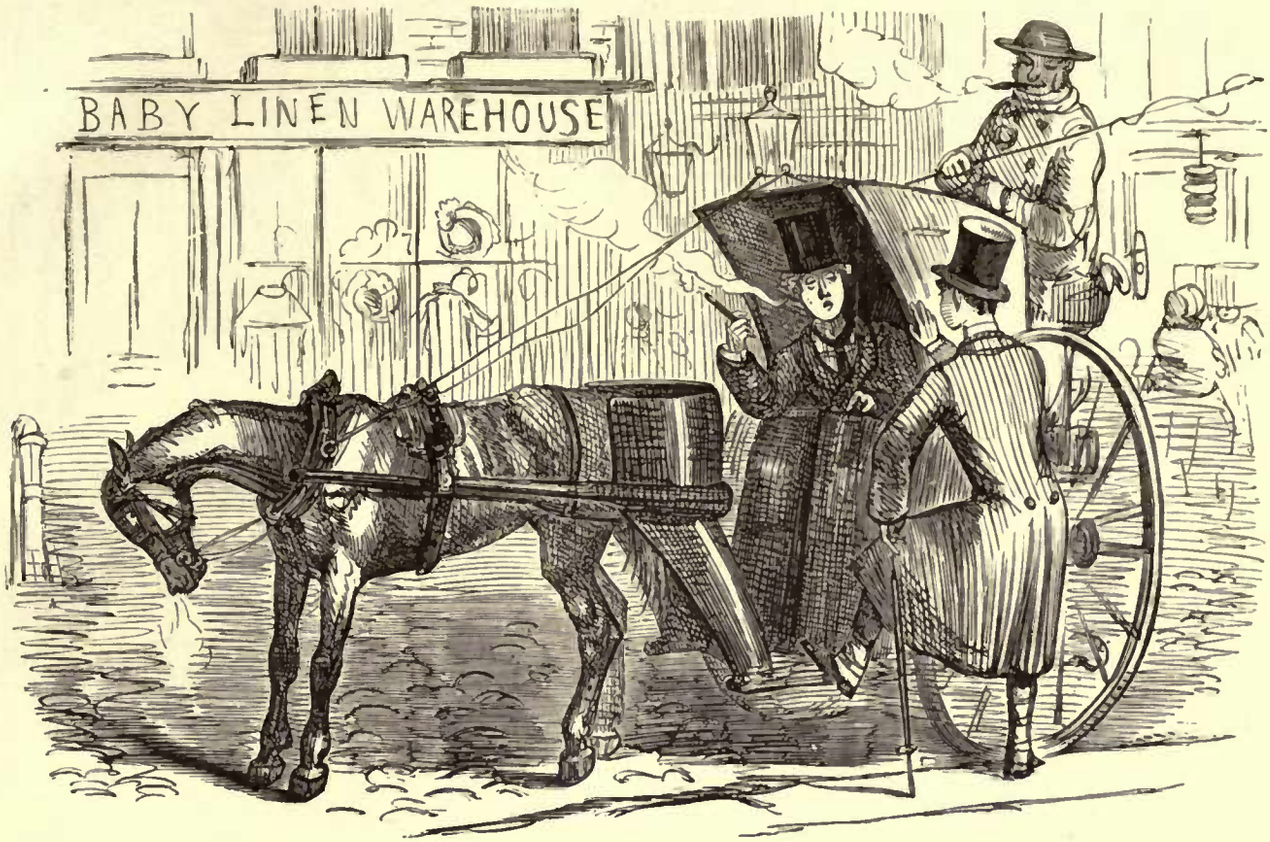
GUY-FAWKES DAY.

A STURDY DEFENDER OF CHURCH AND STATE.

IRISH LAKE-FISHING.

Mr. Briggs. "BUT THE BOAT SEEMS VERY LEAKY, AND TO WANT MENDING A GOOD DEAL."

Boatman. "WANT MENDIN' IS IT? OH, NIVER FEAR! SHURE THE BOAT'S WELL ENOUGH. IF YE SIT STILL, AND DON'T COFF OR SNAZE, SHE'LL CARRY YE PRETTY WELL!"



LAST REFUGE OF A BANISHED SMOKER.

First Juvenile Swell. "JUMP IN, OLD FELLAH!"

Second Ditto. "WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"

First Ditto. "OH! NOWHERE! I'VE ONLY HIRED HIM TO HAVE SOMEWHERE TO SMOKE!"

AN EAST WIND JOKE.

Brown. "AH, TOMKINS! HERE'S A MERRY SPRING TO YOU!"

Tomkins. "THE SAME TO YOU, BROWN, AND MANY OF THEM, IF YOU COME TO THAT!"

NOT VERY LIKELY.

THE PARTY "WHO HAS A CERTAINTY" FOR THE EMPEROR'S PLATE.
N.B. SEND EIGHTEEN POSTAGE STAMPS.

CENSORS.

Master Sparrow. "LOOK THERE, TOM! YOUNG FRED IS ASLEEP!"

Master Sprat. "YES! POOR LITTLE BEGGAR! WHAT A SHAME IT IS TO KEEP SUCH A MERE CHILD AS THAT UP SO LATE!"

NOTHING LIKE HORSE EXERCISE.

"NOW, AUNT! TOUCH HIM WITH YOUR LEFT HEEL, AND LET'S HAVE A TROT!"

A NEW INDUSTRY.

"WHY, JACK! WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU LOOK DEUCED QUEER!"

"YA-AS! YOU SEE, I'VE GONE INTO BUSINESS. I BUY CLAY PIPES AT A PENNY A-PIECE, AND SMOKE 'EM TILL THEY ARE BLACK, AND THEN SELL 'EM FOR A GUINEA: BUT IT'S PRECIOUS HARD WORK, I CAN TELL YOU."

THE NEW FASHION.

First Coster. "WHY, JACK! WHAT'S ALL THAT?"

Second Do. "WELL, I CAN'T SAY! UNLESS IT'S *FIREWORKS!*"

A REAL SOLDIER.

Friend. "MY GOOD ALFRED! WHAT THE DEUCE ARE YOU ABOUT?"

Alfred (in the Fusilier Guards). "WHY, YOU SEE, OLD FELLOW, WE ARE TO HAVE A CORPS OF SCOTCH BAGPIPERS ATTACHED TO THE REGIMENT.—SO I'M TRYING TO ACCOMMODATE MYSELF TO CIRCUMSTANCES, AND GET ACCUSTOMED TO THE NOISE."

FANCY GOES A GREAT WAY.

"OH, HE'S AN 'ANSUM DOG, BUT HE AIN'T HALF SO 'ANSUM AS HIS BROTHER WERE!"

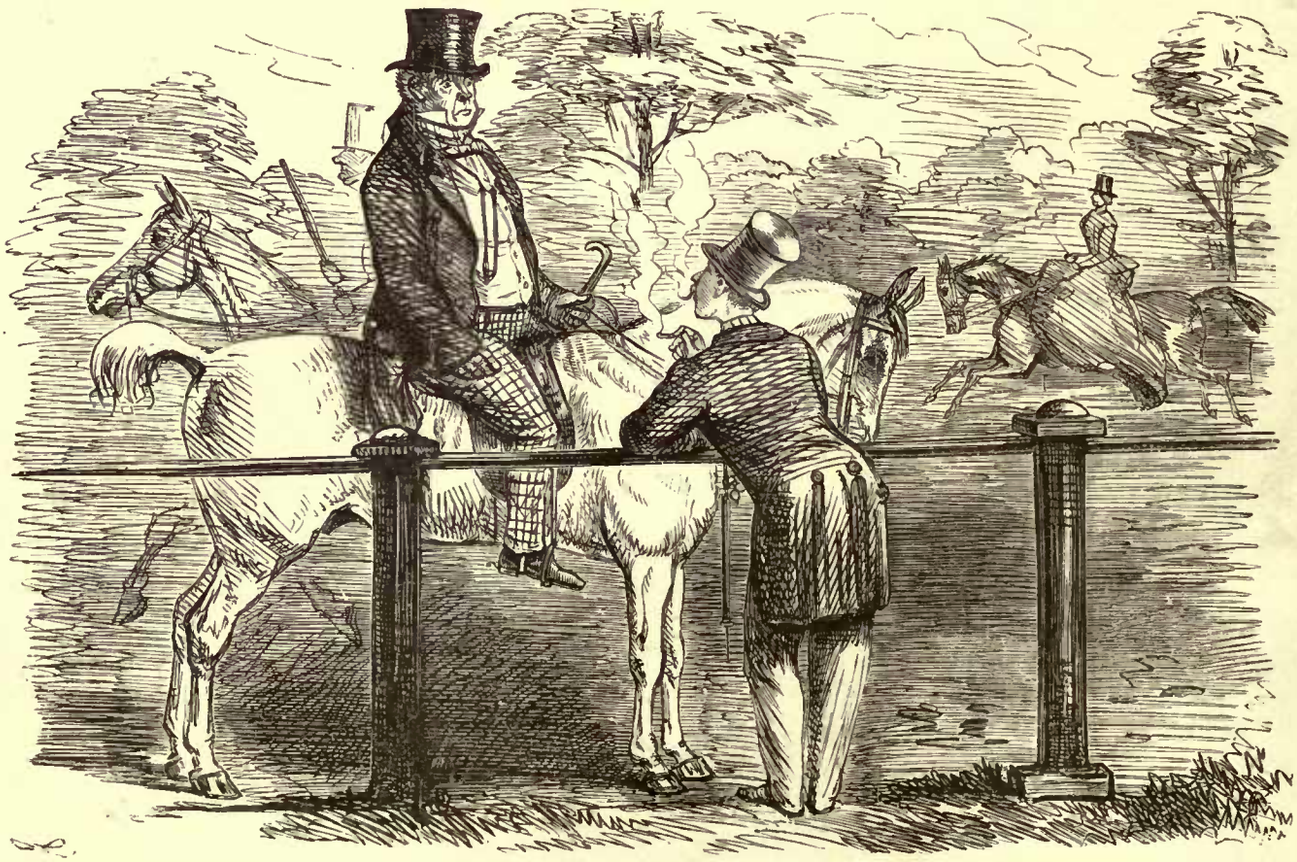
FAIR DISPUTANTS.

AN ELEGANT ROW ABOUT A MACHINE.

BRUTAL LEVITY.

Jones (who is naturally proud of his first-born). "A LITTLE DARLING, AIN'T HE?"

Bachelor Friend. "H'M, HA! I SEE—YOUNG GORILLA! IS HE REAL OR STUFFED?"



INDOLENCE.

Old Mr. Dibbs. "WHY, GEORGE! YOU NEVER RIDE HERE IN THE AFTERNOON—HOW'S THAT?"

Young Swellington. "NO-O-O. IT LOOKS AS IF ONE HAD SOME OCCUPATION, YOU KNOW, AND COULDN'T WIDE OF A MORNING. I ALWAYS WIDE BEFORE BREAKFAST, BETWEEN ELEVEN AND ONE!"

THE CENSUS.

Head of the Family (filling up the paper). "WELL, MISS PRIMROSE, AS A VISITOR, I MUST PUT YOUR AGE IN! WHAT SHALL WE SAY?"
Miss P. "OH, IT'S BEST TO BE STRAIGHTFORWARD. THE SAME AS DEAR FLORA—TWENTY LAST BIRTHDAY!"

A SUBJECT FOR SYMPATHY.

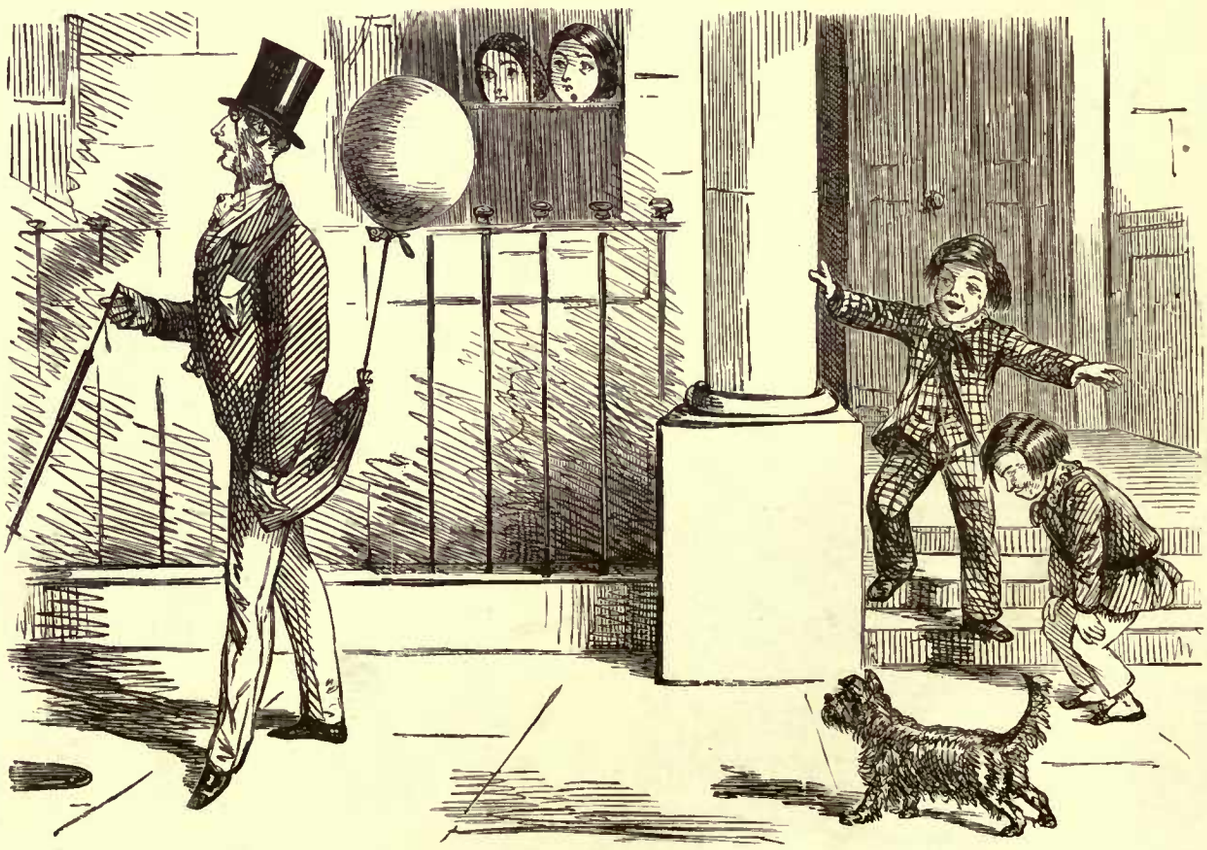
DISTRESSING POSITION OF CHARLES, WHO DOES NOT FEEL WELL, AND WHO IS KEENLY ALIVE TO THE FACT THAT AMY IS LOOKING AT HIM THROUGH HER OPERA-GLASS.

LITTLE DUCKS.

Georgy. "THERE NOW, CLARA—I CALL IT VERY PEEVISH OF YOU. YOU PROMISED ME, IF I LET YOU GO IN FIRST, THAT YOU WOULDN'T BE LONG, AND I DECLARE YOU HAVE BEEN EXACTLY AN HOUR AND TWENTY MINUTES." [*Punch.*

SOLICITUDE.

Wife. "NOW PROMISE ME ONE THING, ADOLPHUS. YOU WON'T GO FLYING OVER ANY HEDGES OR FIVE-BARRED GATES?"



AN UNCONSCIOUS VICTIM.

FEARFUL PRACTICAL JOKE PLAYED WITH A CHILD'S BALLOON UPON A SWELL.

A HORRID BOY.

Frank. "OH, I SAY, EMILY! AIN'T THE SEA-SIDE JOLLY?"

Emily (who is reading The Corsair to Kate). "I DO NOT KNOW, FRANK, WHAT YOU MEAN BY JOLLY.—IT IS VERY BEAUTIFUL!—IT IS VERY LOVELY!"

Frank. "HAH! AND DON'T IT MAKE YOU ALWAYS READY FOR YOUR GRUB, NEITHER?" *[Exit Young Ladies, very properly disgusted.*

VERY ARTFUL CONTRIVANCE.

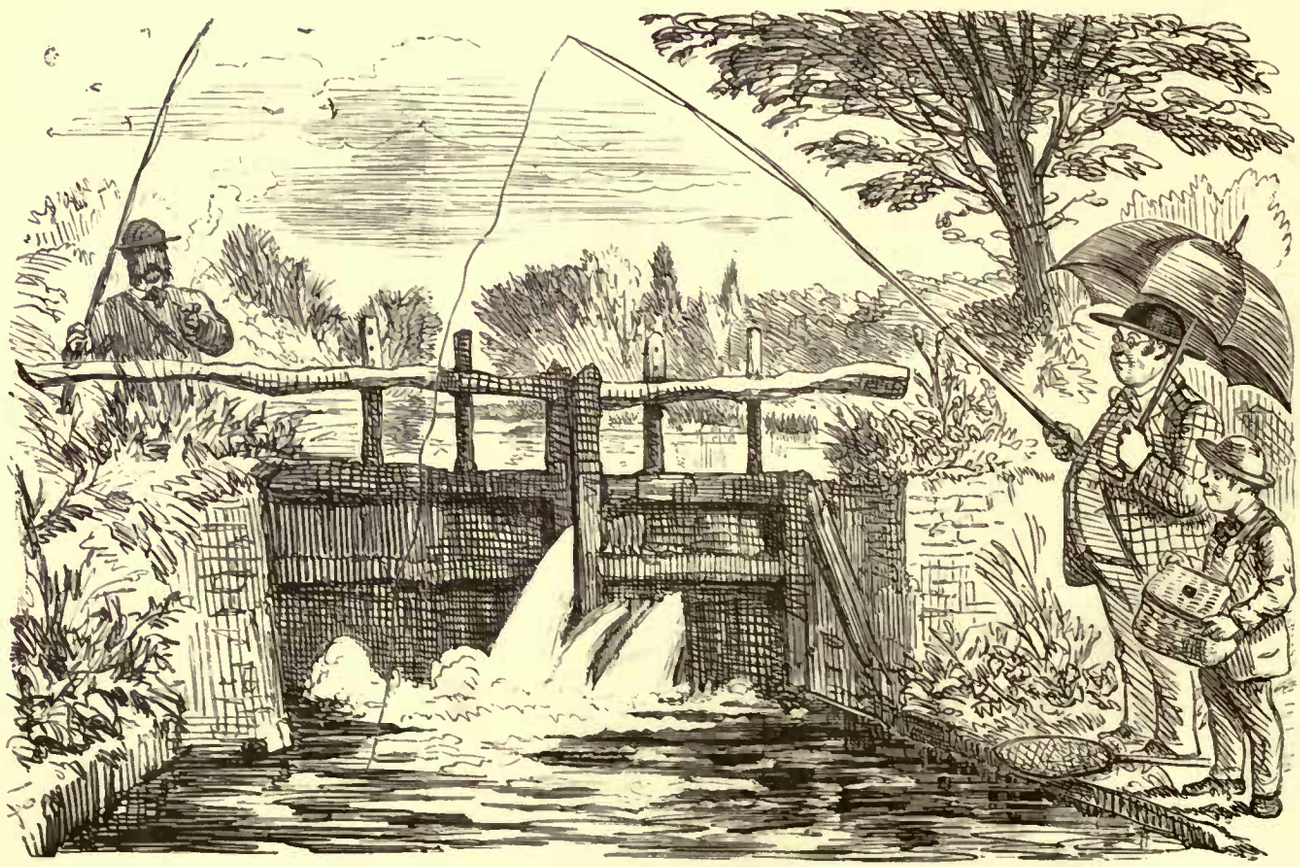
Clara. "WHY, DEAR ME! WHAT DO YOU WEAR YOUR HAT IN THE WATER FOR?"

Mrs. Walrus. "OH, I ALWAYS WEAR IT WHEN I BATHE; FOR THEN, YOU SEE, DEAR, NO ONE CAN RECOGNISE ME FROM THE BEACH!"

AT THE PLAY.

IN A HURRY.

Boy. "NOW THEN, SIR!—THE MORE YOU LOOK THE LESS YOU'LL LOIKE IT!—OET OVER, OR ELSE LET US COME!"



ANGLING DELIGHTS.

ON ARRIVING AT THE BEST PART OF YOUR FISHING, YOU ARE OF COURSE CHARMED TO FIND THAT OLD MUFFINS AND HIS LITTLE BOY HAVE BEEN WHIPPING THE STREAM ALL THE AFTERNOON.

THE BEARD MOVEMENT.

Young Snobley (a regular Lady-killer). "HOW THE GIRLS DO STARE AT ONE'S BEARD! I SUPPOSE THEY THINK I'M A HORFICER JUST COME FROM THE CRIMEA!"

CONSOLATION.

Young Snobley. "AH, JIM! NOBLE BIRTH MUST BE A GREAT ADVANTAGE TO A COVE." *Jim (one of Nature's nobility).* "H'M! P'RAPS!—BUT EGAD! PERSONAL BEAUTY AIN'T A BAD SUBSTITUTE!"

AN UNDESIGNED COINCIDENCE.

TOMKINS RETIRES TO A SECLUDED VILLAGE, THAT HE MAY GROW HIS MOUSTACHES, AND SO CUT OUT HIS ODIOUS RIVAL, JONES. JONES, IT SO HAPPENS, HAS COME TO THE SAME PLACE WITH THE SAME OBJECT.—FRIGHTFUL MEETING!

GOING TO THE PARK.

A LITTLE SHOOTING IN IRELAND.

"NO HIT AGAIN, I'M AFRAID, TIM!"

"O, NIVER MIND, YER 'ONOR! SURE, YE DO IT VERY NIST. THERE'S SOME JINTLEMEN NOW COMES, AND THEY BLAZE AWAY, AND THEY WOWNDES THE POOR BIRRDS IN THE LIGS AND THE WINGS, AND SUCH LIKE; BUT YER 'ONOR! O, YE FIRES, AND FIRES, AND *ALWAYS* MISSES 'EM *CLANE* AND *CLEVER!*"

LITTLE DINNER AT GREENWICH.

Fish Swell. "HERE, WAITAW!—ARE THE WHITEMEN PRETTY GOOD?"

AFTER THE BATH.

POETRY AND PROSE.

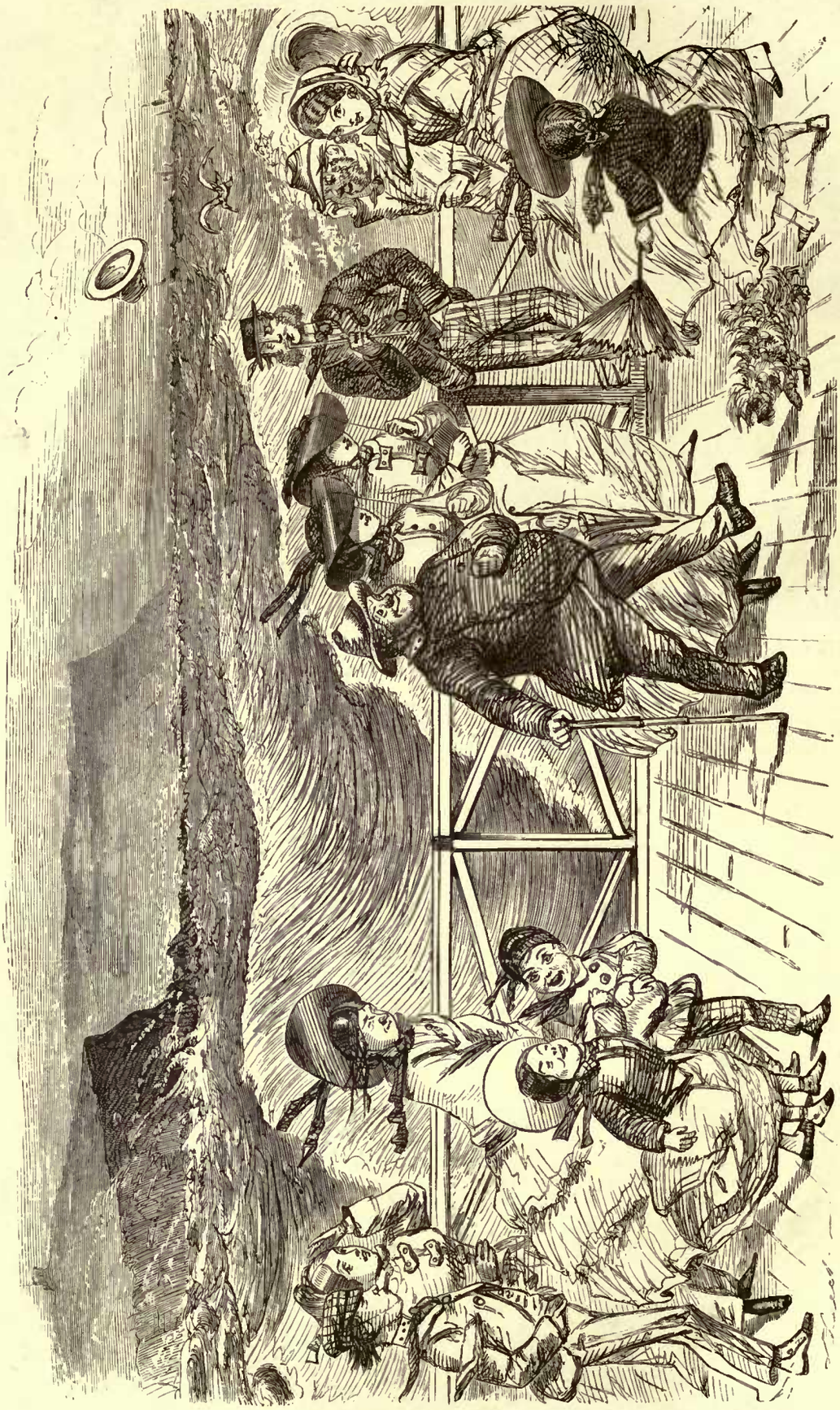
Blanche. "OH, IS THERE NOT, DEAR EMILY, SOMETHING DELICIOUS ABOUT SPRING?—WE SHALL SOON HAVE ALL THE DEAR LITTLE BIRDS SINGING, AND THE BANKS AND THE GREEN FIELDS COVERED WITH BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS!"

Emily. "OH, YES!—AND WITH IT WILL COME ALL THE NEW BONNET SHAPES FROM PARIS, AND THE LOVELY NEW PATTERNS FOR MORNING DRESSES!"

A HAPPY NOTION.

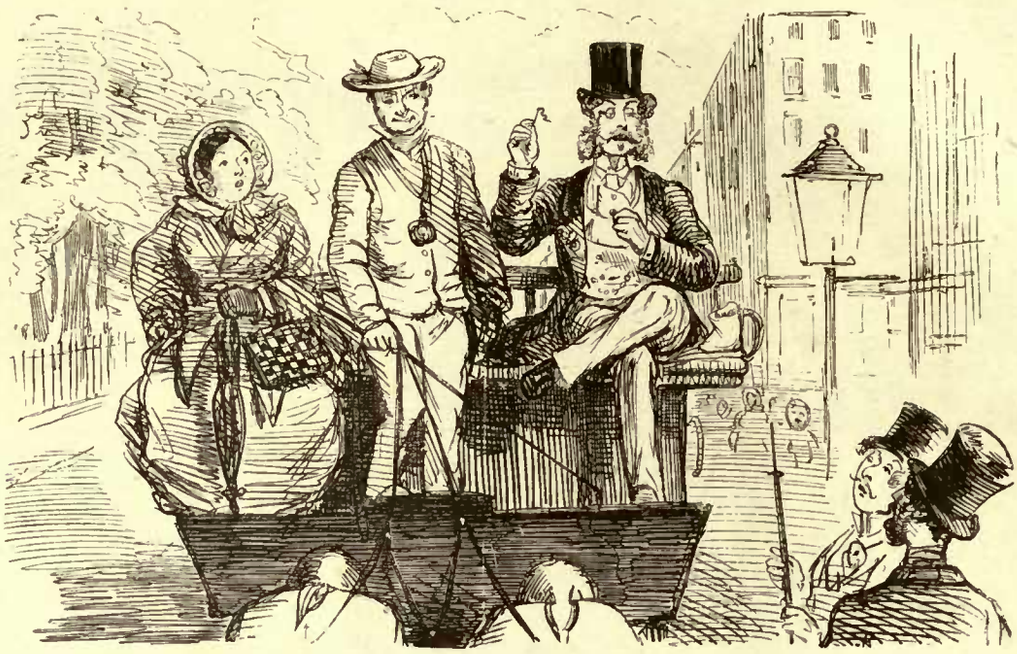
Johnny. "OH, I SAY, GRANMA! S'POSE YOU PRETEND BEING A LITTLE PONY, AND I RIDE ABOUT ON YOUR BACK ROUND THE SQUARE!"—*(N.B. Granma feels the heat a good deal.)*

CRICKET.—CAPITAL PRACTICE FOR THE ROUND BOWLING OF THE PERIOD.



A NICE BRACING DAY AT THE SEA-SIDE.

THE MERMAIDS' HAUNT.



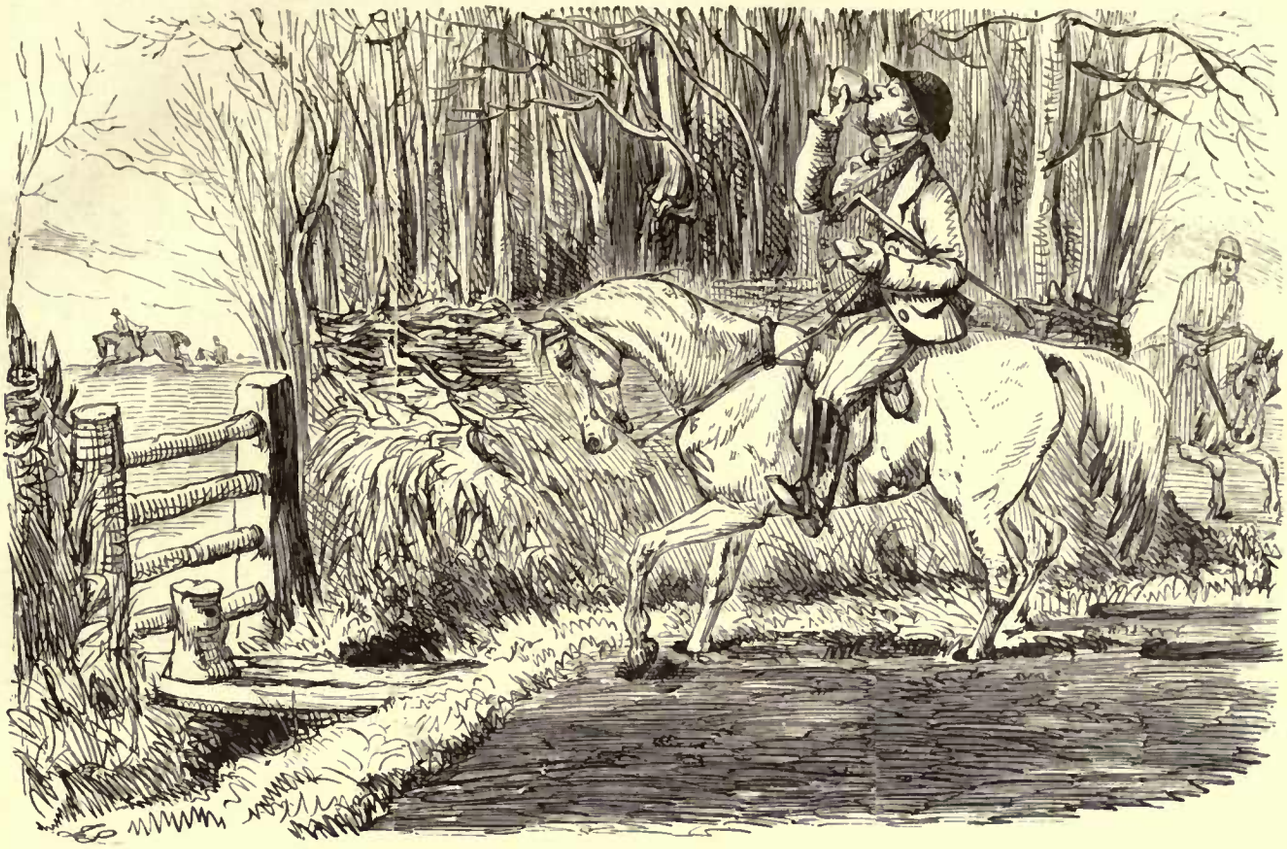
QUITE A NEW SENSATION

Swell (on top of Omnibus). "LOOK HERE, GUS, MY BOY! SUCH A CAPITAL I-DEAW! I RIDE UP AND DOWN FROM BAYSWATER TO THE WHITE CHAPEL AND EAT PERIWINKLES WITH A PIN!"

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

M.F.H.* PUNCH TAKES COMMAND OF HIS FIELD IN DEFENCE OF HIS COUNTRY.

* Master of Fox Hounds.



A CAREFUL RIDER.

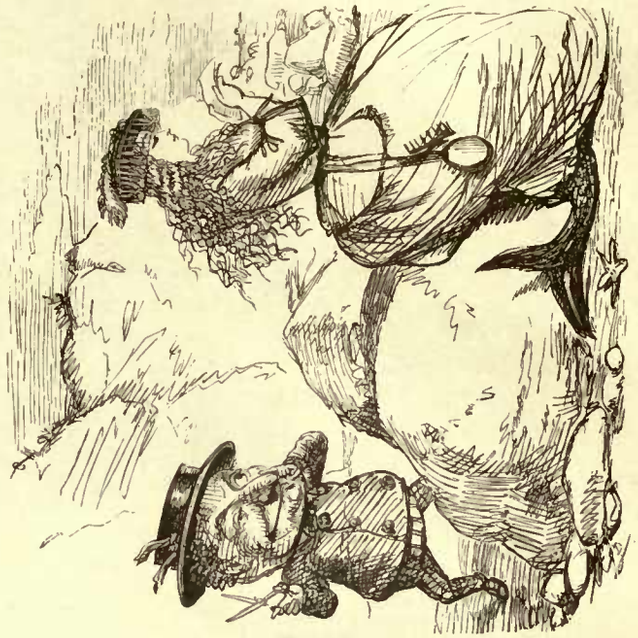
"A STILE, EH? AHEM! THAT'S A SORT OF THING THAT REQUIRES A GOOD DEAL OF JUDGMENT."

AT ALDERSHOT—A RATHER DIFFICULT MANŒUVRE.

CLARA AND HARRIET, AND THE TWO NICE GIRLS WHO ARE STAYING WITH THEM, LEO BY MAMMA, GET INTO COUSIN HERBERT'S HUT AND HAVE LUNCH.

AN EASY MATTER.

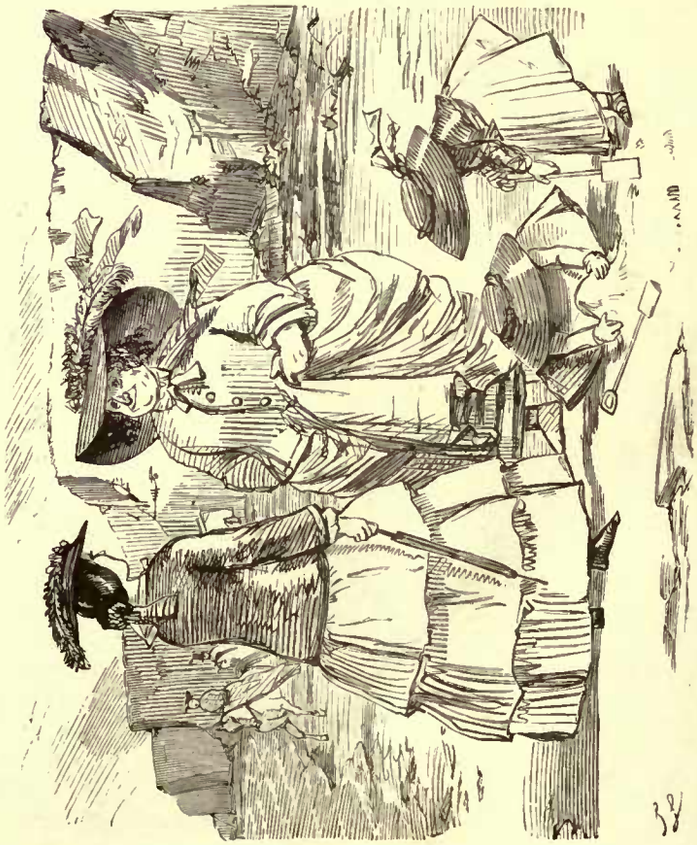
Bathing Woman. "TEACH YER TO SWIM? LOR BLESS YER, MY LOVE, WHY, OF COURSE I CAN!"



A SYREN.

FANCY SKETCH.

PORTRAIT OF THE OLD PARTY WHO RATHER LIKES ORGAN-GRINDING.

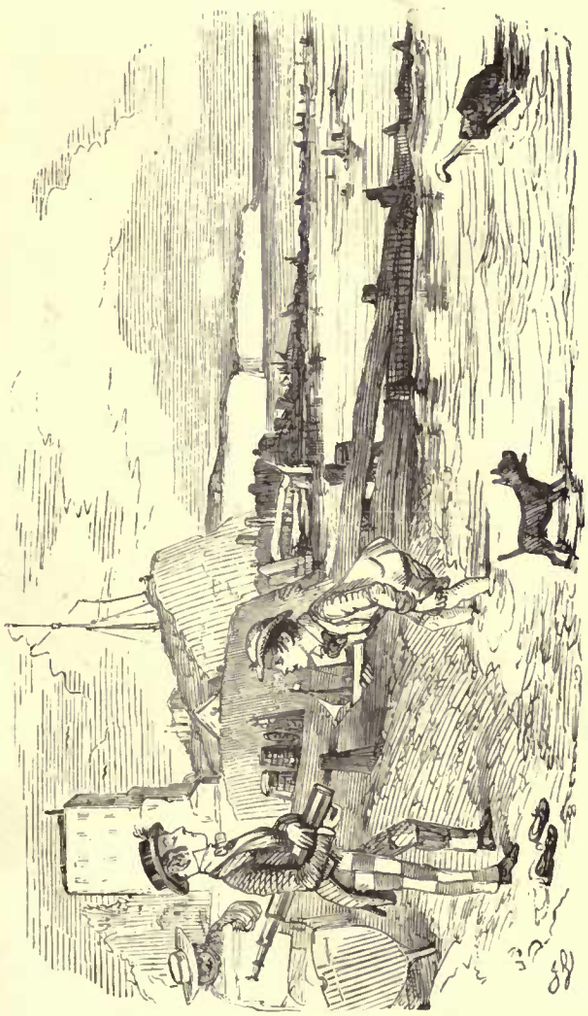


A COMPLACENT BELIEF.

Old Aunt. "WELL, MY LOVE—SO YOU'VE GOT A HAT LIKE MINE, I SEE!"

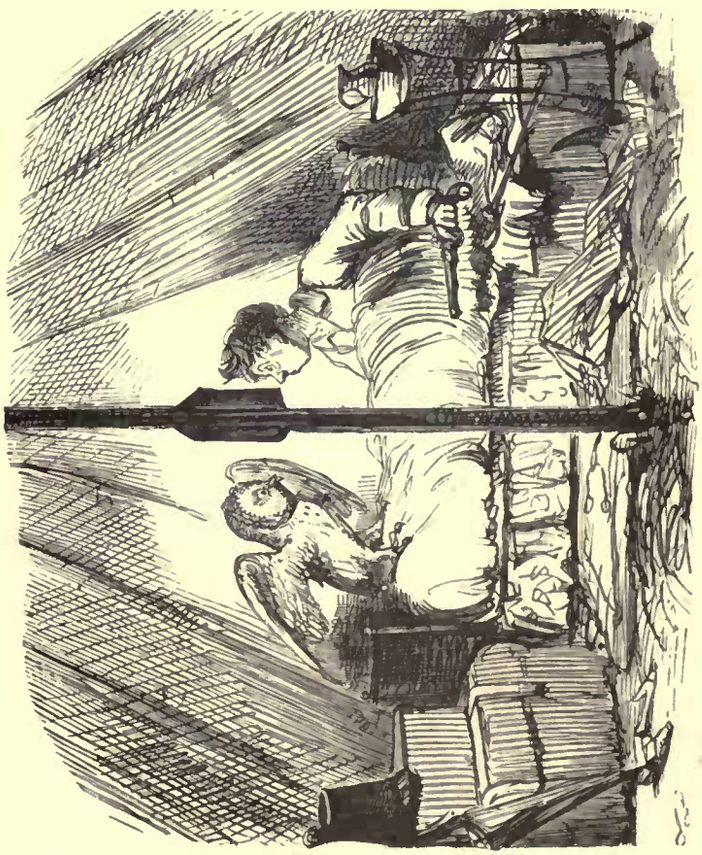
MR. BRIGGS TRIES HIS SHOOTING PONY.

CAMP LIFE—A DAY SURPRISE.



AT THE SEA-SIDE.

Augustus. "ISN'T IT JOLLY, FRANK, BEING DOWN HERE FOR THE HOLIDAYS?"
Incipient Swell. "HM! PRETTY WELL FOR THAT. I CONFESS I MISS THE GAIETY OF TOWN!"



CAMP LIFE—A NIGHT SURPRISE.

THE CURRENCY QUESTION; OR, THE STOCK EXCHANGE OUT FOR THE DAY.

Jones. "I SAY, BROWN, THINOS ARE DEUCED BAD IN THE CITY."

Brown. "THEN I'M DEUCED GLAD I'M AT EPSOM!"

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